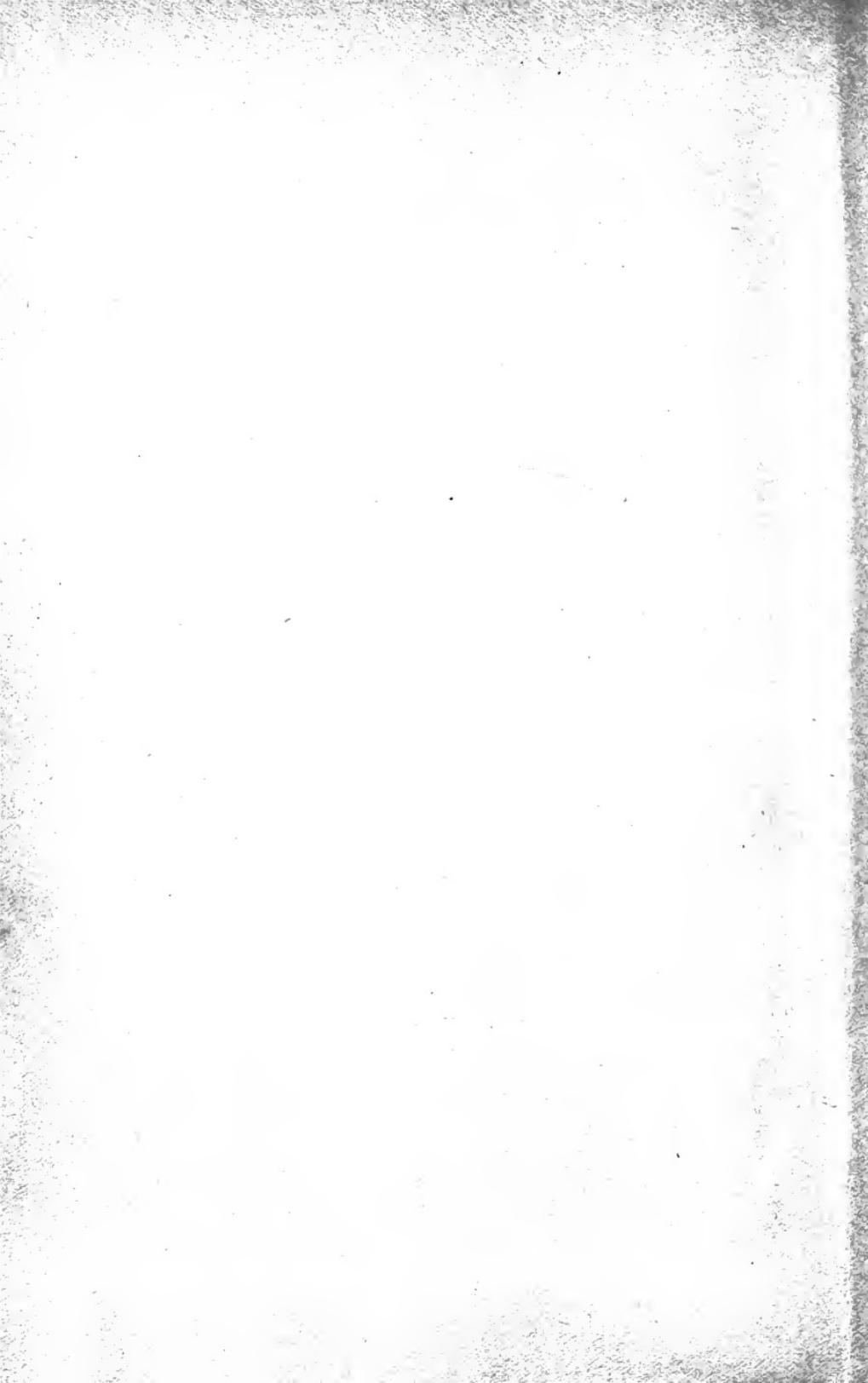
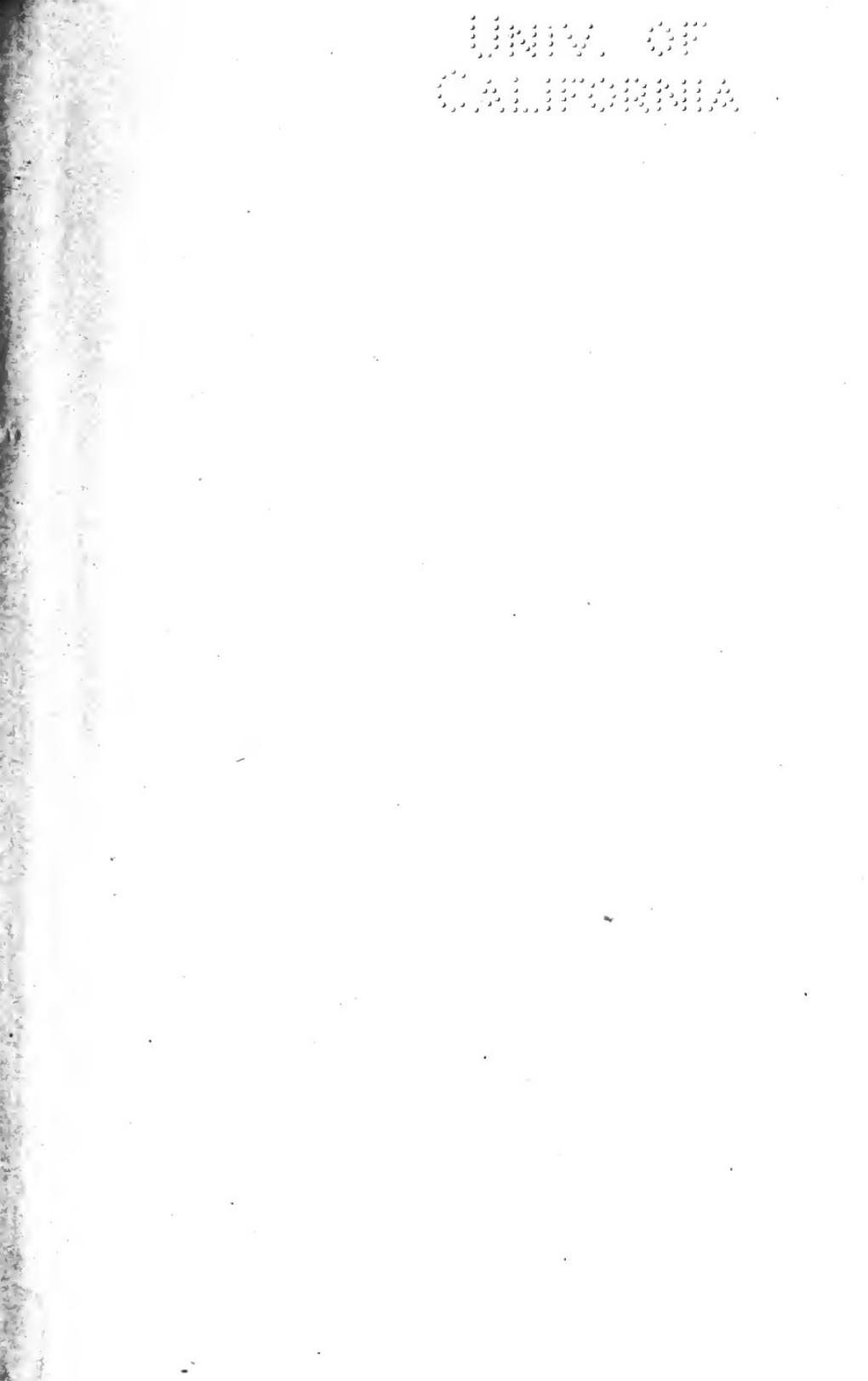


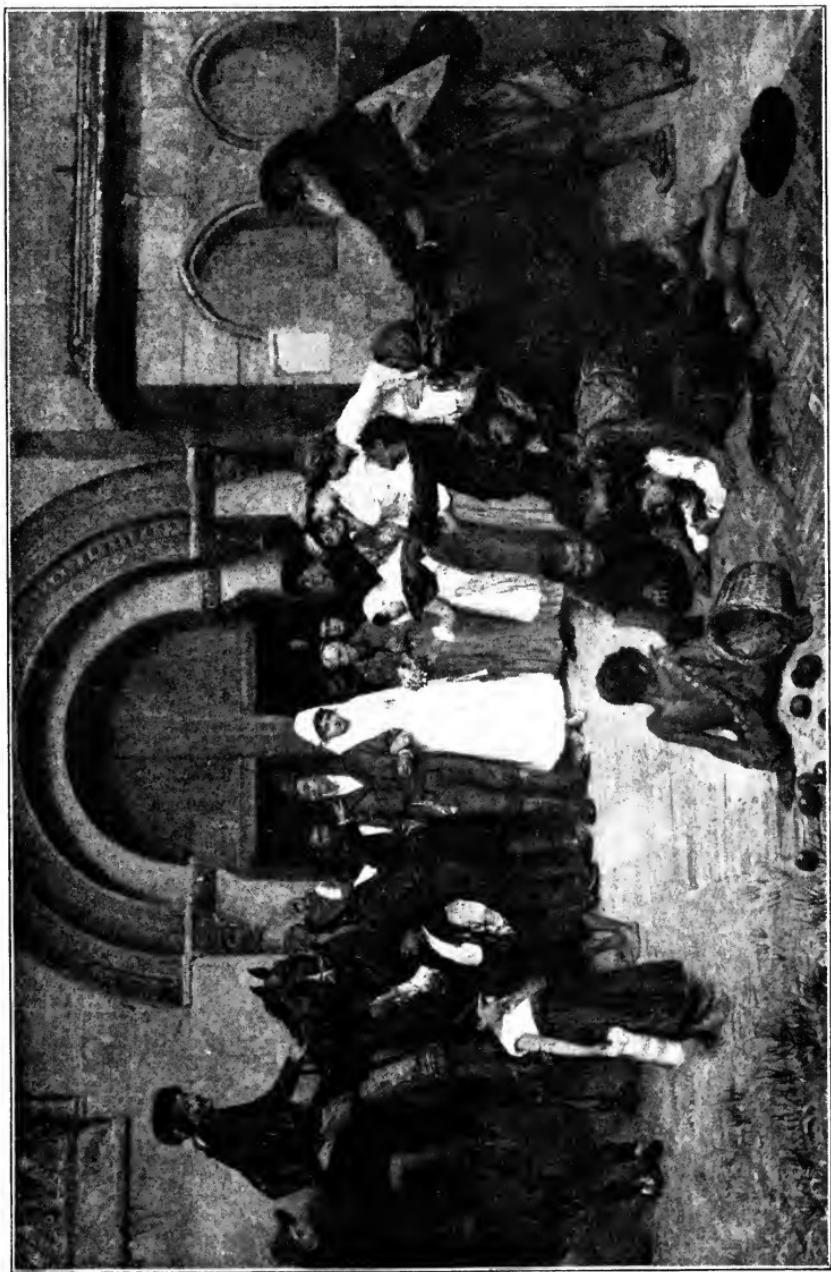
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THE SPANIARD AT HOME





Frolic after the Wedding



THE
SPANIARD AT HOME
BY
MARY F. NIXON-ROULET

AUTHOR OF "WITH A PESSIMIST IN SPAIN," "OUR LITTLE
SPANISH COUSIN," "GOD, THE KING, MY
BROTHER," ETC., ETC.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS AND
ORIGINAL DRAWINGS



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1910

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TO
DR. ALFRED DE ROULET
AMIGO COMERADO Y MARIDO

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*"In a strange land
Kind things, however trivial, reach the heart,
And through the heart, the head, clearing away
The narrow notions that grow up at home,
And in their place grafting good will to all."*

PREFACE

THE SPANIARD AT HOME was written with the desire of portraying Spain of to-day as she really is. Many books have described Spanish cities, castles, and churches. Others have discussed Spanish manners, customs, and institutions as they appear to a casual observer, with, in many cases, little sympathetic understanding of that Latin temperament which is responsible for the development of Spanish institutions.

The author has spent much time in Spain and has among the Spanish people many warm friends to whom she is indebted for hospitality and kindness. She wishes to express her thanks for the kindly interest and suggestions received from Don Fernando Staud y Ximinez, Señor José Ignacio del Rosario y Valdezco and Señor Antonio Sanchez, and the assistance and sympathetic criticism of Dr. Alfred de Roulet.

“The Spaniard at Home” is written from the stand-point of the Spaniard himself and the opinions expressed as to institutions and customs peculiar to the country, are in all instances bona fide expressions of the purely Spanish point of view.

MARY F. NIXON-ROULET

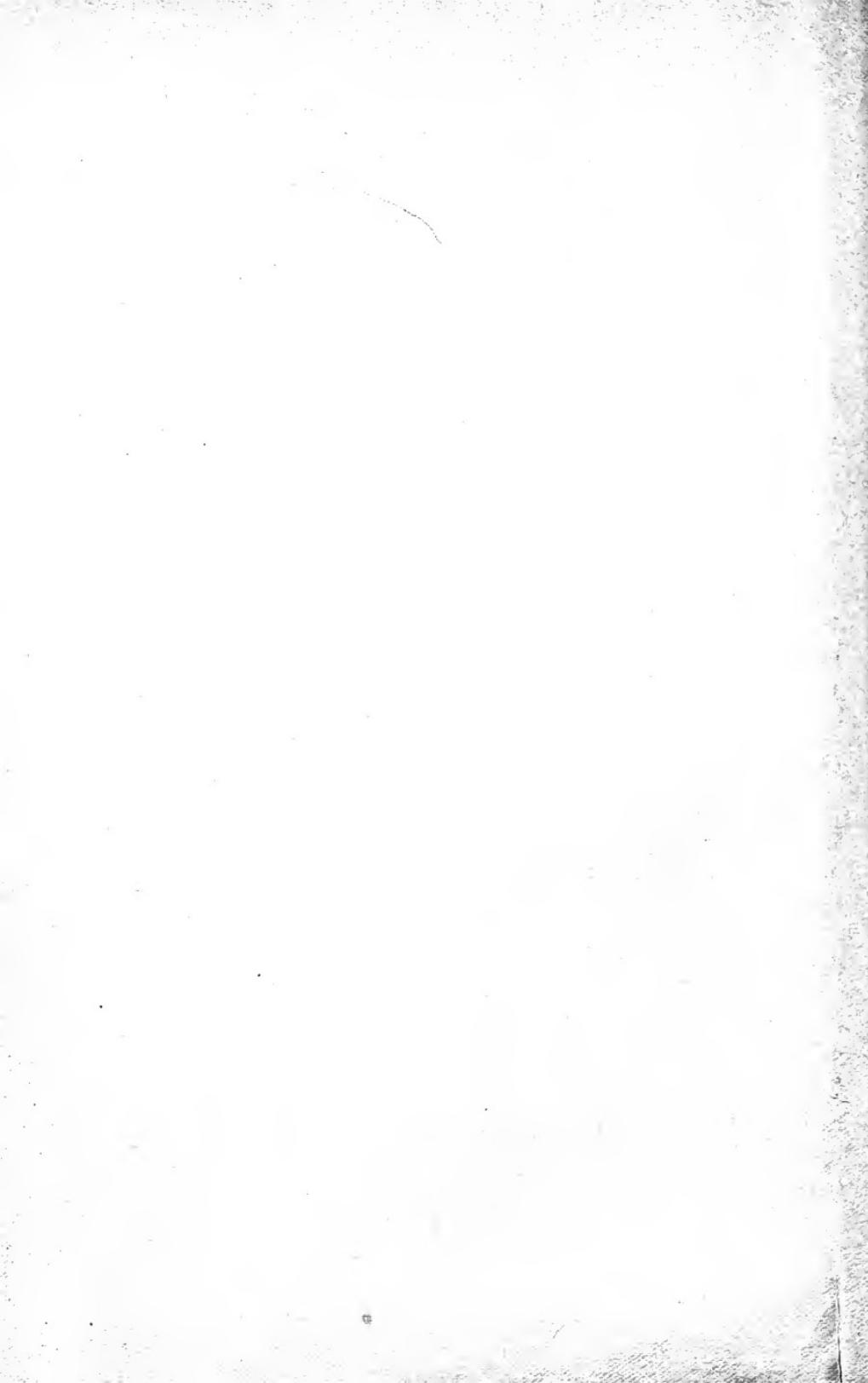
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THE SPANIARD AT HOME

CHAPTER I

INFANCY AND CHILDHOOD

THE servant of Don Pepe stalks proudly down the street bearing a fowl, a flask of wine, and a bar of chocolate, and every one is eager with curiosity—not venomous, but friendly; for in Spain every one is interested in every one else. When he stops at the house of Señor Sanchez it is evident to all that an angel has passed that way and that a little stranger has come from heaven.

“How fortunate they are to have secured Don Pepe for godfather!” one says; and another, “Their child may look for advancement now!” The matter of godparents in Spain is a serious business, at least for the godparents. The relationship involves not only spiritual matters, but temporal as well, and the parents plan carefully for their children, that they may have the advantage of the best attention in this direction. A godfather’s responsibility in Spain does not consist in presenting a silver cup at baptism and a pearl rosary at confirmation. He attends to these

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courtesies, it is true, but there are other tangible proofs of his relationship. If he be wealthy, there are handsome presents for his *niño* on his name day, on New Year's Day, and all feasts, and upon the occasion of the first tooth. Not only does the baby have a jewel then, or some handsome gift, but his *ama* (nurse) is remembered with a bright gold doubloon (sixteen dollars).

When a child is expected, the mother studies a list of all her friends and relatives and decides which will be the best to stand for her little one. Having selected the happy man, her husband requests him to stand for the expected heir, and, his consent having been obtained (it would be very bad manners to refuse and would bring bad luck upon the baby!), he is the first to be informed of the advent of the "visitor from heaven." He immediately responds with a present of wine, chickens, and chocolate, these being the first things a woman in childbed is allowed to eat. They must be of the choicest his purse will allow. If he is wealthy, he will send the costliest *amontillado*, milk-fed capons, and an immense bar of chocolate of the finest quality. Nothing is too good for the mother; indeed, there is a saying in Spain, when some morsel of food is especially delicious, that it is "good enough for a woman after confinement."

The *niño* arrives, and finding his welcome awaiting, smiles at the world which seems so well pleased with

INFANCY AND CHILDHOOD

his arrival. What a charming, chubby, little black-eyed thing he is, this little Spanish baby, and how everybody loves him! There is no race suicide in Spain. Large families are the rule, though there are not many who can boast of quite as many descendants as one Lucas Saez, who had "thirty-seven children, seventy-nine grandchildren, and eighty-one great-grandchildren when his eldest son was seventy years old."

Little Fernando or Juan must next be christened, and this is a great event, not only in his little life, but in that of all the family. If he lives in town, there is a gathering of all the family friends and a pleasant feast. Should it be, perchance, the heir of a noble family who is to be made a Christian, and should the *festa* take place at the country home, it is a scene never to be forgotten.

Early in the morning the guests begin to arrive in all manner of equipages, from the modest *tartana*, or two-wheeled gig, up to the stately four-in-hand; and on mounts ranging from the sedate mule of the priest of the next parish, to the superb *carcel* of the young noble of an adjoining estate. About the *Casa Solenega* buzzes a swarm of poor people, their children, and neighbors, all perhaps self-invited guests, who are there because the parents or the *padrino* of the baby are rich enough to make this a *festa grande* which all would like to see. How eagerly they await

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the forming of the procession! At last it is time, and first there appears the *montero*, or guard of the district, in his smartest uniform, although he is there in unofficial capacity. He is followed by all the invited young men mounted upon their horses, each gay cavalier secretly touching spur to his steed to make him curvet and caracole. These are followed by a closed carriage, drawn by four horses, and containing the all-important baby in the arms of his nurse, and under the argus eyes of an aunt, or *padrino** and *madrina*.† Following, comes another four-horse equipage containing the father and near relatives, after which the remainder of the guests follow in all manner of conveyances. The rear guard is formed of the male population of the surrounding farms, and these march two by two, slow and stately, to the nearest village; for no matter how great the baby's family, he must be christened in a *paroquia*, or parish church, just the same as the child of any laborer.

In the village is all the abandon of a holiday. All the world is there with his wife, and congregates on the *plaza* to witness the cavalcade's approach. Upon reaching the *plaza*, the guests enter the church first, each being given a lighted taper, and all forming in double file while the chief actors in the play enter. The baby is in the arms of his godfather, at whose side walks the godmother; the aunt gives sundry fin-

* Godfather.

† Godmother.

INFANCY AND CHILDHOOD

ishing touches to the baby's tucks and frills; and lights, guests, *madrina*, *padrino*, and baby move slowly down the aisle to the altar to the sometimes inharmonious sounds of the church organ, and *Señor Bebe*, little pagan, makes his triumphal entry into the Catholic world. At the font he gurgles and goes, pleased with the lights and the fact that he is so evidently the centre of attraction; he objects, however, to the cold water, and roars lustily, at which *madrina* smiles, well pleased, for she knows that the "enemy" has gone out of him and was roaring at the touch of holy water.

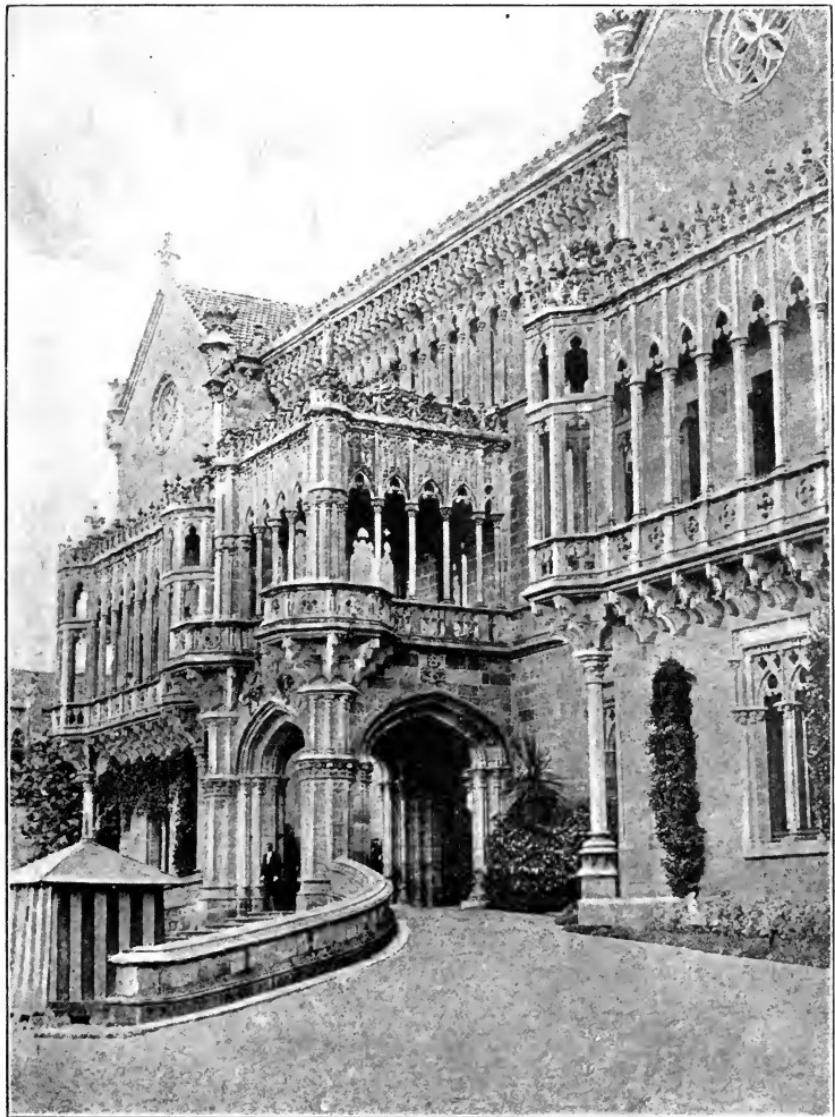
It is over; the mite of humanity is a Christian, and the last Amen has awakened a perfect babel in the *plaza*. Gone is the decorous quiet of a few minutes before, and the whole square is full of children, ready for their pound of flesh. Nobody could imagine there were so many children in the village, but they swarm about the portal, knowing well that something pleasant awaits them. The godfather's pockets fairly bulge with coppers, or it may even be with *reals*, and comfits are ready to rain down, while the godmother and the other guests are not behind the *padrino* in their presents. As the church bells chime out the joyful news, the children send up lusty shouts. Then what a battle royal there is! What is Sagunto, Zaragoza, or Alcantara to this battle which takes place upon the peaceful *plaza*, on the

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church steps, under the carriages, beneath the very feet of the horses, as the little folk scamper hither and yon at the showers of *centimos* which rain on the stone pavements! At last, happy, smiling, and dirty, the youngsters stand aside to let the carriages pass; and young and old shout *vivas* to the new baby, as they receive, one and all, invitations to the christening *festa*.

When the house is reached the *padrino* takes the baby to the *estrada*, where the mother awaits them, and the guests follow, all whose rank entitles them to pass within the inner portals of the Casa Solenega, and the *padrino* wishes that he had been selected for a less important role. He is the observed of all observers; for he must make a speech, and it is a formidable occasion. He clears his throat vigorously, anxious to do honor to the new godchild. Ever since the news had been brought to him that he had a "new servant," he has been pondering that speech and hoping that an inspiration of the moment would lend him brilliancy, but now his tongue refuses to utter the clever things he had thought of, and he says simply:

"*Comadre*, here I bring to you a new Christian. May God keep him and you for many years; but in the unfortunate case that the *niño* should find himself an orphan, I will be his sustenance, morally and materially, in accordance with the solemn vow which



La Casa Granda



Infant Christ (Murillo)

INFANCY AND CHILDHOOD

I have pronounced. If something should happen to me, here, then, is the *madrina* who will take my place. God bless you all!" Then he sits down amidst general smiles, and tears on the part of the ladies, though the *padrino* himself sees not at all what there has been in his speech to cause either grief or laughter. The *madrina* tries to speak, but there is a lump in her throat of such dimensions that she seals her promise by kissing the baby and his mother.

"*A la mesa!*" cries the proud father, and all adjourn to the dining-room where a fine breakfast is awaiting them — all but the mother and baby, who rest in the *estrada*.

Such a delicious breakfast! First there are olives, anchovies, and radishes, followed by sparkling *amon-tillado*. The next course is *consommé en tasse* with sherry, after which come croquettes, generally of chicken, and served with vegetables, peas or beans, with which claret is drunk. An *entrée* follows, perhaps artichokes stuffed with forcemeat and served in oil, and then the *pièce de résistance*, which in Spain is generally game. Lamb is sometimes eaten but roast beef almost never, although pot roasts are often used. The reason the Spanish prefer pot roasting to our fashion of oven roasting is, that there are few ovens in Spain. Nearly all the cooking is done over charcoal, and when regular roasts are wanted, as at Christmas or some feast day, the joint or fowl is sent

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to the baker, who has a wonderful oven, and he roasts it for the family, returning it browned to a turn just in time for dinner. It is an amusing sight upon feast days to see the baker's shop, each bird tagged with the owner's name. A fat goose is labelled "Señor Fernandez"; a capon, "Señora Guzman"; a duck, "Don Juan de Gonzalez"; and a plump partridge, "*Señorita Perez.*" After the roast come the sweets, turnovers with wine sauce, and fruit with sweet wine, and last of all, coffee.

Then *Señor Bebe* is to be toasted, and a pretty ceremony to be performed. The *majordomo* approaches with a silver salver on which is a silver or cut-glass wine-cup, and this is filled to the brim with sparkling wine, when, followed by all, he passes into the *retrado* and offers the glass to the mother, the father standing at her side. The *padrino*, whose tongue has by this time been loosened, makes a pretty toast, all touch glasses with the *Señor* and *Señora*, drinking to the baby's health. And thus ends the feast.

Downstairs in the servants' quarters much jollity obtains, and to the feast are bidden the coachmen, hostlers, lackeys, and maids. These enjoy a repast no less splendid in their opinion than that served upstairs, with sheep and lambs and a whole cask of *vino anejo* reserved for this occasion. All are well satisfied, and they recount to the visiting servants and

INFANCY AND CHILDHOOD

retainers all the virtues of the family, which gain weight with each draft of wine. The *Señor Bebe* is toasted and re-toasted until brown, and his *entrée* into the Christian world is made with such a halo of blessings, that it is small wonder that Spanish babies are such pleasant little mortals as little Maria or José.

All Spanish children must have one of the "holy names," and no matter how many more may follow, for father, mother, godmother, aunt, grandfather, feast day, or what the other names may be. There is always some form of the Virgin's name for a girl and usually for a boy, though he may have St. Joseph for his name saint. Little girls are Maria Augustia, Immaculata, Dolores, Del Pilar, or de la Concepcion, though in ordinary parlance they are known as Augustia, Immaculata, Pilar, Concha, or Dolita. If you ask a little boy his name, he will respond politely, "Enrique, to serve God and you," but in reality his name is more likely, "Enrique Maria José Juan Fernando Diego Francisco," and nobody knows how much more.

Babies are well tended in Spain. The mothers of the lower classes nurse their own children, and are seldom seen without their little ones. A Seville fruit-vender carries her baby in her arms or perched upon the donkey's back, smiling among the flowers and fruit of the panniers; and even the tobacco-workers work with a cradle at their side, one foot on the

THE SPANIARD AT HOME

rocker. Women of the upper class have an *ama* for the *niña*, or *niño*, but supervise the care of the baby. The ladies of Madrid do not consider it good form to nurse their own children; for this purpose the Asturian peasant women are considered the best. They are handsome, well-grown creatures, who leave their own babies at home in the provinces, and come to the capital to act as wet nurses for the children of the nobility. They are generally passionately attached to their foster children; not so much so, however, as the women of the country estates, who nurse the children of the lord of the estate. These have an almost feudal attachment for the young lord, and the foster brothers are devoted to each other.

The *ama* rules the house. She is absolutely the head of the whole establishment, and whatever she says is law. Upon her well-being depends the well-being of King Baby, and she has the best of everything. Once a day she receives a visit from the family physician, the carriage is always at her service for the daily airing, the most nourishing food is prepared for her, and even the mistress of the house is her slave.

When the necessity for the foster-mother is no more, the boy baby is cared for by his *ayo*, the man servant set apart for his service; and a little girl's *aya* has charge of her. The peasant children, of course, have none of these attentions. Nursed at the loving

INFANCY AND CHILDHOOD

breasts of their own mothers, left to toddle around in the sun, careless, happy, tanned, rosy, the prettiest children in the world are the children of the people, those Andalucian *niños* whom Murillo loved to paint.

As the boy and girl outgrow babyhood, the watchful care of them is not relaxed. The little girl of the upper class has a governess until she goes to the convent school; she learns to read and write, knows a little arithmetic, is taught to paint and embroider exquisitely, and later to sing and play delightfully, and to have a fair knowledge of Spanish literature and history, and an excellent knowledge of the catechism. Is not that enough for any *doncellita*? With a boy it is quite different. Fernando or Diego goes to school and studies hard. Kindergarten methods have not been adopted with any enthusiasm in Spain; boys go to school to work and not to play.

When a boy of the upper class is seven or eight, his days are planned for him about as follows: He rises at half past seven, while the bells in the churches are calling good Catholics to mass. After morning prayers, which his nurse has taught him carefully, he has his morning bath and is dressed. He is something of a dandy, and has early learned to spruce himself up well, for he must pass the inspection not only of the *aya*, but also the argus eyes of mamma, to whom he gives a hearty good-morning kiss as he goes

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to breakfast. This is a simple, wholesome meal with cereals, generally in the form of bread and *semule*, with warm milk, honey, and eggs.

Shortly after breakfast his *ayo* comes to take him to school, where he studies until twelve, when the schoolboys have dinner together, a good dinner of soup, vegetables, and dessert, with milk and water to drink. There is no butter, coffee, or tea served to children in Spain, though they are allowed to have chocolate. After dinner comes a rest and play-time till one o'clock, and then study again until half past four, when the *ayo* comes to take the boy for an outing. He may go anywhere he likes that is a proper place for boys; the man servant knows all that is going on and will see that his little master sees every Punch-and-Judy show in town. If there is no special excitement, off they go to the *paseo*, where are the boys of the town, and where there are wonderful games to be played, chief of which is the *torero*; for Spanish boys dearly love to play bull-fight, one with a basket-work arrangement on his head being the bull, who is chased by the boys and whom in turn he butts with bovine zeal. All manner of boys are here, for the gentlemen's sons mix freely with *hoi polloi*, since monarchial Spain is the most democratic country in the world. Boys and girls are allowed to play together in Spain, though one never sees there the kissing games which American children

INFANCY AND CHILDHOOD

frequently indulge in until old enough to know better.

Spanish children's games are quaint and pretty, and nearly all have rhymes and songs attached to them. One of the prettiest is "*Ambo, ato,*" and it is played in the following spirited manner. The sprites form a circle, and in the centre stands one who must choose a mate. They sing

“Ambo, ato, materile, rile, rile,
Ambo, ato, materile, rile, ron,
What do you want, materile, rile, rile?
What do you want, materile, rile, ron?
“I want a page, materile, rile, rile,
I want a page, materile, rile ron.”

The one who is “It” is then told to choose whom she will; and, alas for Spanish chivalry! when she chooses Pedro or Gill, the question is,

“What will you give him, materile, rile, rile,
What will you give him, materile, rile, ron?”

When she holds out an orange or a flower, the recreant steps forth to be her page, and the circle dances around the two, singing lustily. Another favorite with very little girls is “*Tintarella,*” which is played by two tiny maidens taking hold of hands and, toe to toe, whirling round as fast as they can, singing gaily,

“Tintirenella, if you please,
Tintirenella, bread and cheese,

THE SPANIARD AT HOME

What is your worshipful father's name?"
‘Sir Red Pepper, who kisses your hands.’
“And how does he call his beautiful dame?”
“Lady Cinnamon, at your commands.”
‘Tintirenella, toe to toe,
Tintirenella, round we go.’

“London Bridge is falling down” is to the little Spaniards “Rose and Pink”; and the “Shaker Dance” is “San Sereno.” The Saint is apostrophized as “San Sereno of the Mountain,” and each attribute is celebrated in verse.

“San Sereno of the Mountain,
Our saint of courtesy,
I as a good Christian
Will fall upon my knee.

“San Sereno of the Mountain,
Where the strong winds pass,
I as a good Christian
Will seat me on the grass.

“San Sereno of the Mountain,
Where the white clouds fly,
I as a good Christian,
Upon the ground will lie.

“San Sereno of the Mountain,
Where earth and heaven meet,
I as a good Christian
Will spring upon my feet.”

Each verse is illustrated by the little singers and very prettily acted.

INFANCY AND CHILDHOOD

The manners of the children are the most charming imaginable. They have caught the spirit of their elders, and their gracious courtesy is quaint and delightful. Admire a favorite toy, and a little mite of three will hand it to you instantly with a gracious, "It is yours, Señora!" To a proffered treat a boy will not say "Yes," but, "*Si, señor, con mucho gusto.*" If, passing on the Prado a ravishing baby of two scant summers, you remark, "What a dear little tot!" he will astonish you very much by saying with shy grace, '*Es favor que Vd. me hace*'; while even boys in school answer to roll call, "Your servant, sir," instead of the gruff English, "Here!" or, "Present!"

As it draws near to the Angelus, the boy's mother drives past the *paseo* and picks him up for a ride home; then come supper, prayers, and bed with happy slumber. Day after day it is the same, but there are many holidays,—the feast days of the family, Christmas, New Year's Day, the feast of the Magi, when Spanish children set out their shoes with a wisp of straw for the Magi's horses, and next morning find them filled with gifts, as Americans find their stockings at Christmas time. Carnival time is a season of great joy, as is Holy Week with its *festas* and processions; but perhaps the time the boy likes best of all is the spring-time, when he goes to the *hacienda* and attends the country school, where he is

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the wonder of the country boys. Summer, too, he enjoys, for then he has no school, but only a few private lessons with a tutor,—languages, music, and drawing, and he runs wild on the country estate, tanned, happy, and free.

CHAPTER II

COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE

TIRES are changing in Spain, and courtship there is assuming somewhat modern attributes. It is only a few years since young women were guarded with a jealousy almost Moorish. The Tower of the Princess in the Alhambra palace of delights still stands as when the Moorish father confined there his three daughters, Zaide, Zorade, and Zorahaide, lest they be seen of men and so ruin their chances of matrimony. The grated windows and balconies of Spanish houses show the old Moorish attitude of mind to have long been that of the Spaniard. Even in the present generation no unmarried woman ever goes out of doors unattended, and for a Spanish young girl to be alone in the same room with a young man would be to lose her reputation entirely.

Spanish parents a century ago did not wish their daughters to learn to read or write, lest they should read love stories or write love letters. It is a curious contradiction of Spanish character that the Spaniard seems determined to make it just as difficult as possible for his daughter to marry, yet he disapproves

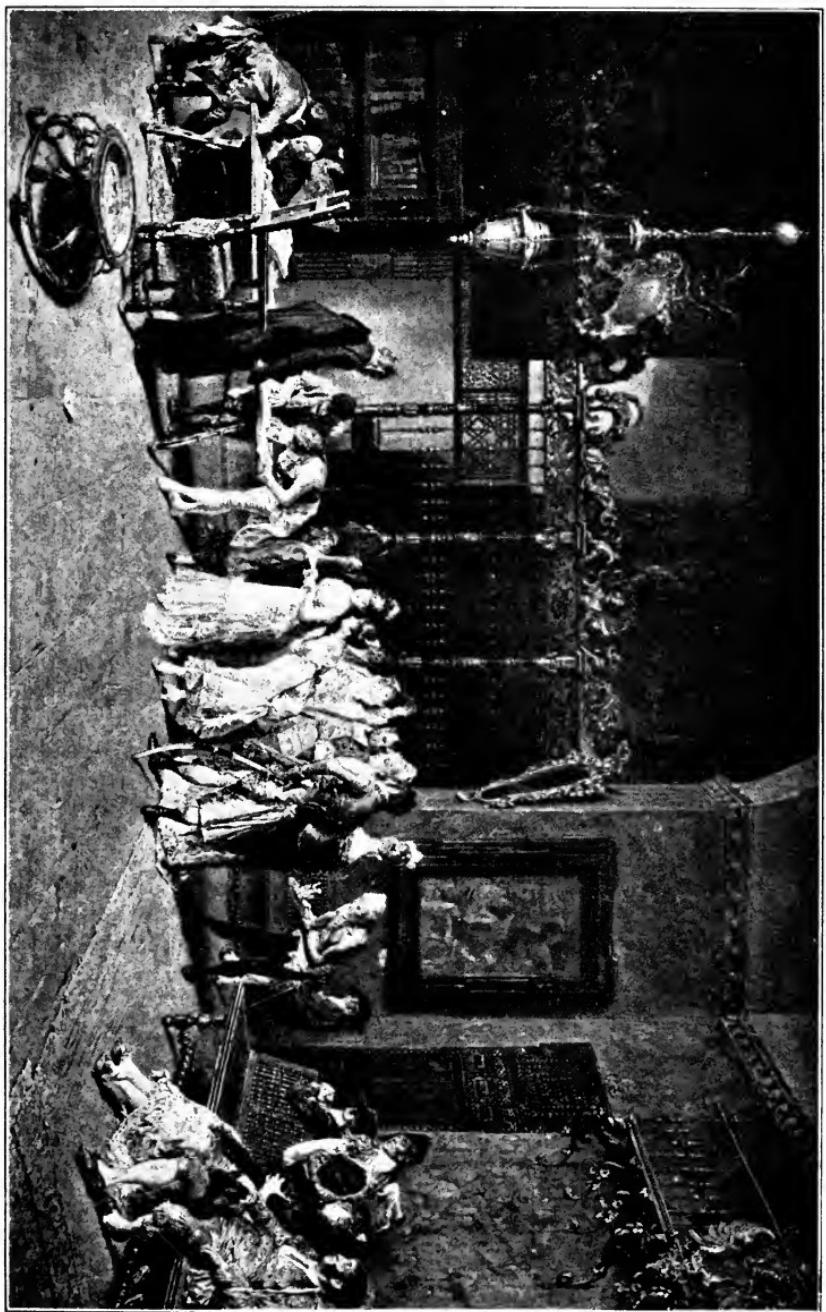
THE SPANIARD AT HOME

most emphatically of old maids. Every young girl grows up with a horror of being “counted with the pen of St. Elias.” This expression arises from the legend that in Holy Week every year, that worthy saint goes around, pen in hand, gazing at the balconies, and making a list of all the old maids of the village.

Romance dies hard in the breast of the Latin, and even with more modern conditions, the old style of courtship still prevails, especially in Andalucia. Young girls are still carefully guarded, and the ardent young Spaniard has to devise ways and means in which to foil fate, indulging in the questionable custom of placating the duenna with an open palm. More romantic, though scarcely less ill-mannered from our point of view, he expresses audibly his opinion of a girl on the street, “*Que buenos ojos! Que gracia tienes!*”* This does not in the least annoy *la Espagnolita*. It is not to her an impertinence. It is only that her charms have met with their due. She has been admired since she can remember; indeed love affairs in Spain begin almost at the cradle. Even urchins of ten or twelve imitate their elders. Fulanita † is Fulanito’s sweetheart. At the school door he waits for her, and, not having a *peseta* with which to cross her palm, he drives distracted the staid

* What beautiful eyes! What a perfect figure!

† Diminutive, “Such a one.”



The Spanish Marriage (Fortuny)



Education of the Virgin (Murillo)

COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE

duenna who has replaced the little girl's *ama*, and who watches over her just as closely as did that trusted servant. Whenever there are children's parties, this miniature cavalier dances with his tiny sweetheart. If he has a new suit of clothes, he must, perforce, pass her house three or four times a day, and whenever he walks behind her, he always speaks quite loud enough for her to hear. He watches closely until he finds out to what mass she goes, and then spends his pennies for pomade for his hair, that he may appear there properly groomed.

The tiny maid who has caught his fancy is perfectly aware of his attentions. Very early is the trait of coquetry developed in the little woman of Spain. She is quite as interested in her *novio** as is her elder sister in her own, though very intolerant of his methods of showing his devotion. She would much prefer that he show the gallantry of his elders and run to pick up the handkerchief she drops, aping her sister; but alas for romance! he is serenely unconscious, and kicks the bit of linen into the gutter. It was her best lace-edged one, and *Madrecita* will scold her severely for losing it. This so rankles in her feminine breast that, after the fashion of her sex, she vents her injured feelings upon her oblivious cavalier, and surprises that astonished youngster the next time she meets him by turn-

* Sweetheart.

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ing away her head, instead of smiling in return to his fatuous grin.

Fulanito's older brother or sister, meantime, is engaged in the same absorbing play. Fernando perhaps caught a gleam from the dark eye of the little Pepita upon the *rambla*, and it ensnared him forthwith. Ever since, he has followed her about like a faithful dog, gazing at her with his great black eyes which may express so much, and watching for a chance to be presented to the lady of his dreams. This is at last accomplished, for the parents of the young people are friends, and there is absolutely no reason why the two should not be acquainted, except the peculiarity of Spanish custom, which insists that all young women be watched lest they meet a wolf in man's attire. Fernando, however, is a very gentle wolf, and his next move is to "bite the iron," or serenade the señorita, though this is difficult to do properly and elude maternal vigilance.

Mamma is quite as much afraid that her Fernando will fall in love, as the mother of Pepita fears his attentions for her little daughter, and each mother is a veritable dragon of discretion. To be sure they are not always logical. Fernando's mother, in talking with a friend, exclaims upon the wickedness of her son.

"He is the very worst boy in all the world. He will break the heart of his mother, he is so wicked.

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I am consumed with pity for the woman who lives to marry him!"

"It is indeed too bad!" her friend replies with suspicious sympathy. "I am indeed sorry for you, my dear friend! It was only yesterday that I spoke of this with the mother of the Señorita Concepcion, the pretty little one who has so many lovers. Her mother said that Fernando had looked at Concepcion upon the *rambla*, and that it pleased her not, for thy Fernando was a graceless youth. To this I said I feared he would break thy heart, my poor friend—" She stopped in haste, for her poor friend had risen from her chair, with flaming eyes and cheeks all flushed.

"Woman!" she cried vehemently, "are you out of your mind? The mother of Concepcion, indeed! A little, thin, ill-formed slip of a girl, as brown as a Cubana! And thou hast sympathized with me! Name of a saint! My Fernando! He would not look at Concepcion de la Vargas with his left eye alone! He, the best boy! the cleverest! the most loving! He will live to be the Minister of Finance! He! the King's brother! And you speak against the character of that angel! Beast! Depart from my house before I forget myself and speak an impoliteness to you!" and she bursts into a fit of violent weeping during which her astonished caller departs.

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Fernando fully appreciates his mother's devotion, though there are moments when he wishes it were not so omniscient. Every night she pays a visit to him after he has retired, to see that he is safely tucked away in bed, and to kill the mosquitoes which lurk within his chamber, ready to devour her angel while sleeping.

His heart aflame with youthful ardor for Pepita, Fernando has planned otherwise than this early and sedate retiring insisted upon by his mother, but the word of *la madre* is law in the household, and strategy is his only resource. When the solicitous mother arrives in his bedchamber to kiss him good-night, and to perform her nightly slaughter for his dear sake, she finds him sleeping sweetly, too sweetly, unsuspecting mother,—such ostentatious sweetness! Up to his very chin is pulled the coverlet, and as *la madre* lifts her candle and sees his innocent face, she smiles, well pleased, and patting him gently on the black velvet hair, she murmurs softly, "*Buen niño!*" (good boy). The mosquitoes vanquished, she departs, but the danger is not over, for the paternal visit is yet to come, and to pass muster under the inspection of his own sex is more difficult. Fernando, however, is a born actor, and has thrown himself into the part; and as his father kills more mosquitoes, the angelic face upon the pillow is innocent as that of a sleeping babe. At last parental inspection is safely

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over, and *el padre* leaves the room with a smile, thinking that his boy is not so much of a Don Juan as he himself was in his youth.

But no sooner is *el padre* gone than Fernando springs from his bed fully dressed, the scamp! ready to tiptoe downstairs, his guitar in one hand, his shoes in the other. But dangers lurk below as well as above stairs, for there is the rubicon of the front door to be passed. Is it possible to draw its huge bolt without a creak? These old-fashioned creaking bolts are the best of protection against nocturnal marauders. If Marinella has proved false, then all hopes of serenading the little Pepita are over for this night. But Marinella is wise in her day and generation, and she has not failed him. In her barren breast, affection for the young master is combined with a canny devotion to her own interests, and this the wily Fernando well knows. "Marinella," he had said that morning, "to-night I must go out after the bolt is shot. Have it well greased. If not, I will reveal to *la madre* all as to thy covered basket."

Now, Marinella knows that the covered basket, in which she carries but a change of linen upon her weekly visits to her home, would not bear inspection should the eagle eye of the mistress fall upon it. Of course there is nothing in it to which she has not a perfect right. Marinella is strictly honest. She would never dream of taking anything which did not

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belong to her. But who could be expected to go home to the mother and not bring a little bar of chocolate, or a handful of sweet cakes to the godchild? The mistress, however, might think differently, and so — well — she is glad to oblige the young master. To be sure, she owes him something for the many tricks he has played upon her, but boys must be boys, and though so mischievous, he is of a good heart. It is very naughty of him to wish to deceive his mother, but he has often given Marinella a *parita* to buy sweets, and then — how mixed are motives in the feminine breast! — the mistress takes such pride in knowing everything that goes on in the house; it was but yesterday that she said, “From the sun’s first ray to the *sereno’s* (night watchman) call, nothing can happen in my house that my two eyes do not see!”

So naughty Fernando finds the bolt oiled and smooth as silk. It slips with ease, and he is soon beneath the grating of his sweetheart’s window, ready to engage in the pastime of “*pelando el paro*” (plucking the turkey). Will she be kind? He knows not, for the fair Pepita is as whimsical as she is fair, and he never can tell whether she will give him a ravishing smile or fail completely to see him when he passes on the *rambla*. Fernando leans close against the wall, wrapped in his *capa* like a cavalier of old, and sings with that show of feeling which is the birthright of every true Spaniard. He looks

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anxiously at the grated window. Alas! all is dark. No flicker of candle-gleam lightens the gloom. She has a heart of stone, this little Pepita of the blue-black eyes and the hair of velvet. Despair gnaws at his very heart. She is not for him! Shall he destroy that worthless life which she scorns when laid at her feet? It grows cold and the air steals chill and unkind from the sierras, snowy and cold as the heart of Pepita herself, and Fernando is lightly clad. Besides, it is unflattering to his vanity to troll out love ditties to a darkened window. Pepita is not the only fair one. That little Dolores Ximenez, just home from the convent, she smiled upon Fernando when he picked up her fan, and between red lips her tiny white teeth gleamed like pomegranate seeds in their scarlet setting. Still, Pepita's eyes haunt him, her coldness stirs him to fresh endeavor, and once more he sings with passion, fervently, yet not too fervently, lest his dulcet notes arouse from slumber the señora, her mother. How clear and sweet rings the tenor voice!

The musical score consists of three staves of music in common time, treble clef, and G major (indicated by a key signature of one sharp). The lyrics are written below the notes in Spanish. The first staff starts with 'Los ojos de mi cha-cha son muy ne-gros'. The second staff continues with 'y lin-dos, y sus dien-tes son muy blan-cos,'. The third staff concludes with 'blan-cos co-mo la le-che. Pe-ro la Ni-ña'. The music features eighth and sixteenth note patterns.

Los ojos de mi cha-cha son muy ne-gros
y lin-dos, y sus dien-tes son muy blan-cos,
blan-cos co-mo la le-che. Pe-ro la Ni-ña

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Oh the eyes of my Pepita are so dazzling and so bright,
And her teeth have such a lustre, milk was never half so white.
But my darling does not like me, my love she doth decline,
And her teeth and her bright eyes, they never can be mine.

As the last sweet cadences fall on the moonlit air,
heaven opens to Fernando! A gleam of light comes
from the darkened room, a white form flits across the
grating, a white hand waves for a moment, then — oh,
rapture! — a red rose drops at his feet. In an ecstasy
he carries it to his lips, and, the smile of Dolores all
forgotten, the next night and the next see him again
against the wall to “bite the iron” of the Señorita
Pepita.

The season of courtship in Spain may be said to be distinctly a season when the feminine star is in the ascendant. Fascinating, graceful, animated, the Spanish *doncellita* is far more interesting than the red-cheeked English miss, or the shy French made-moiselle with the convent sanctity still upon her. *Espagnolita** is a born coquette. She has all the requisites for beauty according to the old Moorish law,

* Little Miss Spaniard.

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“Three times three things a woman must have: white skin, white teeth, and white hands; black eyes, black brows, and black lashes; rosy lips, rosy cheeks, and rosy nails.” And the little lady of Spain knows how to employ them all to the best advantage. Fully aware of her charms, *la niña* is quite able to use them. Whatever she desires she “buys with the eyes,” and the smile pays. Her lover’s extravagant compliments she calls “throwing flowers,” and she laughs at his ardent speeches. “What! another rose, señor? *Muy gracias.* Or was this a carnation? You meant it for my sister, for it suits not my complexion.”

Despite Alarçon’s complaint that since English education came into Spain there is not a maiden who can feel true love, once engaged, the Spanish girl is a model of devotion. All the fencing of courtship days is at an end. The jesting strife and war of wits is over. Once given, she regards her word as irrevocable; yet she seems to dread the actual marriage day, and long engagements are not uncommon. Juan Valera, one of Spain’s keenest novelists, says:

“The interminable engagements of Spain are the most admirable examples of mistaken constancy which the annals of romance offers. There are often found engagements begun when the lovers began to study Latin at school, continued during his studies in law, literature, or medicine, terminating in marriage when the man becomes judge of the lower court or a successful physician. During all this time the engaged

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couple write to each other when they are separated; and when they are in the same town they see each other at mass in the mornings. They meet two or three times again during the day, chat during the hour of the siesta, see each other during the hour of the promenade, go to the same party in the evening. After supper they see each other and chat at the window; and there are nights when they remain once more chatting together, their faces pressed to the bars until rosy-fingered dawn appears in the east."

Of course sudden marriages are seldom heard of in this land of *mañana* where everything must be done decently and in order, and the expression to "make time" means to kill it comfortably for yourself, not regretting its loss or finding it tedious. It is told of a man in a provincial town that, after a short engagement of eight years, he married and forthwith passed into a green and yellow melancholy, because, forsooth, he had no longer any way to "make time."

While young Spaniards are both ardent and romantic, marriages are frequently arranged for them by judicious parents, though by no means so frequently as in France. Generally, these are accepted calmly and turn out very well, but they need never be forced upon the unwilling, for marriage laws are stringent in this land of the Dons. If Juliet prove recalcitrant, she can place herself under the protection of the magistrate provided for such events.

Romeo can not marry her out of hand, but he can



Pelando el Paro (Alfred de Roulet)



With Quaint Old-time Jars upon their Shoulders

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prevent her being married to any one else, and can, if necessary, remove her from her father's house and place her under protection until she is of age. When a girl does this she may be, and generally is, most heartily disapproved of by public sentiment; and her parents usually disown her, but she cannot be deprived of that portion of the family property which is hers by law. Custom, however, in Spain is far stronger than the law, and such instances of feminine defiance of parental authority are exceedingly few and far between. *El padre*, though kind and indulgent to a degree, is almost feudal in his absolutism, and Dolores or Mercedes, Milagros or Carmen, knows full well that she must sever all family ties should she elect to brave her father's displeasure in her marriage.

A story is told of a general in the Spanish army, whose daughter bestowed her affections upon the general's adjutant. There was not a thing against the young man's character. He was brave, clever, and of suitable rank. The family autocrat, however, was scandalized that his daughter should have so far thought for herself as to fancy a young man whom her father had not suggested, and he forbade the match. Tears, protestations, entreaties were of no avail, and at last the young señorita departed and married her lover. She was promptly disowned; but she had the bad taste to appear oblivious to this dis-

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aster and to live happily with her husband, who adored her and tried to be, at one and the same time, lover, husband, and father. The god of Fate, who is always theatrical in the situations he devises for his puppets, sent the young man to Cuba in the same regiment with the general, his father-in-law. They ate in the same mess, and were wounded in the same fierce fight, the young man being brought from the field to be invalided home, alas! with an empty sleeve.

"General," said a brother officer, "you will recommend your son-in-law for promotion, will you not?"

"Señor, I do not know what you mean," replied the stern old Don. "I have no son-in-law."

"But, Señor General, the husband of your daughter!" said the astonished friend.

"Señor," with courtesy, but firmness, "I have no daughter."

"A thousand pardons, General!" The friend at last understood. "It was the Señor Lieutenant Don Fulano whom I meant."

"By all means!" The General's tone was now cordial, for he was justice itself and not ungenerous. "He is a brave young fellow and wounded for his country. As you suggest, I shall recommend him with pleasure."

Though the young officer received his promotion

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on account of the General's recommendation, and was much honored and feted at home, he was never received at his father-in-law's house to the day of that worthy's death.

At the time of the marriage of the young King to his English bride, all the world was much interested in Spanish marriage customs, and it was found to be surprising how little these customs deviated from those of centuries ago in Spain. In these degenerate days, to be sure, there is oftentimes a civil ceremony, but in all but the most liberal circles, there must be the Church's benediction upon the union. A church marriage is in the morning, and it is a simple but impressive ceremony, the bride and groom receiving Holy Communion within the sanctuary gates, a privilege accorded to the people at no other time in their lives. The Church then binds them hard and fast, and from this tie there is no release, divorce being impossible, and even a separation is almost unheard of among good Catholics of Spain.

CHAPTER III

WOMEN AND FAMILY LIFE

FAMILY life in Spain centres wholly about the mother of the family. *La señorita* is humored, perhaps, by her lover; but *la señora* to an outsider appears a spoiled baby. The word of *la madre* is law to the children; it is equally so to the father, who indulges his wife in countless ways. Petticoat government is the rule in Spain, and it is perfectly surprising to foreigners, accustomed to think of the "cruel Spaniard" as a despot, to witness the absolute monarchy of family life, where the ruler is often an atom of humanity whose lord and master, so-called, would easily make three of her.

The women of the better class in Spain are shielded and protected from every breath of ill by the male members of their families, and, as they have governed their sons with a rod of iron, so they rule their husbands as surely, even if it is with "the hand of steel in the glove of silk."

A Spanish family, boarding in one of the large cities, rent a suite of several rooms that the señor,

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who is a great student, may sit up at night and read after a busy day. But no, *la señora* is fatigued, she must retire. Alas! she is very lonely in her chamber, and he so far from her, in the next room; will he not sit near to her?

The señor complies and is soon comfortably ensconced with a book, when a heart-breaking sigh escapes her lips.

"That sigh goes to my heart," he says, telling a friend the circumstances. "What is it, child?" he asks. "Are you ill?"

"No, Francisco, but the light is in my eyes," she says.

"I shall arrange that," he cries, and opens an umbrella, placing it between her and the light. All is still for a few moments and then there is another sigh from the bed. "What is it, baby?" and he springs to her side to find her dying of thirst. This want satisfied, he tries to read, but his conscience is disturbed, and he decides to retire lest he should keep her awake. Then her head aches, and he rubs it for half an hour, when there must be more air let into the room, for she is stifling. Finally sleep descends upon the pair. The same woman, however, is capable of the utmost self-sacrifice for her husband's sake. She will do anything to advance his interests. She regards his peccadillos with a fond indulgence, smiles at his stories, no matter how often she has heard them,

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brings up his children admirably, and proves herself both wifely and motherly.

The faults of Spanish women would seem to be those of environment, rather than of natural temperament. Treated as babies, it is not surprising that they sometimes seem childish. Spoiled from the time of her marriage it is to be wondered at that the Spanish *doña* retains her gentle virtues; it is even more astonishing that she does not spoil her children. Possibly one reason that Spanish men make, as a rule, such excellent husbands is that they have been brought up by their mothers. Love for the mother is, moreover, the great passion of their lives, and to a Spanish boy of any class there is never anyone in the wide world comparable to his mother.

The admiration of the men and their indulgence, has fostered in Spanish women the vanity natural to femininity the world over. They are passionately fond of dress, and though as a rule quiet in their tastes, wearing black for church and many dress occasions, they often affect French fashions and sometimes startling combinations. The graceful mantilla is giving place, somewhat, in Madrid to French millinery; this is a pity, for the Spanish woman in black or white mantilla or in the *velo* of net, is a charming creature and full of a thousand airs and graces, while she does not wear French creations with French *chic*. It is said that when she goes to the sea-shore for a



Fatima



Awaiting the Fête

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fortnight the señora must have fifteen frocks, for she could not possibly wear one gown twice, and her huge Saratoga trunks are called *mundos* by the groaning *portero* who carries them. The woman of fashion feels compelled to leave Madrid in the summer. Of preference she goes to a watering place in France or Germany,— Trouville or Carlsbad,— but lacking means for such an extended trip, she seeks her country home. If she has but a mere farm in the country she will go thither, or perhaps to Santander, or Cadiz. Lacking money to travel, and many Spaniards of the best families are bitterly poor, *la señora* will hermetically seal the doors of her town house and remain there in secret, behind closed doors and latched *jalousies*, until society bids her open them again.

Nearly all Spanish women have decided claims to beauty, whether their beauty partakes of the calm and haughty grace of the North or the sparkle and vivacity of the South. In old age inclined to *embonpoint*, the middle-aged señora is often handsome, generally in the rich, brunette style. Her eyes are soft and dark, her hair cloudy, her skin olive, and, in Andalucia, of a clear pallor more attractive than rosy cheeks. A woman of Orihuela, with her emerald scarf, crimson rose or oleander in her hair, esparto-grass sandals on her feet, her eyes dark, her complexion dark and glowing, is scarcely less beautiful than the brown-haired woman of Baza in her yellow skirt,

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white *camisa*, and scarlet head kerchief, or the staid peasants of the Basque provinces, fair-haired, blue-eyed, calm and dignified. Dignified the Spanish women always are, whether high or low; generally they are devout, and loyalty to the Church is one of their distinguishing attributes. This is especially seen in the unmarried women. Old maids are not plentiful in Spain. Girls are brought up with the idea that their destiny is matrimony and as a rule they take kindly to it. When they do not, they frequently enter the various religious orders, and very happy these Spanish nuns appear. When there is no "vocation" whatever, the unmarried woman is regarded in Spain with a rather pitying affection. There is little for her to occupy herself with save piety, and she naturally turns to the Church. She is kind to the poor, always having a number of dependants; she is always at the daily mass; she generally attaches herself to some particular saint to whom she has a special devotion (perhaps because he is her name-saint), whose altar she decorates daily, so that she is said to spend her time in "dressing a saint." This has become a byword in Spain, and an old maid is spoken of as "one who dresses a saint."

Kind-hearted, sympathetic, unaffected, and polite, the women of the upper classes are indolent and pleasure-loving; those of the lower are equally fond of pleasure, but hard-working, patient as the great

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wise-eyed, creamy oxen which they drive across the meadow lands of Andalucia. Light-hearted and full of fun as young girls, as women they are graver, but fond of chat and gossip.

As mothers, Spanish women are devotion itself. From the highest to the lowest, Spaniards are devoted to children, and it is a pretty sight to see a young mother with her baby, gay and tender as the little cherub himself. Bending his fingers to form a cup, tapping each finger gently, the grown-up child says,

“A penny for baby’s purse,
From papa and mamma and nurse,
A penny, a penny to pay,
Let no one steal it away.”

Instead of reciting the Saxon classic of “The Little Pigs,” a Spanish mother says as she tickles baby’s tiny pink foot and pinches each curly toe, “A white dove passed this way; this one caught it, this one killed it, this one put it on to roast, this one took it off, and this dear little bit of a scamp ate it every bit up!” When the *niño* learns to walk, it is in family conclave, and the proud young mother sings gaily,

“One little step, baby boy mine,
Come, little man, step up!
And you shall have a taste of wine,
From padrino’s silver cup.”

Devotion to her offspring is equalled, with a Spanish woman, only by her loyalty to her husband. Her

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marriage being generally a love match, the Spanish doña has no ideas in her head save those of constancy to her husband and devotion to his interests. Chastity is emphatically a feminine virtue in Spain, and the influence of those lovely ladies is poetically beautiful. Captain Ribot, in one of Valdez's charming stories, in love with the wife of his friend, feels shame at the situation. Repelled by Doña Cristina, "young, slender, pale, her hair black and wavy, her whole personality, if not of supreme beauty, attractive and interesting," he says: "Your noble words will give me strength while I live. How many times, leaning on the bridge of my ship, I have felt happy gazing at the stars! And more so now, when I gaze into thy sweet eyes, frank, serene, and holy. Let me but gaze in them as thy true friend, and all my life I shall be content."

All Spanish literature is full of tales of wifely devotion, as in the Spanish "Romeo and Juliet," the story of "The Lovers of Teruel." These unhappy individuals were separated, the maiden's father promising not to marry her to any one else but her lover until a term of years had passed. Returning a day too late, the unfortunate man found his beloved married to his rival. He begs for one kiss before he goes, but the virtuous bride replies,—"My caresses belong to him who is my husband before Holy Church, though my heart break for you!" At this



The Lovers of Teruel



Blessed Virgin with Jewelled Embroideries, Zaragoza

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response the lover falls dead of a broken heart; which strange ailment seems to be contagious in Spanish pathology, for the lady immediately does likewise. Doña Ximena, wife of the Cid, had many an opportunity to show her constancy to her husband while that doughty lord was rampaging over the country after the fashion of husbands of that day and generation, and Spanish poetry is as full of her constancy as of his heroism.

Spanish women have, as a rule, no part in politics. Their home life is, except in court circles, the only thing in the world for them, and there are few things pleasanter than the Spaniards at home. The intense feeling as to home life comes, perhaps, from the mixed strains of Celtic, Gothic, and Moorish blood, component parts of the Spanish nature. The Celts were strongly family men, the Goths were Teutonic in their family ties,—there was an almost patriarchal structure to Moorish society.

Spaniards of to-day find in their homes rest and recreation from the cares of business, of State, of life in general, and they are well content. They seldom look there for intellectual companionship. Their women folk are slightly educated, but this worries the male element not at all. There is something peculiarly appealing to masculine vanity in being the learned member of the family. Men purr like tom-cats stroked the right way, when feminine glances

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appeal to them as wisdom personified. In Spain, a woman should know little of books save her missal and her cook book; an old proverb says that "a mule that whinnies and a woman that knows Latin never come to any good." The *doñas* are well satisfied to have it so. The world treats them well, their husbands adore them — why trouble to learn things not altogether approved by the Church? The things they know by intuition, a thousand airs and graces, a charm, a quick intelligence, a pleasant sympathy, these are in their eyes, and undoubtedly so in the eyes of their husbands, quite as valuable as Greek verbs and Latin roots.

The most striking thing about Spanish home life is its mirthfulness. The servants sing about their work, the children chatter, the women talk gaily, the men jest, every one is pleasant and obliging. The whole tone seems to be taken from the pleasant, lively, talkative *doña* at the head of the house. Strangers feel her charm as soon as they enter, and if not well educated, *la señora* is interesting because always *muy simpatica*. Customs vary in different ranks of life and in different parts of the country, but the general tone of family life is the same. Even among the peasantry one seldom hears quarrelling at home. Perhaps because he is temperate and not given to the amiable Saxon habit of coming home drunk to beat his wife, Diego is easier

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to live with than his English or American cousin, and the plain little whitewashed cottages of the poorest country homes seem to breathe a spirit of content.

In a middle-class family, life is simple. The señora rises early to tidy the living-rooms, for but one maid is kept and she is not omnipotent. The señor breakfasts upon a roll, a cup of coffee, and perhaps a thimbleful of *aguardiente*, going to business at nine o'clock. The simple breakfast eaten, which with the feminine members consists of a roll and thick chocolate, the mistress of the house is not above marketing for herself; she sallies forth attended by one of her daughters, or by the maid, who carries a huge basket on her arm. She buys with care, wasting not a penny, and taking keen pleasure in bargaining, going from the fruit to the vegetable market, to the butcher and the baker. At each place she hears some delicious bit of gossip, worth as much as the *perro chico* saved by coming to market herself. At home again, the maid does the rougher work, the daughters of the house dust a little and then settle themselves to their embroidery, while the good housewife prepares the one o'clock breakfast. This is a delightful repast, with eggs fried in oil or cooked with tomatoes, a salad to make Lucullus envious, and *cocido*. This is a national dish consisting of *garbanzos* or chick peas soaked over night, potatoes, cabbage, a pound

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or two of meat, peppers, and sausage. It is nearly a meal in itself, for the soup is eaten first, the meat and vegetables following with a salad. Supper is simple, consisting of, perhaps, a soup, dried fish, potatoes, and a fillet.

At eleven in the morning comes the hair-dresser to arrange the ladies' tresses for the day, for which he receives a dollar a week a head. And what delightful gossip he brings with him! After his departure is the dinner, and then all, even the man of business, take a short siesta, when the *señora* must make her toilet and take her daughters to promenade. They are perhaps of a marriageable age and suitors are in attendance, suitors well scanned by the *señora*, for her eagle eye can read them through and through. How handsome she looks, this well-preserved woman of forty, handsomer even than her daughters, with her flashing black eyes, her rich black hair coiled high under her black mantilla, draped over the comb which had been her mother's and her grandmother's before her! In cold weather she will walk or drive wearing but the mantilla over her head, while the men of her acquaintance are muffled to the eyes in the folds of their *capas*. After supper the family occasionally go to the theatre, or remaining at home, the young people laugh and jest, flirt perhaps, with their young friends (always, however, under the argus eyes of mamma), while the elders talk gossip, and the señor

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chats over his liquor and cigars with an old crony or two, playing dominoes, cards, or *tresillo*.

Country life varies considerably from that of the capitals. A country noble rises early, when the village barber comes to shave him. The village barber is also the village gossip, and the love of gossip is not confined to the fair sex in Spain. The don enjoys very much this morning shave and chuckles heartily over delicious tidbits served up to him between strokes of the razor. After morning coffee the señor rides about his estate, lunching with one of his tenants whose affection for him is almost feudal in its aspect. He listens to grumbling from his tenants, adjusts complaints, hunts perhaps, and dines at six, often with the village *padre*, his old and tried friend, as his guest.

In the southern part of the peninsula there is an especial charm about the family life. People have time to be pleasant and to attend to each other's comfort. The large Spanish houses are built with an especial view to comfort, and even in the hottest weather the *patio* is cool and pleasant. About the *patio*, which has usually a fountain in the centre, run corridors rising to several stories, the first used for offices, or if these are at the back, for dining-room, library, etc. The second floor is for the bedchambers; the third for the nursery, play room and servants. Often several well-to-do families live in the

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same house, all related and living together harmoniously. In the front portion of the house are the *sala*, or drawing-room, the *soloncita*, or music room; the *gabinete*, or back parlor; and the *sala de confraiera*, or lounging-room. All these apartments are connected by large doors and have balconies to the street, gay with vines and blossoms in flower boxes. The windows are grated, remnant of Moorish times when fair maidens were kept behind closed doors.

The dining-rooms are decorated with pictures of fruit and game, upon the walls are silver or bronze candlesticks, and the old mahogany shines with the family plate. The bedchambers are furnished in a dignified and old-fashioned style with huge beds, often canopied in tapestries. There are dressing-table and mirrors, rocking-chairs (in which the Spanish house differs from other European mansions), and a clothes-chest. Upon the walls are holy pictures, a crucifix, and generally, a holy water font is at the head of the bed. As the modern luxury of screens is unknown in Spanish houses, there are usually mosquito-bars over the beds; even these, however, fail to insure comfort to the unfortunate sleepers.

Often there are fourteen rooms on one floor, sometimes as many as eighteen, all large. The drawing-rooms and reception rooms are conventionally furnished, though often with the modern stuffed fur-

WOMEN AND FAMILY LIFE

niture and statuettes, one sees magnificent pieces of antique Spanish mahogany, carvings worthy of Berrieguette and genuine Murillos. The rooms are lighted by candelabra, sometimes with a *lucerna*, or hanging glass candelabrum with countless glass prisms. There is generally an oratory or shrine in all Spanish houses, and in large ones a chapel.

The order of the day in these Southern houses is one of ease and comfort. To the average American, accustomed to the strenuous life, it seems at first lazy in the extreme, but there are few, even of the most strenuous, who do not fall easily into the pleasant routine and soon find it *dolce far niente*. At eight or nine in the morning the gentlemen of the house have coffee and rolls with a little fruit, in bed or in the lounging-room, while the ladies have thick black chocolate flavored with cinnamon, and a lady-finger, in their own apartments. Breakfast comes at eleven, with five or six courses of excellent food, simply prepared. Dinner is the formal event of the day, taking place at six in the evening; and a genuine Spanish dinner is a feast for a gourmand. Beginning with olives, radishes, and peppers, there comes next a soup, thick, savory, delicious. This is followed by chicken, perhaps, or pork with tomato sauce. In all the sauces lurks something delicious, intangible, and indefinable, the festive garlic, not used wholesale but in a delicate blending very captivating to the taste.

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There is often the *cocido* and an *entrée*, a dainty croquette or fritter, when come the fish and game, rather than mutton or beef, to be followed by baby pumpkin stuffed with forcemeat; spicy, fragrant and peppery sweet peppers which look like live coals but are the most toothsome of morsels; Spanish cheese and anchovies. Sweets are served sparingly, and red wine and white wine are drunk, though often water is the only beverage, Spaniards being the greatest water drinkers in the world. Coffee is often served in the drawing-room, though frequently the gentlemen go for it to the club.

Travellers seldom enjoy the real delights of Spanish family life, for unless introduced by a mutual friend, Spanish hospitality is a trifle reserved. "The house is yours," but only in a formal way. You are made welcome at all times to the señora's *tertulia* or day at home, but you are rarely invited to dine, as in England; almost never invited to stay in the house, as in America. When, however, you do make your way into the family, its charm is upon you, and you leave with regret, feeling that you have indeed, as your host will tell you, "a home in Seville," or Granada, or wherever it may be.

CHAPTER IV

PECULIAR PEOPLE AND CUSTOMS

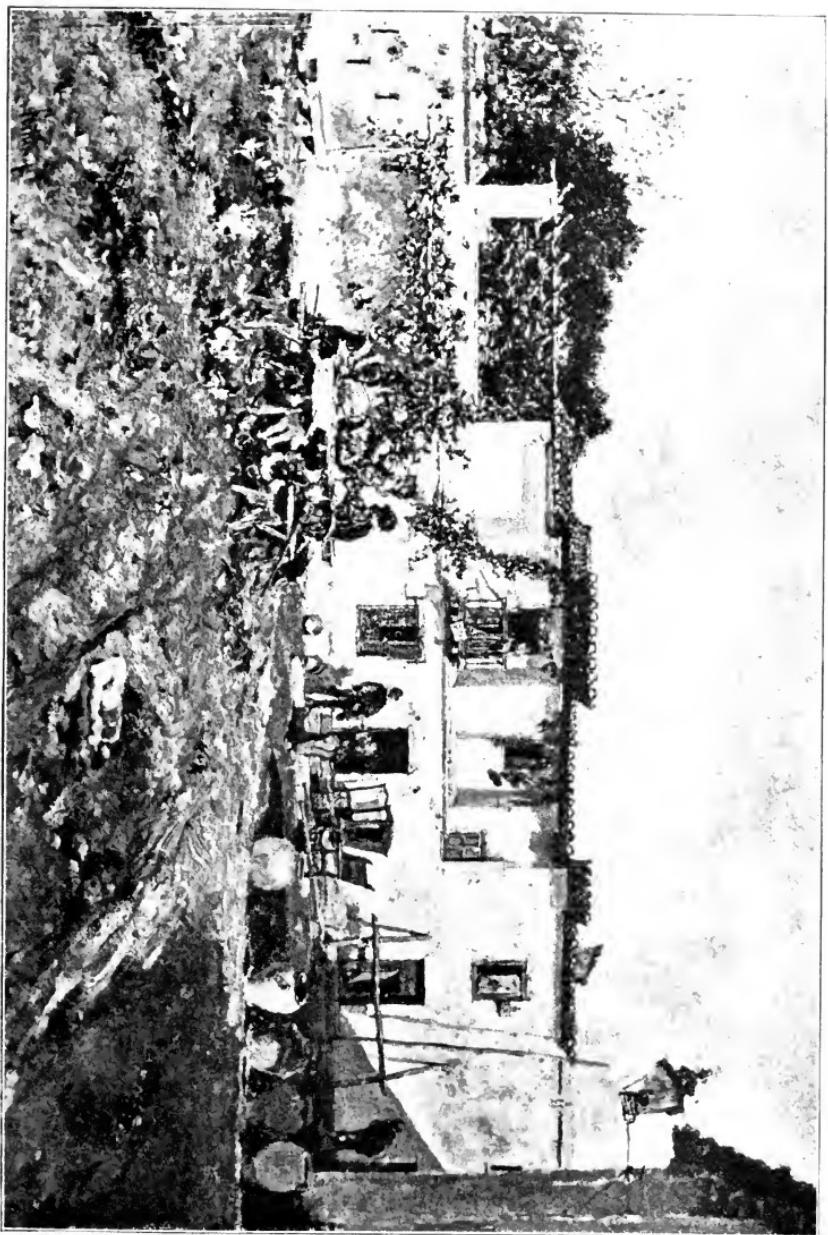
THERE is nothing in Spain which the American traveller really covets so much as the Spanish servants. Perfectly trained, they are affable to a degree, and as interesting to talk to as the immortal Sancho Panza himself. They combine the absorbing interest in your personal welfare manifested by the Southern darky of ante-bellum days, and the capable cleanliness of the best trained maids of to-day, with this fine distinction: Spanish servants really seem to like to serve. Their tasks are not sinecures. There is a great deal of work to be done in Spanish households, and, except in the great houses and in the *haciendas*, but one maid is ordinarily kept. She is paid the marvellous salary of three dollars a month, unless she is an expert cook, when she may be munificently rewarded with four dollars. Cooking is of itself a fine art in Spain, especially in a household where no two persons keep the same hours, as is often the case. The children go to school, they must be fed early in the morning. *El señor* is always fa-

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tigued at this early hour; he must have a breakfast at ten o'clock. The señora is delicate, and she has her breakfast in bed. Concha cooks for them all, singing cheerfully as a mockingbird over her many meals and her countless dishes. If she works hard, however, her lot has alleviations, for her mistress takes an interest in all she does; and when she is married, it is from her mistress's house that she goes to her own, her linen chest well stocked, the good-will of the family going with her.

In the fashionable houses work is not less hard though there are many to share it. The cook, generally a man, has five dollars a month, the house-keeper ten, the maids three dollars each. There is a dining-room man who cares for the plate and the gentlemen's clothes; a *muchacho*, or boy who runs the errands, cleans the boots, carries the bag at the hunts, and does all the odd jobs and tasks which no one else wishes to do. There is also a coachman and a hostler, but no footman unless the master of the house is very rich or titled.

Most remarkable of all the servants is the *ama*, the baby's nurse. She rules as an absolute monarch in her realm, the nursery. Her wages, in cool doublets, amounts to the equivalent of fifty dollars a month in American money. She is the only servant ever allowed to call the young master *tu*; and this privilege she guards jealously and never yields.



A Spanish Inn (Fortuny)



El Sereno (Alfred de Roulet)

PEOPLE AND CUSTOMS

It is by no means uncommon to see the smartest of young officers stopped in the streets by a buxom peasant woman, who hurls herself upon him with the force of a catapult, and covers his face with kisses which she promptly washes off with her tears, calling him her *niño*. Instead of being disturbed at this demonstration, as an American young fellow would be, or frigidly tolerant as would an Englishman, the *Señor Espagñolito* enthusiastically returns her caresses, his good heart remembering all the devoted care which she has lavished upon him. She will be an honored guest at his wedding, and the nursling she left at home that she might care for her young master will always be foster brother to her *niño*, who will regard it as a moral obligation to look after the welfare of his *ama's* child.

In Andalucia the greater number of the houses are built double, rather than single, each house having its own entrance. The principal door leads to a paved court yard, which is surrounded by columns, and which leads to the parlors and other apartments of the family; the other door leads to the inner yards, the stable, and coach-house, the kitchens, the mill, the wine and oil presses, the granaries, and the buildings in which are stored the oil, wine, spirits, vinegar, etc. This second portion of the house, even though it be situated in the heart of a city of twenty-five thousand inhabitants, is called the farm-house. The

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overseer, the foreman, the principal workmen, and the domestics who have been longest in the service of the family are accustomed to gather here during the winter evenings,—around the enormous fireplace of a spacious kitchen; in the summer in the open air, or in some cool, well-ventilated apartment, and there to chat at ease until the master's family is about to retire.

Rising at 4 A. M. the Spanish servants find their day somewhat lengthy, for, indeed, it is rare for any of them to lie down before the *sereno* calls “*Media noche y serena-a-a-a!*” (Midnight and all is well.) The *sereno* is an institution purely Spanish. Since he was first instituted in Valencia in 1777, he has prowled around the streets at night, lantern and pike in hand, a relic of the days when the streets were black as night itself, and lighted only by the lantern of some passer-by. The *sereno’s* lantern is always trimmed and burning. He wears a cylindrical dark coat with a pointed hood, and guides to their homes all unsteady footsteps. He can open your door when you can find no key but the smoking *cigarrito* in your fingers, and he can tell you where you live, if your memory chances to have lapsed in that particular.

In most Spanish cities the *sereno* is merely a picturesque adjunct of the landscape, a sort of scenic effect, as it were, (in the *opera bouffe*). Electric lights outshine the pale glow of his mediæval lantern;

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(rampant, unbecoming, twentieth century things, which silhouette upon the very pavement every hair awry in your coiffure. They in their blatant civilization make the *sereno's* tender glow of light seem like a fascinating will-o'-the-wisp, and display modernity in all its garish arrogance.

In the small towns and villages, however, *el sereno* is still all-powerful by night, and many watchers beside sick-beds are cheered by his reassuring call. Strange noises the *sereno* makes, varying with the town and personal peculiarities of the individual. He seems to take special delight in giving the least possible articulation to the words, laying great stress on some particular syllable, and slurring the rest in such a manner that it is absolutely impossible for one not accustomed to the cry to distinguish one word that he utters. In this respect his cry presents points of resemblance to the cries of the street peddlers and hucksters in both London and Paris.



If one is glad to meet the *sereno* by night in Spain's remoter regions, still more does one welcome the *Guardia Civil*, if travelling out of the beaten path. In the early forties Gonzalez Bravo organized the Civil Guards to stamp out brigandage, and they have been found so useful a body of men, that they

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(Handwritten notes: "miserable", "poor", "lousy")

have been continued under the care of the Government. Neither soldiers nor policemen, but rather a combination of both, their force is a constabulary of some twenty thousand picked men. They must be able to read and write, must serve three years in the army and six in the reserve. They must pass a very strict examination, and their record must be exceptionally good, physically and morally. This is the more necessary as they are brought intimately into contact with all classes of people. Robbers have been heard of near *la casa grande*; the Señor Don is away; the Señora Doña is timorous, she finds it impossible to sleep; so she informs the Government and, forthwith, two civil guards are told off to watch her house by night, to walk behind the children to school every day, and play watch-dog generally for the timid little lady. Not only for the great, however, are these excellent fellows. The tiniest hut of shepherd or charcoal-burner is, under their vigilance, safe as the queen's drawing-room.

The uniform, which they must supply for themselves, is exceedingly smart, and as they are always well groomed and trim from top to toe, they present an excellent appearance. They wear a dark blue tunic, trousers with red stripes down the legs, buff leather cross-belt, and a glazed shako, and they carry an English rifle or a carbine, according to whether they are mounted or foot guards. Everywhere in

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Spain one meets them, always travelling in pairs, in the villages, on the high roads, in the mountains; and so excellently are they trained, so high is their morale that they are welcome everywhere, and a great sense of security is felt wherever they are found.

They receive three *pesetas** a day for salary, a horse, and a house,—rather good pay for Spain, where money goes twice as far as it does in this country; and though they have to “find themselves,” all the cooks along the route are their friends, and many a juicy bit of chicken or savory *arroz con tomates* † helps out their rations. Favorites with the law-abiding, they are equally the terror of evil-doers. Smugglers flee from them as leaves before a wind, and gypsies hate them as the devil hates the cross.

The gypsies of Spain do not seem by any means so romantic as when George Eliot expended the fire of her genius upon “The Spanish Gypsy.” Those who call a spade a spade and do not define it as “a useful but scarcely ornamental implement essential to agricultural operations,” would declare them insufferable nuisances. Spanish gypsies are everywhere in Andalucia. Not, strictly speaking, Spanish, with alien traits and customs, they bask in the sunshine, lazy, thieving creatures, with their bold, handsome women, funny little black-eyed babies, and

* About sixty cents.

† Rice cooked with tomatoes.

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hordes of dogs. These dogs answer indiscriminately to the names Melampo, Cubilon, and Lubina, the supposed names of the shepherd dogs who saw Our Lord at Bethlehem. They are unmistakably curs, ragged, unkempt, lean, as thieving as their masters, yapping and snarling at one's heels by day and howling discordantly by night.

Dirty, the gypsies are still picturesque in their bright kerchiefs and gaily colored clothes. They live in caves or dugouts like rabbit burrows, swarming with dogs, children, and vermin, and so crowded as to be a menace to health. As beggars they are far worse than even the worst of Spain's professional mendicants, who are at least civil. The gypsies demand money as if the world owed them a living, and their importunities make it wellnigh impossible to shake them off, or to make them believe you have "clean pockets" when you have given them your last *cinco centimo*. There were days in Spain when the gypsies were terrors to entire neighborhoods, but those days have passed. Whatever their tribal traditions, the wild folk are now Spanish subjects, called "*Nuevos Castellanos*," admitted to all the rights of other Spaniards, not altogether out of Christian charity on the part of the paternal Government, but because a clever politician bethought him of the fact that all subjects were liable for the conscription, and that Spain needed soldiers!

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In Spain the popular idea of the gypsies represents them as distinctly undesirable members of society. Their thieving propensities are remarked upon in many of the folk songs, as for example that quaintest of Christmas carols:

“Into the porch at Bethlehem
Have crept the gypsies wild
And they have stolen the swaddling clothes
Of the newborn Holy Child.

“Oh, those swarthy gypsies !
How could the rascals dare ?
They have n’t left the Holy Child
A single shred to wear.”

Cervantes, who certainly ought to have known, described gypsies as “born to be thieves and robbers; their fathers are robbers; they are reared as robbers and educated as robbers.” An amusing tale is told illustrative of the cleverness of the light-fingered gypsy in pilfering without detection. A gypsy went to confession, and during his recital of his sins, noticed a silver snuffbox protruding from His Reverence’s pocket. Hastily transferring it to his own pocket, the gypsy continued his confession, “And, Father, I accuse myself of having taken from another a silver snuffbox.”

“That, my son, was a great sin. Do you not know that to steal is wrong? Remember the two thieves who died on the Cross, and repent, lest the fate of

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the unrepentant one overtake you," said the good priest.

"I shall certainly repent, my Father," said the gypsy.

"It is of no use to repent unless you make restitution," said the priest; "you must return the box to the one from whom you stole it."

"May I not give it to you, Father?" asked the gypsy.

"Certainly not!" the priest's voice was very stern. "You must return it to the one from whom you stole it, if you desire absolution."

"But, Father, I have offered it to the owner and he declines to have it again."

"If that is so, then you are quite free to keep it; but another time ask first before you take, and then you will not have the sin of stealing upon your soul."

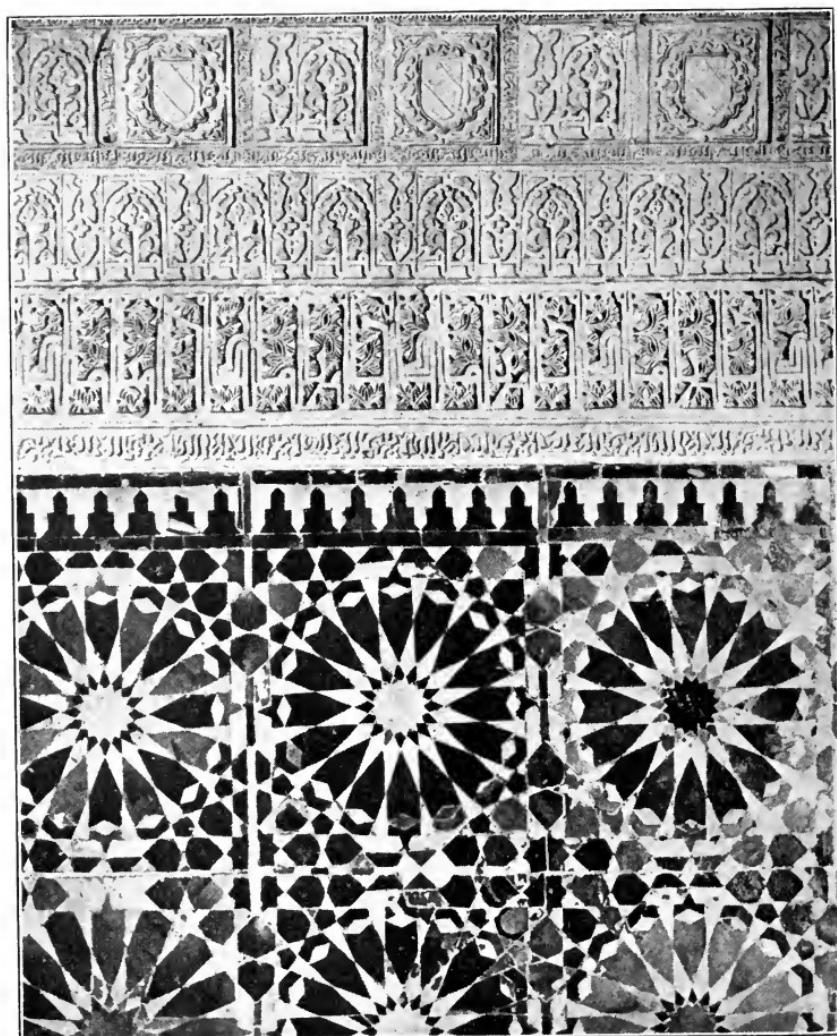
"Yes, Your Reverence." The gypsy's tone was very humble. "But in that case I shall not have the pleasure of practising my skill," he added to himself. "It is best to act first and then repent."

The only difficulty about this pleasing tale is that gypsies are almost never Christians, and when they are, they rarely go to confession.

Spanish gypsies do not belong at all to what has been superciliously called "the working classes," for the men never work except casually and in a desultory fashion as tinners, blacksmiths, or jockeys, while



The Market Place at the Gates of Seville



Mosaics from the Cathedral at Cordova

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the women tell fortunes and dance. Doubtless the bold, black-eyed gypsy children gain quite as much from their arrant and insistent begging as do the parents from their semblance of work; but in any case, to them life is pleasant, for the things they love are not bought with money. As a self-styled gypsy king once said, "Brother, life is sweet. Here are night and day, both sweet things; sun, moon, and stars, all sweet things; there is likewise a wind on the heath. Life is sweet, and a Romany rye would wish to live forever. If I could but feel the sweet breath of the wind on my cheek, I should wish to live forever." Since the hordes of Genghis Khan first started the gypsy ball rolling from the Himalayas toward Europe, the gypsies have dwelt in the breath of the wind. Wandering vagrants, loyal to each other, suspicious of the outsider, yet, once their affection gained, friends for life,—such are the Spanish gypsies.

There is no country in the world which seems to the traveller to have so many quaint customs as Spain, yet, nearly all of them have a reason for being, if one can but sift it out. The peasant who travels with you offers you his luncheon. You know that you are expected to decline with a courteous "*muchas gracias*," and you wonder why it is always offered you with such evident good-will. It is but a relic of the days when no one would eat alone in the presence of

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another, lest he poison his food with the evil eye. In Seville naughty little street urchins scream after the peasant women to know if they wear "garters in their knives," and scamper off with elflike shouts. They mean of course to ask if the dames wear knives in their garters, as in the days when no virtuous woman went unarmed in Spain, but the Sevilliañas so resent the imputation, that the teasing gamins put the question backwards.

Esta casa esta muy a la disposicion de Usted cuando guste favorecirla (This house is entirely at your disposal whenever you please to favor it), is a polite remark made to you by any courteous Spaniard, when you call upon him, and is a remembrance of the Moorish days in Spain, when hospitality was a law, and all Christians put their houses at each other's service as places of refuge from the infidel. So also is the query given in answer to a knock at the door, "Who comes?" and the answer, "Peace," for in those old days of strife many came who were by no means peaceful, and portals were carefully guarded.

A Spanish girl will have nothing of a certain lover. "He is ugly as Picio!" she pouts, and flouts him scornfully, and no one even remembers who Picio was, save that his name has long been considered the synonyme for unmitigated ugliness. If you wish to insult a small boy in Spain, tell him to go and wash

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his hands lest he be dirty as "*la caseada de Burguillos.*" Ten chances to one he will know only that it is a very disagreeable thing to say to him, and he will never have heard that the housewife of Burguillos prided herself upon her neatness and boasted of it until, alas! a neighbor saw her spit in a frying-pan to see if it was hot enough!

When you sneeze, even the tiniest Spanish child will say, "Jesus, Maria y Josef," but he does not know why, though it has been the custom ever since the plague raged in Andalucia, in 1580, that black plague called *la mosquillo*, of which people dropped by the wayside like flies. Once or twice they sneezed, and lo! they had the plague; and very few ever recovered. So it grew to be the custom whenever any one sneezed, for those who heard him to look upon him with compassion and say, "*Dios le ayude*" (God save him), or to cry to the Holy Names for help — "Jesus, Maria y Josef!"

In Spain washwomen do not hang their washing upon clotheslines with pins. They wash beside the streams, rubbing the linen upon the smooth, white stones and spreading it upon the grass and bushes to dry. If, by chance, any one hangs the baby's frocks upon a rosemary bush, she is in wonderfully good luck, because far away in the hills of Palestine, Mary the Virgin washed the Christ Child's linen and hung it upon a rosemary bush to dry. It is easy to tell

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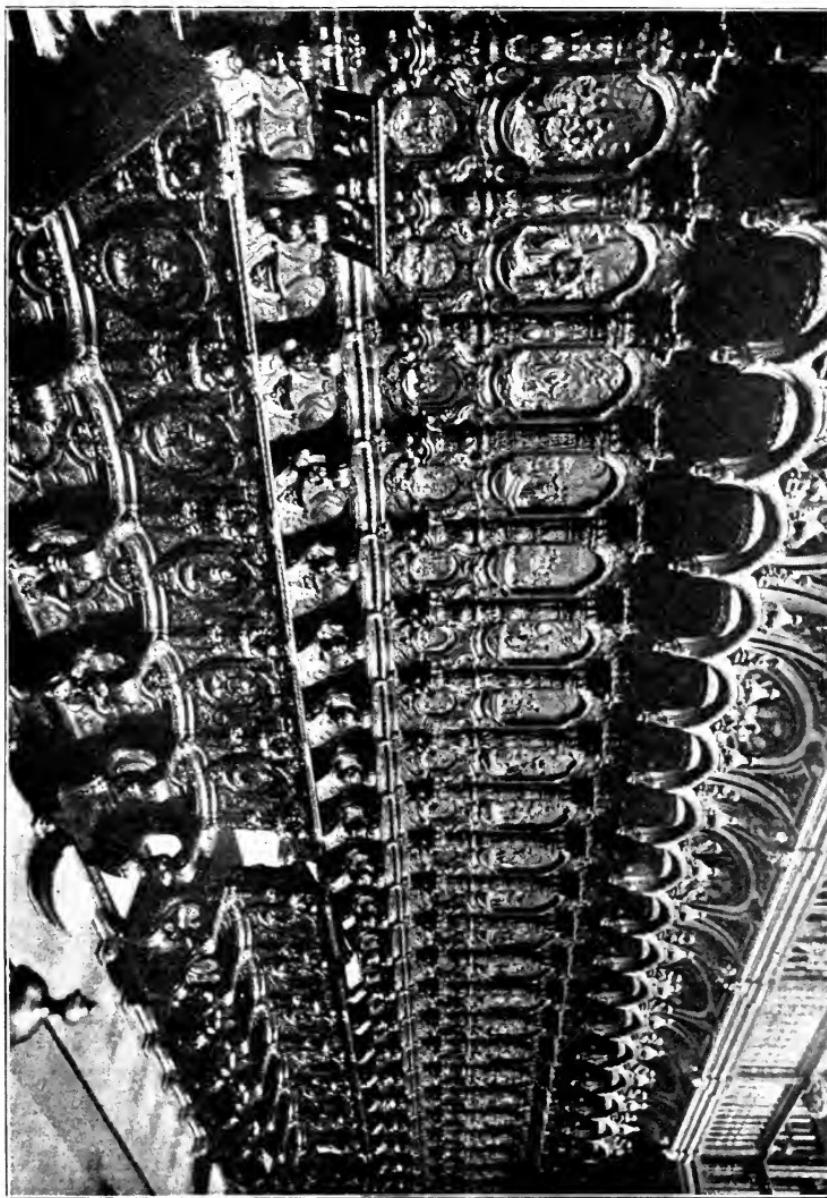
which of the washwomen are happily married. She who is not — ah! what wonderfully clean shirts her husband wears! She rubs them upon the stones as she talks.

“He is the worst man you ever saw [rub, rub]. Never is he at home! [slap, slap on the stones]. Always is he upon the *paseo* by night, or at the dance [anger lends vigor to her rubbing]. Indeed, save for his clean shirts, no one would ever know he had a wife!” [rub, rub, rub].

The happy wife on the contrary has no energy to work off upon her work. She stands with her linen in her hands, and tells of Juan’s perfections. So good is he, always at home, so good, so kind, oh! she is so happy! And forgetting all about her washing she sings in her clear, contralto voice, the little song which tells of how the Blessed Virgin seated herself beneath an olive tree to rest when the Holy Family was fleeing into Egypt, and the leaves turned down to look at her child.

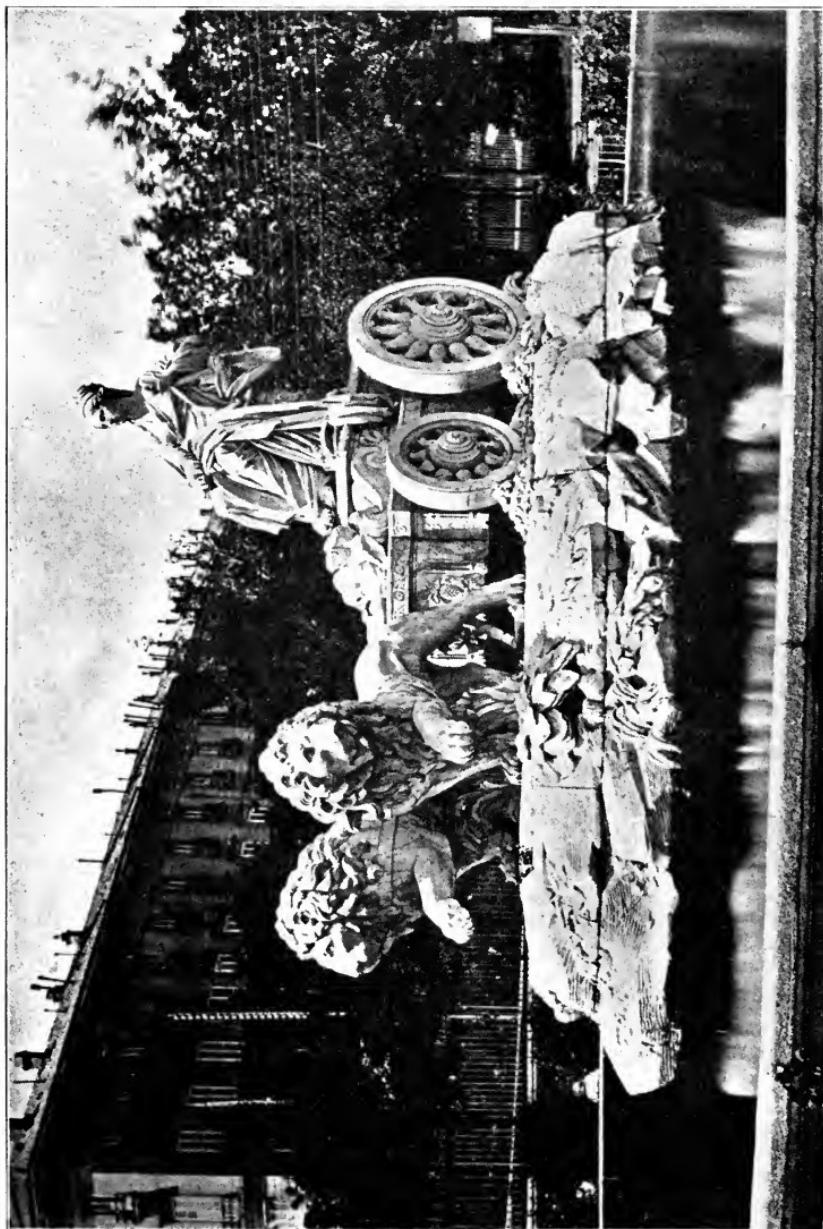
“La Virgen quiso sentarse
A la sombra de un olivo,
Y las hojas se volvieron
A ver al recien nacido.”

Many quaint little sayings abound in Valencia. When a sleeping child smiles its mother rejoices and says, “See him laugh with the angels which only he can see!” and if any one complains of a buzzing in



Superbly Carved Stalls in the Cathedral of Cordova

The Fountain of Cybele



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his ears he is told that it is the sound of a leaf falling from the Tree of Life. In one of the Valencian villages exists a pretty custom, that of burning every night two candles before the shrine of Our Lady of the Unprotected, in the hope that she will aid those needing protection during the darkness of the night. In a neighboring village at dawn each day, the chimes of the church bell call to prayer pious souls to say *el Rosario de la Aurora*, sung for the Holy Souls.

“En el cielo se reza un Rosario
Todos las mañanas al amanecer,
Santiago lleva el estandarte,
San Pedro la luz, la cruz San Miguel.
Pues vamos allá,
Que no hay cosa mas santa y mas dulce
Que el Santo Rosario que se vá á rezar.”

In Madrid the whole unmarried population has for years been wont to flock to the Fountain of Cybele in the Prado, as sure as midsummer night brought dreams to unsought lovers. There was once in the Puerta del Sol a magic spring, the waters of which, if sprinkled at eve of San Juan's day, guaranteed a wedding before the year was out. The ugliest cavalier, the most unloved maid could be sure the marriage bells would ring for them if touched by only a drop of that precious water. This miraculous spring let its mantle fall in the course of time upon the Fountain of Cybele, and all who sought the Prado at the witching hour of midnight were insured good fortune in the matri-

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monial market. In Granada she will be sure of marriage within the year who, upon the feast of the Epiphany, rings the bells of the Torre de la Vega, where the Alhambra towers in ruined beauty over the snow-white town, the golden Darro and the emerald Vega.

Many street scenes which the Spaniard accepts as a matter of course seem to the traveller archaic or, at least, peculiar. A goatherd passes in the street at the head of his procession of goats. He is quite too dignified to look back, but if he did, he would, perhaps, see a woman slip out from her door and quickly milk one of his goats *en passant*.

A call from an upper window stops him and a pail is lowered on a cord from the window. The goatherd takes a coin from the little bucket, milks it full of foaming goat's milk, sends it up again and goes his way.

He is hailed by a passing swineherd taking his porkers to graze in another direction. The swineherd is a curious fellow and seems almost like the Pied Piper of Hamlin Town, for he does but play a funny little jiglike tune on his pipe, and from every alley and byway the pigs come trooping out to follow him. Large and small, black and white, clean and dirty, out they all tumble to his heels as if bewitched by his piping note. At night they will all come home again, a personally conducted party of little porcine "Cook's

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Tourists," and each one knows his own alley and will whisk into it as soon as he comes in sight of it, with a grunt as if he were saying a piggy "good-night."

The water-carrier meets you too, carrying his huge skins and crying "*agua-agua-agua fresca!*" or perhaps down some steep steps, for the village is built upon a hillside, you meet some Moorish-looking beauties, old and young, with their quaint, old-time water jars upon their shoulders, returning from a visit to the village fountain.

Meeting a little lad you ask, "Your name, Niño?" and without a trace of hesitation or shyness he doffs his cap and answers, "Arturo, to serve God and you, señora," while a toddling little maid of three, to whom you toss a copper, will lisp bewitchingly, "*Muchas gracias, señora,* may the Blessed Virgin go forth with you and gladden all your way!"

Further along the road you meet a bullock cart. The cart is a small affair, crude and rough, compared with the huge snowy oxen which draw it with an air of stately disdain. The driver looks as if he were one of the stage properties in "*Carmen*" or perhaps "*Figaro*," a veritable opera peasant, short velveteen breeches, white shirt, blue *faja*, red cap and all. With true Spanish nonchalance he walks twenty feet in front of his beasts, turning leisurely every once in a while to point his wand at the oxen and call sharply, "*Arre! A-r-r-r-r-r-r-e!*" Not that this even in the

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most remote degree disturbs the oxen; they dwell in the pleasant land of Mañana and they continue calmly on in the even tenor of their way.

Before going for a trip into the Sierras, you must look at the Sierra de Parapanda, for this peak is looked upon as a barometer by the peasants. Does not the couplet run?

“Cuando Parapanda se pone la montera
Slueve aunque: Dios no lo quiera.”*

“Sleep well and dream not of God at midnight,” says your peasant friend, as you leave the pleasant circle around the *brazero*, upon which your hostess has sprinkled dried lavender flowers to do you honor; and when you ask why, you will be told, “Dream of God at midnight and you will be a priest or a nun, and to dream of an altar prepared for High Mass means misfortune.”

There are in Spain several meridians by which time is regulated in different parts of the peninsula. Each town therefore regulates its clocks by its own meridian, which causes difficulties in the matter of exactness, and this often leads to disputes. In Seville it has reached such a pass that there is a bitter feud between the town and the railroad as to the correct time. This feud is far-reaching and involves even the beggars on the street and the birds in the air.

* “ When Parapanda’s brow is hid,
It rains, though God himself forbid.”

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The Sisters at *La Caridad* have for many years been accustomed to serve bread and soup at their doors at exactly twelve each day, and the storks who nest in the towers above, come down with great regularity for their share in the feast. So regular was this performance that many people were in the habit of setting their watches by the storks' descent. Not long ago the question arose as to the correct time for a train to leave. It was booked for twelve o'clock, and a wealthy don arrived at that hour to find it gone. Greatly enraged he flew to the ticket office to be told that it had left strictly according to railroad time. His watch still said five minutes to the hour and he knew it was correct. He had an important business engagement in another city and, with wrath in his soul, therefore, he referred the matter to the courts and brought suit against the railway company for damages to his business.

It was a difficult case to decide, but with true Spanish ingenuity the Justice who tried the case called for witnesses as to the time. On the one side were the railway officials, clerks, time-keepers, etc. On the other were the don, his coachman, and his friends. It was the coachman who decided the suit. Upon being asked as to the time when he drove his master to the train he replied succinctly:

“ It requires five and twenty minutes to drive from the house of His Excellency to the station. It was

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exactly half past eleven when we left the house. It could not have been twelve when we reached the station, because when we passed *La Caridad* the storks were still on the tower and the beggars waiting at the gate!"

That settled the question absolutely and the don won his suit.

In Valencia there is still in vogue the curious water tribunal, "*El Tribunal de las Aguas*," which the Moors instituted, those Moors who understood so well the value of irrigation, and made of the province of Valencia one of the most fertile in Spain.

The water tribunal* settles all disputes about irrigation, and it is one of the most picturesque institutions in the country. The men's costume consists of white knee breeches, full enough to seem almost like skirts, *alpargatas*, gaiters, a scarlet *faja*, and a short, black, or dark, velvet jacket. On the head is worn a kerchief twisted into a kind of cap, and a gathering of *hombres Valencienos* thus attired is an interesting sight. On Thursday every week the oldest men of the city gather before the cathedral and sit there in solemn silence until their gaily costumed complainants appear. Each case they hear in silence. Fulano has used more water than was his by right. Fulanito has left the water turned on all night, etc., etc. Having heard both sides of the tale, the judges lay their

* See Chapter XI, Andalucians.

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heads together, literally, not metaphorically, for they cover their heads with a *capa* and beneath its capacious shelter they decide the case, and from this decision there is no appeal.

Another curious custom of Spain is the almost fetish worship of the Tree of Guernica by the Basque people, who seem to regard this tree with a superstitious reverence. *El Roble Santo* they call it, and it is the tree under whose shade among fierce nobles, kings confirmed the popular laws. It grows in the *patio* of the House of Assembly at Guernica, a scion of the original tree, the destruction of which by the French is lamented by Vascuenses since 1794. The trunk is enclosed in glass and in front of it is a small Corinthian temple with seven seats for the senators, who meet here the first of July every other year.

Ferdinand V of Castile ratified the Basque *fueros* beneath this tree, and any Basque will tell you that their province was never conquered, but became a portion of the kingdom of Spain by right of succession. In 1370 Don Tello, Lord of Biscay, died without direct descendants, and his estates passed to his cousin, Doña Juana, wife of Henry II of Castile. The son of Henry II, upon his succession to the throne, was called "The most puissant King of Castile and Leon and Lord of Biscay," and he also confirmed the Basques in their liberties. Their *fueros* were never interfered with in any way until the Basques were so

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persistent in favoring Don Carlos as to threaten the Bourbon security on the throne. The present King's father took away from them the privileges of the *fueros*, the most important of which was exemption from military service. Even bereft of these *fueros* the Basque still treasures the Tree of Guernica and children are held up to salute it, and small boys doff their caps in passing, while old people tell you jealously that good fortune will now come to you since you have seen "The Tree." Sailors starting on a long voyage are given a leaf from the tree as a mascot, and brides carry one in their bridal bouquets, while all Biscayans, great and small, can chant the famous tree song, *Guernica Arbola*,* the Basque national anthem.

A musical score for 'Guer-ni-ca-co' in 5/8 time. The key signature is A major (no sharps or flats). The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes. The vocal line includes the lyrics 'Guer-ni - ca - co ar - bo - la, Da be-dein-ca - tu - ba,' with a dynamic marking of *p* (pianissimo) above the first measure.

Guer-ni - ca - co ar - bo - la, Da be-dein-ca - tu - ba,

A musical score for a single melodic line. The key signature is A major (no sharps or flats). The time signature is common time (indicated by 'C'). The tempo is marked 'p' (piano). The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth note patterns. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Eus-cal-du nen ar - te - an Gutz-tiz mai-ta - tu - ba.

A musical score for piano, showing two staves. The top staff uses a treble clef and the bottom staff uses a bass clef. Measure 11 starts with a dynamic 'p' (piano). The melody consists of eighth-note patterns. Measure 12 begins with a sixteenth-note figure. The score includes measure numbers '11' and '12' at the start of each measure.

E-man-da - za - bal - za - zu Mun-du - an fru - tu - ba.

* Tree of Guernica.

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E-man - da - za - bal - za - zu Mun-du - an fru - tu - ba,
 A - do - ra - tzen - zai - tu - gu, Ar bo - la San - tu - ba —
 A - do - ra - tzen - zai - tu - gu Ar - bo - la San - tu - ba.

The Oak Tree of Guernica
 Within its foliage green
 Embraces the bright honor
 Of all the Basque demesne.
 For this we count thee holy,
 Our ancient seal and sign;
 The fibres of our freedom
 Are interlaced with thine.

Castile's most haughty tyrants
 Beneath thy solemn shade
 Have sworn to keep the charter
 Our fearless fathers made;
 For noble on our mountains
 Is he who yokes the ox,
 And equal to a monarch
 The shepherd of the flocks.

CHAPTER V

FETES AND FESTAS

THE Spanish people have apparently more feast days than any people in the world. It would seem, almost, that life in the Peninsula was one long festa, for no matter when you visit a Spanish town there is always something doing in the way of festivity. If it is not a national holiday, it is at least a local one, or perchance the name day of the people in whose *casa* you are stopping.

These last festas are similar to our birthday celebrations, and, as every Spaniard is named for a saint, the name day is that of his patron saint. On such festive occasions it is said, "*hoy santo en casa*," * and all special friends, as well as the immediate family, observe the day, especially if it happens to be the name day of the mother of the family. Early in the day appears from the florist a magnificent "set piece," — this fashion of torturing flowers into shapes still prevails in Spain,— and this is followed by a basket of fruit from one family friend, a box of sweets from

* There is a saint in this house.

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another, a bunch of flowers from another, until the house blooms like the rose. A general air of merriment prevails; there is a drive or promenade in the afternoon, and in the evening, probably, a *tertulia*, or at least friends will drop in with best wishes for her who has a “ saint in the house.”

It would be an unpardonable offence in Spain if a *novio* should forget the name day of his *innamorata*, and the fair Pepita would pout and flout if upon St. Joseph’s day she did not receive flowers, fruit, or sweets from the one to whom she had shown favor. The little maids have especially good fortune who are named for Our Lady. Their feasts are countless, and while there is generally some especial feast day chosen by the bearer of the Blessed Virgin’s name, chosen because she is called for that especial feast, Pilar, or Concepcion, or Angustia, from *Nuestra Señora del Pilar, de la Concepcion, or del Angustia*, still if the fair one is the least bit inclined to be roguish, she can play to her own advantage at least once every week. The story is told of a fair Mariquita whose parents wished her to marry a rich old suitor who was notoriously stingy. This did not at all suit Mariquita, who had already sworn eternal constancy to Diego, through the grill, as he languishingly “ bit the iron.” She was a dutiful little daughter. To her parents’ presentations of the charms of old Señor Reales, she did but answer, “ *Si, mi madre, si, mi padre,*” and

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sigh prodigiously. She received the old man with politeness.

"My name is Maria," she answered simply, in response to his inquiries. "Is it not a beautiful thing to be named for Our Lady?" There was an engaging simplicity in her voice and manner. Señor Reales was charmed.

"To-morrow is the Feast of the Immaculate Conception," he said. "Do you celebrate that or the Assumption?" he asked.

"Oh, really, the señor is too kind," she said deprecatingly. "My friends do, of course, remember me, but, no, señor, do not think of it, I beg!" and she shook her pretty little head from side to side.

There was nothing for the señor to do but to dedicate some of his precious *pesetas* to buying her a set piece, and he called next day to offer her his good wishes. He found that she had received a magnificent box of sweets as well as his offering, and determined another time to send her sweets. It was only a short time before there came another feast of the Virgin, and the señor overheard Mariquita say that she expected flowers the next day. It hurt his pocket terribly, but he saw that it was necessary to placate the spoiled beauty. So he sent her the handsomest box of sweetmeats the town afforded, and was rewarded with a smile and the sight of flowers far more beautiful than those which he had sent her before.

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The feasts of Our Lady followed thick and fast. There was the feast of Our Lady of Sorrows, and Our Lady of Joy, the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, the Annunciation, the feast in honor of *Nuestra Señora del Buen Consejo, de la Merced, del Milagro, de la Baz*, — *ad infinitum* — for the Señor Reales *ad nauseam!* He had once in a tentative way asked, “Is the feast to-morrow one of your festas, Señorita?” And naughty little Mariquita, quickwitted as are all Spanish women, remembering in an instant that the feast was of *Nuestra Señora del Alegria*, asked reproachfully, “The señor does not think, then, that I should be called for Our Lady of Joy?”

Of course the señor did, and of course he had to assure her that she was joy incarnate, and that of all others this should be her festa, and, next day, sent to Miss Caprice the finest bonbons obtainable.

At last, however, affairs reached a crisis. The señor was desperate. He had spent hoards of *pesetas* in honor of the name day of his teasing fairy. She had revelled all winter in fruit and flowers and sweets, her chamber was a veritable show room with cards and souvenirs, but he seemed no nearer her favor than he had been at first. She had always upon her feast days displayed a gift a little handsomer than the one he had made to her. At last the crisis came. He forgot a feast. It was the feast of *Nuestra Señora del Remedios*, but it chanced to be really Mariquita’s

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proper name day, and she was terribly abused. She said nothing. She was too well-bred for that, but when he paid his daily call, as was his custom, she wore one red rose over her ear in a most charmingly coquettish manner, a magnificent bouquet of red roses was on the table, the piano was piled with gifts. Mariquita's manner was chilly, and to his apologies she shrugged her shoulders.

"*Pero non, señor,* there is no reason why you should send me a flower," airily, and when he took his apologies to the mother, that lady, too, was most unsympathetic.

"I begin to fear that you have not won the heart of my daughter," she said. "Of course her hand must go only with her heart."

The señor retired in despair and sought the father.

"But what can I do?" said that worthy, deprecatingly. "The child and her mother will have it that you are neglectful. Women have their own ideas. One must once in a while spend something to please them!"

"Once in a while! Spend something! Name of God! I have already spent a fortune to buy your daughter!" screamed the irate old man; but the father interrupted him, for his Spanish pride was touched.

"My daughter is not for sale, Señor Reales," he said sternly. "I regret that you recall the few *paritas*

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you spent for her pleasure. Pray spend no more. It is very pleasant out-of-doors, señor," and he bowed him out, oblivious of his agonized protestations.

That night the tinkle of a guitar was heard beneath Mariquita's window. There were, too, whispered confidences, for Diego had returned from his practice at arms and was now on furlough.

The tale was told him gleefully by the naughty little maid, and he laughed softly, then demanded jealously,

"But, my angel, the roses and the bonbons you had always finer than his, who sent them?" Mariquita laughed.

"Jealousy!" She reached through the bars and tapped him playfully with her fan. "Well, I will tell you because you have been away so many months. I bought them myself. Indeed it took every *peseta* of my pocket money, and I have not had a new mantilla all the year, but truly I had to arrange it in some way." Diego's laugh rang out, but was hastily smothered as a voice from the next room said severely, "Mariquita!"

"*Adios*," she said hastily, and disappeared within, but not before he had whispered, "You are an angel with the wit of a woman, *Mariquita mia*, and you shall have a new mantilla." And at her marriage to Diego, Mariquita wore the most exquisite mantilla which had ever been seen in the village, and it was not a festa gift from the Señor Reales.

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Less personal in interest than the name days, but quite as absorbing to the Spanish heart, are the various saints' days celebrated for some especial reason in special places, as, for example, the patron saint of a city. Each Spanish city, town, and village has its especial patron whose day is celebrated with elaborate ceremonies. The day of San Isidro of Madrid is probably one of the most important of these celebrations, for King and people unite to do honor to the ploughman saint.

Democratic Spain! San Isidro was born in Castile, poor, a peasant, yet he is honored to-day by royalty, nobility, *bourgeoisie*, and peasants. He was a ploughman, a farm hand, the simplest of souls, dwelling with his wife in a little whitewashed cottage like those which to-day dot the plains of Castile. A lover of birds and animals, his prayers always brought rain to drought-stricken Madrid, which aristocratic city adopted him as her patron in 1232, when his body, so says the chronicle, "borne over the parching land, saved the crops from destruction beneath the scorching sun, by bringing floods of rain which nearly drowned the bearers." Often the saints showed this tendency to overdo things in Spain, but it did not lessen the fervency of Spanish prayers for San Isidro's intercession. They have continued through the centuries, even so late as the time of the recent war with America, when the saint was im-

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plored, in a public procession, to stop the war and send rain. The procession in his honor is veritably regal. Starting from the Puerta del Sol, the tide of piety surges by the Calle Mayor to the Hermitage of San Isidro, built over a miraculous well, whose waters have healed many of the infirmities of royalty as well as those of their peasant brothers.

How like the gayest of markets are the streets during this famous *romeria!* They are crowded with fruits, fans, cakes, laces, mantillas, sweetmeats, paintings of the saint, funny little glass pigs, in honor of his saintship's profession, and entrancing little pig bells, which, when properly blessed, are said to keep away lightning. Little glass whistles are made like roses and may be worn in the buttonhole, when not in use in giving one of the shrill calls with which San Isidro was wont to call his porcine companions. Of course every *novio* gives one to his sweetheart, every small boy has and breaks a dozen, and every little maid rejoices in the possession of two or three at least, for the *pitos* are quite the thing for San Isidro's day. Little earthen jars for the blessed water are also on sale, for the Hermitage of San Isidro may well be called the Lourdes of Spain, and anxious mothers carry away bottles of the miraculous water with which to bathe the fevered brows of their little ones. Booths are erected all along the bluff which edges the river. These are for refreshment, *pelota*, vaudeville, merry-

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go-rounds, and, of course, dancing, for all manner of men dance with all manner of maids. Soldiers in uniform, city salesmen, peasants in striped hose; every Darby seeks his Joan and “trips the light fantastic toe” with evident enjoyment.

Families picnic on the grass, and children play their happy games, often in Spain, choral in character. Here a group skips about in a favorite grasshopper game, clasping their hands under their knees and singing,

“Grasshopper sent me an invitation
To come and share his occupation.
Grasshopper dear, how could I say no?
Here I go, grasshopper, here I go.”

Another group stretches across the way and runs gaily down the street, hand in hand, singing,

“We have closed the street
That no one may pass,
Only dear grandpapa
Leading an ass
Laden with oranges
Fresh from the trees,
Tilin! Tilin!
Down on our knees,
Tilin! Tilin!
The bell of San Augustin!”

Then the youngsters are rebuked for mentioning the name of any saint but the patron of the day, lest he might be jealous and fail to bless them,—a rather unsaintlike proceeding, yet not unlikely according

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to Spanish ideas, for Spanish saints are very human.

Other festas are interesting because of the attributes of the various saints. San Juan's day (June 23) is supposed to be a Christian feast, but really is Cupid's festa. Early in the morning the señorita steals out to wash her face in the fountain, for this will gain her a *novio*, or insure the constancy of the one she already possesses. Rosemary and verbena are gathered and burned as love charms, while the gypsy cake shops are full of little heart-shaped cakes. All along the streets are tiny tables set out, covered with nougat, honey cake, and fruit, while dolls and toys are provided for the smallest votaries of San Juan.

San Antonio's day (June 13) is celebrated in the villages in much the same way, with street booths, flags, lanterns, and merry-go-rounds, whirling full of happy children. In the very small places prizes are offered for the best head of hair in the village, for the handsomest Manila shawl, for the best dancing; for, of course, there is always dancing at these festivals. Sometimes the music will be but the tinkle of one or two guitars, sometimes the village will have the distinction of possessing a barrel organ, but the dancing will be as gay with the one as with the other.

This feast of St. Anthony of Padua must not be confused with the feast of another St. Anthony, occurring on January 27. This saint is the patron of

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mules and horses, and all such are blessed upon his name day, called *las vueltas de San Anton*.

Such a motley array of four-footed devotees has this animal-loving saint! Especially droll looking are the mules and donkeys, for these are clipped in patterns, and there are styles of clipping as marked as the fashions in the latest Paris bonnet or the proper method of wearing a mantilla.

The legs and under part of the body are left with their winter coat on, while the head and upper half of Balaam's friend and confidant is clipped into patterns elaborate and curious. The shoulders of one sedate little donkey shows the pomegranate, Granada's emblem; another, a cross; still another, a bouquet of flowers; and the hind quarters are decorated with all manner of devices, hearts, arrows, daggers, guitars, and beautifully wrought scrolls.

The gypsies do this work, and sometimes it is so artistically done that the patterns look as if they were embroidered.

Mules and donkeys would seem to be more popular than horses in Spain, and those brought in from the country to be blessed on San Antonio's day are gaily caparisoned. Often their heads are decorated with a net of scarlet silk, and the saddle-bags, thrown across their backs, are made of the gayest striped cloth. There are rows of silver bells, too, tinkling gaily from the bridles, not for ornament only, but, as in all

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countries where roads are winding and mountainous, to warn people of approach, so they may seek a wide spot in which to pass each other.

The blessing of the animals is a function attended with considerable excitement. Horses neigh, oxen low, donkeys bray, and attendants — expostulate! The mules, especially, make it lively, for they present heels with the greatest alacrity and precision, every time their owners try to get them up to the priest, to receive the barley wafer prepared for their delectation. Once there, they take marked interest in the proceedings and cause grave anxiety to the good *padre*, who is not as great a lover of four-footed beasts as was his saintly predecessor. The mules nibble at his stole, chew his soutane, prance on two legs, and whirl about him till his head is dizzy, and, good old man though he is, his thoughts are likely to be quite the reverse of the blessings his lips utter, in the quaint prayers of the ceremony.

If one may judge from their behavior, the Church's blessing does little to improve the equine character, whatever it may do in the way of warding off dangers, for the animals frisk and dance, caracole and prance, until pandemonium reigns, and the whole town is glad when the Fête of San Anton is ended.

Christmas is not, perhaps, so much made of in Spain as other festivals, and *la Noche Buena* (Christmas Eve) is really of more importance. The churches

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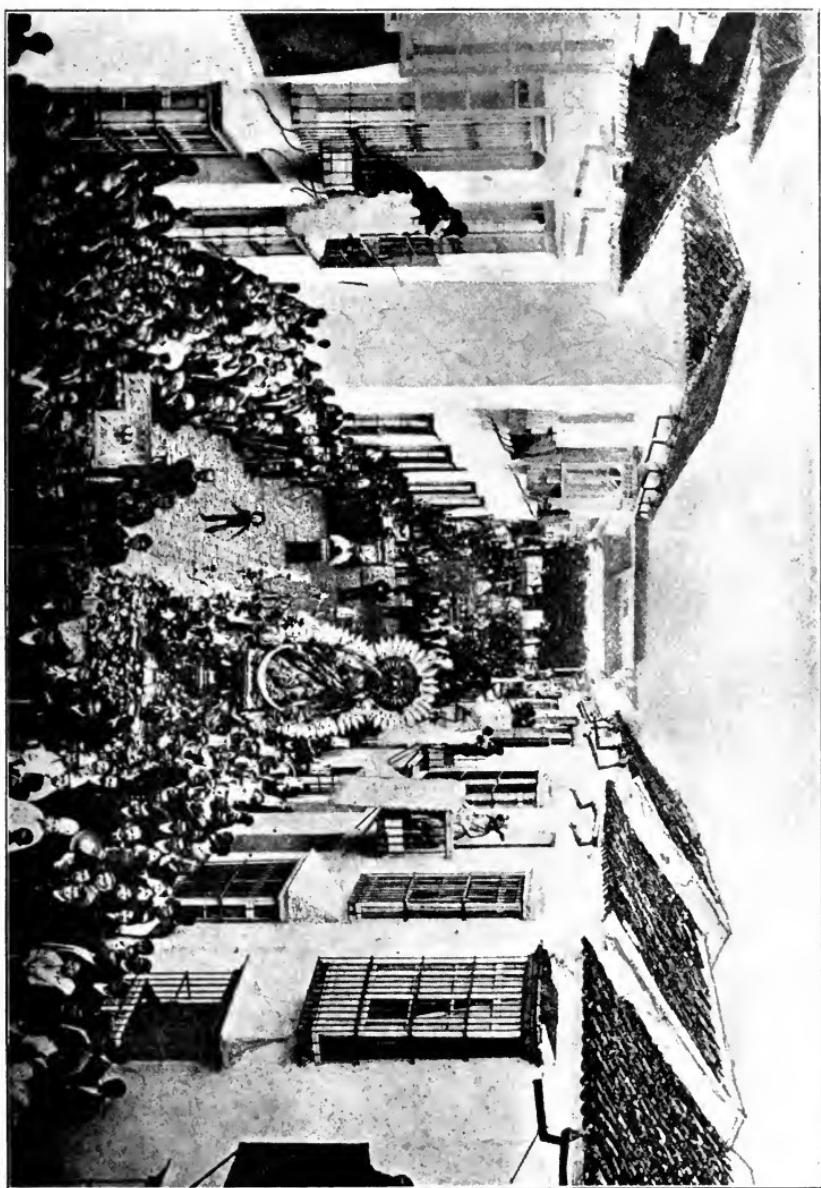
are brilliantly lighted, music is everywhere, bonfires are started, booths and shops are gay with ribbons, flowers, and lights; within are piles of *mazapanes*, *jaleas*, and *turrones*. The markets overflow with pyramids of oranges, lemons, and melons, and everywhere one sees the pasteboard groups of the Nativity with their terra cotta figures, which the children love so dearly, and which are lighted up in the houses of the rich and poor alike.

This *nacimiento* is the thing above all others which delights the heart of the Spaniard. There, in a manger surrounded with greens, lies the figure of the Infant Christ; near by stand St. Joseph and Our Lady, and the Wise Men worshipping the Holy Child. Angels are hovering near, and one sees also the ox and the ass who were the first worshippers.

In Madrid, on Christmas Eve, the Plaza Mayor fairly swarms with good cheer. Turkeys, driven in flocks from the country, protest loudly at their prospective untimely ending. Donkeys bray noisily, scarce to be seen under their loads of pigeons, ducks, and geese, and to the din are added the sounds of merriment from the common people whose *Noche Buena* it is. Tambourines jangle, guitars tinkle, little feet twinkle in the dance, voices, more or less musical according to the age and sex of the singer sing lustily,

“This is the eve of Christmas
Let us drink and have our fill!”

THE
CATHOLIC CHURCH
OF
CAMBODIA



A Religious Procession



A Woman of Seville (Alfred de Roulet)

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Character students should visit the Plaza Mayor on Christmas Eve. There they can study the common people *au naturel*, as they disport themselves in all of the abandon of a holiday. *Criadas,* Gallegos*, children, all dance and sing alike, joyously and wildly, until the bells of the midnight mass call the piously inclined to recollect the why and the wherefore of the feast. On Christmas Day all the servants expect presents from everybody in the family, and are remembered down to the postman, the errand boy, and the slavey who blacks one's boots.

New Year's Day is the next *fête*, and, according to Spanish folklore, whatever happens on this day, will determine the luck of the entire year.

If a man has gold in his pocket at the New Year's dawn, riches will come to him, but if he has empty pockets, he will be poor the whole year round. It is good luck to meet a wealthy man as you leave the house the first time during the New Year, ill luck to meet a beggar; but these sayings seem strangely at variance with the Spanish nature, which, as a rule, is careless of money matters.

The *tertulia* held on New Year's Eve is one of the quaintest things in the way of Spanish *fêtes*, for at it, slips of paper, numbered in pairs, are given to each guest, and those drawing the same numbers are said to be *amigos* for the coming year. The señor must

* Working girls.

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send the señorita a gift and is expected to be her cavalier at all social functions until the next New Year comes around.

Merriest of all *fêtes* for children is the Feast of the Three Kings, when they receive gifts as do the children of other countries on Christmas Day. It is the Church's feast of the Epiphany, and gifts are given because on that day the Wise Men brought gifts to our Lord. On the Eve of the Epiphany (January 6) the balconies of Spanish houses are filled with little shoes, each with a wisp of straw in it for the Magi's horses, and many are the goodies the little folks will find in their shoes when morning breaks.

In Madrid a curious custom prevails of going out by night to meet the Magi, and groups of young men may be seen rushing from one city gate to another, with bunches of straw in their hands.

"Patience!" they cry, "they are at the *Puerta de Alcalá!*"

"No, it is at the *Puerta del Toledo*," and when the morning sun rises red and glorious in the eastern sky, they go home disconsolate, saying, "Next year they will surely come!"

Carnival time is the next great excitement to the festa-loving Spaniards, and this is quite the "maddest, merriest time in all the glad New Year." Becker calls it the "periodic explosion of freedom and folly," and to the Anglo-Saxon it savors of bacchan-

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alian festivities. Not in the way of drinkables, however, for the Spaniards are a peculiarly temperate race, and in all the revel of the last days before the dulness of the Lenten season, there is no drunkenness; indeed, one may travel from one end of Spain to the other and never see a drunken man.

Carnival time is but the season for taking all the world as a merry jest. Dignity is turned upside down, proprieties are topsy-turvy, the beggar calls the Señora Doña, "tu," the cavalier dresses as a *porriosero*, the grandee is a monk, the water-carrier is a courtier. The discontent which lurks in every human breast shows itself at Carnival time, for every one who masks, invariably chooses to portray a character exactly the reverse of what he is in real life. In Madrid, the Prado is the gayest of sights from the last Sunday before Lent until Ash Wednesday terminates the festivities with the "burial of the sardine." During the Carnival, from noon till midnight, the beautiful driveway is crowded with carriages, the occupants of some of which have paid as high as ten dollars a day for the privilege of driving up and down without keeping to the file. This sum goes to charity, and by this means as much as fifteen thousand dollars has been raised in a single Carnival for charity organizations. In and about among the carriages run the maskers, leaping in and out, and it is rather startling at times for an innocent señorita to see sud-

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denly beside her the reddest of devils, with hoofs, horns and tail, and to have His Satanic Majesty shower her with *confetti* or pour out his soul in a passion of devotion which would do credit to a romancer of the old school.

Rich and poor alike join in the festival, wasting the price of a dinner or a chateau on a day's merriment. The *confetti* sellers throng the streets with trays suspended from cords about their necks and do a thriving business. Everywhere one hears their shrill cries. "*Confetti!* Five centimos a packet! *Confetti*, showers of a million colors!" calls one, while another screams shrilly, "He robs you, señora, buy of me! *Confetti*, only a *pero chico!*!"

The thing most remarkable about this liberty is that there is no license, and peasant and noble alike entertain themselves with Spanish courtesy and good breeding.

Carnival over, the sardine is buried with great pomp, a ceremony attended with different customs in different parts of Spain. In gay Seville, a bit of pork the size and shape of a sardine is buried deep, to show that Lent with its diet of fish has arrived. In Madrid a sausage link is taken out to the brink of the river and interred beside the turgid Manzanares.

Ashes are then marked upon the foreheads of good Catholics, and with Ash Wednesday end for six long and dreary weeks, *fête* and festa in Spain.

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Taking their pleasures gayly, the Spaniards take their penances equally hard. In former years it was the pleasing custom for courtiers to scourge themselves publicly in the Church of St. Gines or to cut themselves with whips upon the very sidewalks where "*la señorita*" passed by. Very proud was the *inamorata* if she was blood-besprinkled by her pious *novio* as she passed him by, and even the coyondest could not withhold her smiles after such proof of love and devotion.

Modern impiety has interfered somewhat with the practice, but during the six weeks of Lent, people throng the churches, and candles, burning at every shrine, light up the dim interiors and throw into bold relief the snowy statues of the saints which gleam from every niche.

The only things remotely resembling festas are the penitential processions which wind through the streets, and the sacred plays and mysteries, the old miracle plays of the Middle Ages, not reproduced, but still extant. One is reminded of Oberammergau by these miracle plays, uncommonly well done though generally containing anachronisms patent to the critical. But what matter? "The play's the thing," and if the Jewish High Priest is dressed like the Pope and the Blessed Virgin is attired as if she had just stepped down from one of Murillo's Sixteenth Century paintings, the drama is filled with scenes calculated to play

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upon the chords of dramatic sentiment in every Spanish heart. Very deep are these sentiments. One sees that when one realizes that the miracle plays representing the Passion are forced to omit the character of Judas Iscariot, because the spectators revile him so terribly. In a country place, at a more than usually realistic performance the unfortunate Judas was set upon by the mob and narrowly escaped the knife. This tragic view of the situation will still be found in out of the way corners of Spain, where primitive passions prevail, untainted by modern invention and modern realism. There one can see the feminine portion of the audience at a miracle play weeping loudly at the scenes of the Passion, and even the masculine element exclaiming over the sorrows of Christ, "*Ay de pobre Jesus! La dolorosa Maria santissima!*" The play is to them an illustrated sermon, and it appeals to all that is best and strongest in Spanish nature, the emotional, the dramatic, and the element of unquestioning faith.

Similar in feeling are the *pasos* or floats in the Holy Week processions with their marvellous statues. These processions take place on Good Friday. Holy Thursday has brought its celebrations. Everyone has visited the churches. Even the King and Queen have walked bareheaded over the sand-laid streets, through which no carriage may pass on that day.

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The Queen also has washed the feet of seven beggars, the churches are veiled in penitential purple, and when Good Friday dawns the gloom deepens. Every one is in funereal garb, — sorrow reigns.

There are processions in many cities, notably Granada, Seville, and Valencia, but that of Murcia is especially interesting; for on quaint Murcia, Time's finger has been lightly laid and as yet the demon Change has entered not. In the days when the Moors ruled this portion of Spain, they drove the Christians into the suburbs and compelled them to live by themselves in certain districts, as in later days, the Christians segregated the Jews. This treatment at the hands of the Moors had the good effect of bringing the Christians more closely together, and many religious organizations were established, which later became confraternities devoted to special objects. The Confraternity of Our Father Jesus, founded in 1600, was for the special purpose of keeping up the *pasos* for the processions.

These *pasos* are superb carvings of scenes from the Passion, and tradition says that the custom of carrying them in procession on Good Friday has existed since 1603. The present form of procession has existed since 1690 and the *pasos* in use to-day date from 1736, being the work of the immortal Salzillo. This great master lived from 1707 to 1783 and there are ascribed to him no less than 1792 sculptures in wood.

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These are genuine works of art and have none of the stiffness of the ordinary wood carving. They are unique in that they are colored,—a purely Spanish art, and they are not only superbly executed artistically but are full of feeling and sentiment.

That these wooden sculptures have been so marvellously preserved to us after all these years is due to the Confraternity of Our Father Jesus. This brotherhood was supported materially during the Middle Ages by the various trade guilds of Murcia, which played no unimportant part in the making of history in those days of strife. Each guild took the care of a certain *paso* and the members were allowed the privilege of carrying their special sculpture in the Good Friday Procession. These bearers robed themselves in deep violet and carried burning candles or musical instruments. The Weavers' Guild carried the group representing the Meeting of Christ with St. Veronica; the Bakers' Guild bore the *paso* of the Betrayal of Christ by Judas; the Carpenters were associated with the Fall of Christ under the Weight of the Cross; the Rope Makers' Guild with Our Lady of Sorrows; the Tailors with the Last Supper; the Gardeners' Guild with the Agony in the Garden. The office of carrying the *pasos* would not seem to have been a sinecure!

According to the rules of the Confraternity the bearers were to "assemble at the gate of the hermit-

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tage of Our Holy Father Jesus, at which place is displayed the standard of the Confraternity, without looking to the right hand or the left, barefooted and in silence, under pain of a fine of half a pound of wax."

In the old days the standard-bearer headed the procession surrounded by a group of boy heralds who proclaimed aloud, "This is in honor of the Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ!" Other children swinging bells and blowing trumpets followed, and after the youthful trumpeters came the first five *pasos* carried by their appropriate bearers, clad in purple robes, each guild vying with the others to have the richest decorations for their special *paso*. Following these was the "paso of Our Father Jesus," attended with the beating of drums, blowing of bugles, together with flowers and lights. Then followed the remaining *pasos* carried by their respective guilds, a representative of the King, the bishop, clergy, and prominent citizens.

To-day there is almost no change in the procession, each detail being carried out as carefully as it was two hundred years ago. Midiaevalism dies hard in Murcia and the conservatism of the Murcian character has happily preserved the ancient magnificence of this ceremonial in all its splendor. One sop to the Cerberus of modernism there is, and one smiles to see that the present day *Mur-*

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ciano goes not forth barefooted over the hard road to Calvary. Still, dramatic instincts being as strong in Murcia as in the rest of Spain, the scenic effect must be preserved, and twentieth century shoes are barred by the eternal verities quite as much as feet *au naturel* are objected to on the ground of material comfort. With his violet tunic belted with a knotted girdle like the Franciscan's cord, his head covered with a violet hood which pulls down over his face, leaving a slit for the eyes in very much the same fashion as does the hood of the Florentine Brothers of Pity, the Brother of Our Father Jesus wears upon his feet white woollen hose — droll compromise between mediæval piety and modern comfort!

One scarcely wonders, however, that the Brothers need some protection for their feet, for the way is rough, the *pasos* are terribly heavy and the Murcian air blows sharp and chill from the white sierras.

The weight of the *pasos* is considerable, varying as the groups vary in size. The Last Supper is the largest and weighs twenty-five hundred pounds, and requires four and twenty strong men to carry it; but to do this is esteemed such an honor that the position of bearer is eagerly sought after by the best men of the city. When the procession is over, a feast is prepared for the wooden figures, good Murcian housekeepers vying with each other in preparing the greatest delicacies for the banquet. Lambs are roasted

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whole, capons are stuffed with olives, oranges and pomegranates are heaped in glowing mounds; dates, figs, nuts, and sweetmeats are served to the wooden apostles,—a strangely incongruous proceeding it would seem, yet, after all, it produces good results, for these delicacies are afterward sold at auction and bring wonderfully high prices. They are considered to bring good fortune to such as partake of them, and people will pay almost any price to obtain “the holy viands.”

“I have eaten an orange from the plate of San Pedro at five *pesetas*,” * proudly boasts one fair dame, to be met with the response from a very superior friend,

“*Pero, señora*, we have dined upon the roast lamb of the Señor Jesus, at a cost of twenty *escudos*.†

The proceeds of this sale are divided among the bearers of the group, so that they are well paid for their arduous labors in carrying this weight of piety. The story is told of one of the bearers, a Murcian wag, who must have had a drop of Catalan blood in his veins, for he went around the day before the festa whispering to every woman of his acquaintance the wonders of the feast, hoping thus to run up prices and incidentally increase his share of the proceeds.

“Señora,” to the wife of the baker, “the wife of your neighbor is preparing a capon of a fatness equal

* \$1.25.

† \$10.00.

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to that of her husband. I do not believe that there will be anything at the feast so fine!"

The Señora del Hornero being at sword's point with her neighbor la Señora del Herrero, naturally replies,

"*Pero non, señor*, but you should see the pheasants which will roast for me in the village ovens," and she promptly flies to buy the best the town affords. Señor Murciano smiles, well pleased, and hies him to la Doña del Barbero to say,

"The Señora of the Baker and she of the Blacksmith, of a truth they think their gifts to the *pasos* the finest in the city. Indeed I have told them that you gave a lamb worth three times their fowls!" *La señora* was by nature thrifty, if not, indeed, parsimonious. She had perhaps meant to bargain a bit with the saints, and not buy quite so expensive a luxury as lamb, but she answered sturdily,

"You spoke of a truth, as always, señor," and hastened to the market to procure the finest and juiciest of joints, while *el señor* went his evil way rejoicing. The result of his day's work was that never had there been such a feast prepared for the *pasos* as that year, and the proceeds swelled the pockets of the bearers as never before.

Artistically considered, the Last Supper, despite its anachronisms, is wonderfully fine. The figure of Christ is seated in a Louis Quinze chair and the Apos-

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tles are all perched upon seventeenth century stools, but the expressions are so full of dignity, that the *tout ensemble* is exceedingly effective.

The *paso* of the Agony in the Garden is considered the finest of all the groups, and Murcianos tell with pride that the Duke of Wellington offered four hundred thousand dollars for the figure of the angel alone. Studying this figure, one does not wonder that it appealed to the artistic sense of the Iron Duke, for there is not another piece of wood carving in the world that is its superior. The angel is pointing to a palm tree in which rests a golden chalice; and there is an airy, floating grace about the figure, and a sublimely human expression upon the face of the Christ, which makes one appreciate the legend as to its design. Tradition says that Salzillo made a dozen sketches for this design, none of which pleased him. One night he worked late, despair gnawing at his heart, when he heard a knock at the door. "Good señor, let me in," said a voice. "I am poor and need a lodging for the night." Salzillo was pious and kind. "Enter, brother, in the name of God," he said, and opened to an old man, to whom he gave a room for the night, locking him in as a prophylactic measure, for strangers in the seventeenth century were regarded with as much suspicion as at the present day. In the morning when the artist went to call his guest he had disappeared, and

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in payment for his lodgings had left upon the table the design for the "Agony in the Garden."

Of the other *pasos* the "Kiss of Judas" has fearfully realistic touches, as, for example, the spiritual face of Christ in such close proximity to the coarse profile of the betrayer, seeming to emphasize the horror of the betrayal. In the "Flagellation" there is a lack of finish, so much so that many think this *paso* not to have been the work of Salzillo but probably that of one of his pupils.

The other groups have less artistic merit, though the last of the series, that of Our Lady of Sorrows, is marvellous in expression. The story goes that the artist could not succeed in finding a model whose facial expression was sufficiently agonized to suit the subject. He therefore accused his wife of a terrible crime, and straightway transferred her expression of anguish and horror to canvas. Others say that he forged a letter to his daughter telling her that her affianced husband was killed, and that her agony at the receipt of this terrible news furnished the expression he desired. One prefers to think that so great a genius as Salzillo could imagine the expression necessary to complete his art and need not resort to such expedients. In any case, the expression of Our Lady's face is the work of genius, so haunting is the unspeakable anguish of her eyes, so mutely pathetic the droop of the mobile lips.

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Draped in the magnificent brocaded and jewelled robes, gifts of her votaries, crowned with stars, surrounded with flowers and myriads of candle lights, the figure of Our Lady of Dolours lingers longest in the memory, as the Passion procession winds slowly down the streets of quaint old Murcia.

After the dreariness of Lent, culminating in the dolorous season of Passion Week, Easter Sunday dawns bright and joyous for the whole nation. At ten o'clock on Sunday morning the purple curtain which has veiled the high altar of the Cathedral is drawn aside, the church bells peal forth the signal, for every bell in the city to ring riotously the Easter *fête*. Women appear in white mantillas instead of the customary black; flowers are everywhere, and in the afternoon the world and his wife go to the bull-fight, the finest one of the year.

It seems rather a surprise after a review of the year's festas to find any which lacks the element of piety, but the *ferias* are purely worldly in character. They exist in every village, town, and hamlet, and, though the most famous is that of Seville, the *ferias* of even country villages present features novel and interesting.

In the village pandemonium is let loose. Musicians parade the streets and the plaza is crowded with gaily dressed people. Fireworks are set off at night, and set pieces of every imaginable variety are displayed,

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— wheels, towers, trees, wild animals, the King, and statesmen all outlined in flame. Lanterns are swung from poles and suspended on ropes stretched across the streets. Everywhere is heard the sound of castanet or guitar, and everywhere men and animals mingle in hopeless confusion: peasants, mules, calves, and donkeys, all in a melange. Everywhere are street venders, chattering of their wares. Some have trays slung by ribbons about their necks and dispense necessaries like thread, pins, and tape. Sellers of spindles and distaffs appear oddly enough with their wares tied about their waists, sharing the public interest with hat pedlers who look like miniature towers of Babel, for they display their wares by placing one hat upon their head and surmounting this with one above the other, until it is difficult for them to walk and balance their many storied crown.

Spain's democracy is shown, too, in the presence of the Señor of *La Casa Grande* with his family. His *hacienda* is not far distant, and many of the peasants are pickers in his orange groves. All of them he knows; indeed, he is godfather, or the señora, his wife, godmother for half the children who dance around so gayly. Old and young are his friends, so of course he is present and interested in all the stock shows, the poultry, the swine, and the huge white oxen. His son, graceless scamp! is interested in the

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village beauties when he is not playing pranks upon the peasants. These pranks but endear him to them, however, much as they may scold, and well they know whom to scold when there is mischief afoot! It was the Señor Juan, of course, who rushed wildly through the crowd, shouting "*El Toro! El Toro!*" when a calf strayed from its mother and ran about the streets, and no one but Juan would have thought of sprinkling pepper in the brazier over which old Pablo was roasting chestnuts! More serious was the young señor's latest prank. His stately mother drove through the street behind the magnificent span of Andalucian horses, pausing a moment to speak to old Panquita, who hobbled to the side of the carriage, and who had been the señora's *ama*, hence was always entitled to consideration. Young Juan saw his opportunity. The wooden stand of a chestnut vender stood close to the carriage; the owner, an anarchistic old fellow, was declaiming to a rather bored group on the sidewalk to the effect that "titles did not make the man, nor want of them the fellow." Juan's pocket contained a cord, so happily did the powers of darkness conspire to the lad's undoing! From the brain to the hand was but a flash, and the chestnut vender's table was tied to the back of the carriage. Scarce was the last knot tied when the coachman cracked his whip and the horses started, the señora bowing dignified farewells right and

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left, scarce noting the cries which followed her departure.

"Name of a saint" bawled the chestnut vender. "My stand and all my chestnuts! Behold it!" and down the street he raced after the carriage.

Hopping up and down, the table seemed possessed of an evil spirit, while the chestnuts dancing about like wicked little elves skipped off into the street to the infinite delight of the small boys, who dashed after the carriage in a wild, glad endeavor to obtain some of the provender.

"Stop! Stop!" yelled the vender. "My table! My chestnuts!"

The coachman of *la señora* stayed not his chariot wheels. Rather he drove like Jehu, reincarnate. Had he not once walked, a boy in *alpargatas*, over these same streets? Now that he had attained the proud eminence of not only riding upon the box of the señor's coach, but of driving the horses of the señora as well, should he indeed stop because of the cries of villagers? Not he! But *la señora* was not deaf. The shouts and laughter, not entirely unmixed with maledictions, reached her ears, and, turning her head, she saw a crowd running.

"Stop," she said quietly to the coachman, and he who had been deaf to the tumult of the multitude heard. The señora put forth her head from the carriage.

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"What means this?" she demanded. Everybody talked at once.

"Be silent, every one!" she commanded; then turning to her son, who stood with the crowd, "Juan, what means this?"

"A thousand pardons, *señora mi madre*, but you have run away with the table of old Miguel, and all his chestnuts are spilled." The soft voice was almost silky in the velvet of its cadences.

"I have done this — and how?" *La señora* eyed her son suspiciously.

"You see, my mother, some mischievous fellow tied the table to the carriage, — doubtless some bad boy"; the young man's face wore a look of grieved surprise as he added, "Poor old Miguel! I am truly sorry for him; he feels his loss so deeply."

Miguel was rapidly hobbling down the street after the carriage, expressing his feelings of loss in the most frightful curses which had ever polluted the *señora's* ears.

That good lady had not lived seventeen years with her scapegrace son for nothing. She inquired no further.

"Some bad boy, indeed!" she said. "You do well to be sorry for Miguel, my son, but we should always show our sorrow for the poor by doing something for them. Untie the stand from the carriage and buy for the man a fresh supply of chestnuts, and if the

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table is broken have it mended. My purse? Nay, son, I have my own charities. Take your own! *Adios!*" And the stately lady drove on, while Juan did her bidding, ruefully gazing into his purse, depleted of the *pesetas* he had meant to spend at the *feria*. Meanwhile, old Miguel's blessings were as ardent as had been his curses, and Juan smiled as he said to himself:

"Four *pesetas* to that old rascal, but it was well worth it!"

A new festival in Spain is one after which our own countrymen would do well to pattern. This is "Arbor Day," held in Madrid early in the year, after the Winter's chill blasts are over and before the Summer's fierce heat has marched across the plains about the city like a destroying army, until the Spring's green carpet on the flower-besprinkled meads has turned all parched and brown. Clever royalty conceived the idea of planting trees upon this Spanish Campagna, in the hope of making the desert bloom like the rose. Knowing the temper of the people, it was understood that the way to make an innovation a success was to call it a *festa*, and the way to interest the parents was to interest the children. Arbor Day is therefore made a *fête* day for all the children of Madrid. Schools are closed and everybody is in holiday attire. All the little folk dress in their best, the boys marching from the

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Puerta del Sol, often twenty-five hundred youngsters in line. A stream of spectators follows, pedestrians, coaches, carriages, traps, and all manner of equipages. The line of march extends along the Calle de Alcala until the outskirts of the city are reached. Here the bare and barren ground has been prepared for the planting of trees, and ere long it seems as if Birnam wood had come to Dunsinane; for each laddie plants a tree, symbolic of his young and vigorous life, the hope of the nation. What a beautiful sight it is! The little chaps with their closely cropped heads, like soft-napped black velvet, their faces solemn and earnest as childhood ever is at a function. How sweet are their faces as they sing a sort of rhythmic chant, the words telling of the doing of good deeds which may live for others after the doer is dead, as the trees may grow and thrive and lend their grateful shade to the weary passerby, after the hand which planted them has withered and died.

The one *fête* in Spain, purely national in character, is that of the *Dos de Mayo*. It seems difficult at times to celebrate *fêtes* other than religious in Spain, but this holiday of the Second of May commemorates deeds full of appeal to the nation, with its dislike of aliens and its love of everything Spanish. In the Prado rises the obelisk of the *Dos de Mayo*, with all the contrast of Spanish character, commemorating in this gayest of spots the deaths of the heroes who fell

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fighting against the foreign tyrant,—the fact that he was foreign being even worse in the eyes of the populace than that he was a tyrant. When Murat entered Spain as conqueror, he showed his power by throwing into prison some scores of men, women, and priests. He tried them with a mockery of justice, quite after the manner of the classic which says:

“I'll be judge, I'll be jury
Said cunning old Fury,
'I'll try the whole crowd, and condemn them to death.'”

Of this massacre the immortal Goya has painted the story until it is red in the heart of every Spaniard. The canvas fairly reeks with gore. Above is a sombre sky, lit up only by the flickering glare of lanterns; the street is piled with heaps of slain, and blood runs red to the very house doors. Three officers of artillery whose names were Jacinto Ruiz, Luiz Daoiz, and Pedro Velarde refused to fire upon their fellow countrymen, and the heroic three were killed as rebels. Their faces are carved upon the obelisk, but there is no commemoration of the equally heroic Alcalde of Mostoles, to whom was due the Peninsular War.

The Alcalde heard of the fearsome doings at Madrid, and in the little square of Mostoles, a village near Madrid, he addressed a throng of earnest-faced men:

“Brothers, are we not Spaniards? Do you know that Spaniards are dying in Madrid, butchered like

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swine in the slaughter pens, shot down by strangers, left to rot like beasts of the field? Shall we tarry till we too die the death of the stranger?"

"Never!" was the answer. "Let us arise!"

To say was to do, and in a week the country was aroused. Joseph Bonaparte, Napoleon's brother and tool, was expelled, and the Peninsular War was in full swing.

On each recurring anniversary, at every altar in the city, mass is celebrated for the victims of the Dos de Mayo, and in the early morning tolling bells and salvos of artillery do honor to the heroic dead. All the houses are draped in black and garlanded in cypress, while the streets teem with a veritable swarm of people. As a matter of course, a parade is necessary to a proper celebration, and this procession is one of the most magnificent sights in Spain. First comes a regiment of cavalry in blue uniforms with silver trimmings; next, from the asylums and public institutions, such poor as are able to walk; then pensioners from the army and navy, followed by more cavalry, regiments of infantry, municipal officials, deputies, senators, army officers, prefects, and, finally, the King and his staff, surrounded by the Royal Guards in resplendent uniforms. The Prado is a mass of people packed solid, intent upon amusing themselves and honoring the dead. It is indeed the national holiday, popular and democratic. Landaus

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with fashionably dressed occupants, and whose carriage shades are tied with crape, are preceded by donkey-carts full of peasants, and these in turn are followed by smart English traps, with the most irreproachable of footmen. Everywhere are flags and banners; tapers are lighted, crucifixes draped in black, and, climax of woe, little cakes are sold everywhere, tied with crape!

These "baked funeral meats," scarce cold, are eaten greedily by young and old as the day goes by, for the sun is hot and the tramp from the Puerta del Sol to the monument is slow, for the paraders will dawdle along the line of march; yet who can complain, for is not this the one and only great national holiday?

CHAPTER VI

AMUSEMENTS

AMUSEMENTS in Spain vary greatly in different parts of the country. In the Basque country everybody plays *pelota*, when it is possible to play anything. On Sundays, having gone to mass, every one promptly plays *pelota*; on weekdays, in the intervals of business,—long intervals,—they play *pelota*. Children dance on the outskirts of the game, commenting with spirit upon its points; old people watch it, shaking their heads at the miserable way in which the national game is played in these degenerate days, and telling of wonderful games which they played or witnessed in their youth.

The *pounton* backs the *paseo* of every Basque village, and the court is never deserted. For his national game the Basque has a furore of devotion equalled only by his frenzy for his *fueros*; and, as the artists of the sixteenth century, in Spain, are said to have prayed and fasted before beginning a painting, the Basque of to-day blesses himself before beginning to play.

It is a delightful game to watch, and the spectators

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are as eager as the players, discussing fine points and laughing at false plays. The courts are paved with asphalt, the players wear *alpargatas*, as they dart lightly about, falling into a thousand graceful attitudes, easy and charming. The game gives a physical training, very similar to that of fencing; every muscle is tense, yet the coördination is so perfect that there is not the slightest appearance of strain or effort in the play. Every movement is spontaneous, almost automatic. With the arm fully extended, every muscle and every ounce of weight in the body contributes to the force of the blow.

In the middle portion of the peninsula there is considerable interest taken in what may be termed the fashionable sports. Racing is in vogue in Madrid; polo, tennis, croquet, the theatre, and the opera have each their devotees, while men's clubs (women's clubs have not yet entered Spain), with their attendant amusements of *tresella*, *et cetera*, have recently become very popular. They are frequented in the day time quite as much as at night, and by eleven o'clock in the morning the men begin to gather to chat, read the papers, and play *ombra*. The Club de los Selvages in Madrid is copied closely after the English clubs. There are fine club rooms with facilities for fencing and baths, while carriage and saddle horses are kept for the members.

Pigeon-shooting was brought much into fashion



A Spanish Dancer



Peasants of the Huerta

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by the late King; pheasant-shooting and fox-hunting are also in vogue, but fashionable sports are the same the world over, and these therefore are scarcely to be regarded as strictly Spanish. A little Spanish boy, learning English, was told one day to write a composition upon the subject of amusements, and the youthful author began, "The amusements of Spain is to dance." If his construction was faulty, his idea was entirely correct, for whatever else the Spanish people do in different sections of the country, always and everywhere they dance.

The dances of Spain are as distinctive as the people. By the Spanish dance one does not mean the gypsy dances, purely Oriental in character, performed only in the gypsy quarters of Granada or Seville, and seen there and discussed with interest, in more or less shocked tones, by cursory tourists. These dances may be the lineal descendants of those performances which Martial thought so interesting in early Roman days, but they are not at all typical Spanish danes.

These are always reputable, always graceful, often with words set to the musical rhythm of the guitar and castanet accompaniment. They are the joy of the wealthy as well as of the poor. Passing down a handsome street in a Spanish city one will see a door swung open, and catch a glimpse of a cool white patio with its fountain and its orange trees. The family will be gathered here, the older people chatting

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together, the younger dancing happily, the castanets clicking, the guitars strumming. In the poorer quarters one will find the same scene, save perhaps that the dancing will be more vehement, less restrained, the castanets and tambourines more prominent.

At times it seems as if the women were bitten by tarantulas, so ceaselessly do they dance. According to an old legend, the tarantula was once a foolish woman who loved dancing to such an extent that she danced even when Our Lord was passing by, behaving with such shocking irreverence that Our Lord changed her into a huge spider with a guitar stamped upon her back; and from that day to this every one who is bitten by a tarantula dances until he falls down with exhaustion.

The outlet of Spanish feelings is through the toes as one of her writers says, and what music is to the Italian, dancing is to the Spaniard. Even tiny little toddlers, holding their skirts in one hand and clicking castanets with the other, may be seen all over Spain practising their childish dances. Each city has its own special dance; the fair maids of Cadiz excel in the *cachucha*; in Ronda the *rondeñas* is the favorite; the *sevillana* is danced beside the rippling Guadalquivir by those beautiful Sevillian women who are never so beautiful as when alight with the joy of motion in the dance. If the dances of the South are vivid, languishing, full of abandon, those of the North are equally

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characteristic. *La Muniera* is one of the most interesting of the Northern dances, and it may be perfectly described only by a Spaniard himself.*

"Who knows how to dance the *Muniera*? Teresa Molende; it is a pleasure to see her dance it. And who will be her partner? Ramoncine Limioso here dances it to perfection. Teresa yields not without once more affirming her incompetence. After fastening her skirt up with pins so that it would not impede her movements, she stopped laughing and assumed a modest and ingenuous air, veiling her large, lustrous eyes under her thick lashes, dropping her head on her breast, letting her arms fall to her sides, swaying them slightly and rubbing the balls of her thumbs and forefingers together. Thus moving with very short steps, her feet very close together, keeping time to the music, she made the tour of the room with perfect decorum, her eyes fixed on the floor, stopping finally at the head of the room. While this was taking place Señorito de Limioso took off his short jacket, remaining in his shirt sleeves, and put on his hat, crying, "Victorina, the castanets!" The child ran and brought two pairs of castanets, the señorito secured the cord between his fingers, and after a haughty flourish began his role. He took his place beside Teresa and danced a quick measure, courteously but urgently wooing her to

* The Swan of Villemorta.

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listen to his suit. At times he touched the floor with the sole of his foot, at other with the heel or toe only, almost dislocating his ankles with the rapidity of his movements, while he played the castanets incessantly. The castanets in Teresa's hands responded with a faint tinkle. Pushing his hat on his head, the gallant looked boldly at his partner, approaching his face to hers. He pursued her, urging his suit in a thousand different ways, Teresa never altering her humble, submissive air, nor he his conquering air, his gymnastics, nor his resolute movements of attack. It was primitive love, the wooing of the heroic ages represented in this expressive Cantabrian dance, warlike and rude. The woman, dominated by the strength of the man and, better than enamored, afraid. There was an instant, however, when the gallant peeped through the barbarous conqueror, and in the midst of a complicated and rapid measure he bent his knee before the beauty, describing the figure known as *punto del sacramento*. It was only for a moment, however; then springing to his feet he gave his partner a tender push, and they stood back to back, amorously rubbing shoulder against shoulder. In two minutes they suddenly drew apart, and with a few complicated movements of the ankles and a few rapid turns, during which Teresa's skirts whirled around her, the *rivierana* came to an end amid a burst of applause from the spectators."

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In the Basque country the *zortzica* is the favorite dance, and this is performed usually by girls, four couples forming a set, and dancing with a charming, swaying motion, a combination of waltz time and a Scottish reel. Although accompanied by the *dul-sinyas* and *tambrils*, there is something Oriental in the dance which far removes it from the primitive Gothic force of *la Muniera*.

There is something very fascinating about the rhythmic pat-pat of the *alpargata*-shod feet, always in perfect time to the music, as the graceful figures glide in and out of the mazes of the dance.

What dances are to the Spanish women, the very poetry of life, the bull-fight is to the men. "*Pan y toros*," — bread and bulls, — give a Spaniard these, and he can dispense with almost anything else.

So much has been written upon the subject of the *corrida* in Spain that there is little to be said, unless it might be possible, perhaps, to get at the point of view of the Spaniard himself. That might be interesting, authors, as a rule, writing from their own standpoint or their conception of that of the bull!

" You will not see the *corrida*, señora? " It was a young Spaniard of Andalucía who spoke, not a man of the people, nor yet of the court, but one of good family, old traditions, and the best of modern education. " It is too bad that you will not go. How else can you return to your country and write interesting

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books upon the brutality of this cruel Spanish sport? Surely you would not come to Spain and fail to do that! It is what all travellers find it necessary to do. You should see the *corrida*, see it with the benevolent Anglo-Saxon eye and the tender Anglo-Saxon heart. It is of such a strange tenderness, that Anglo-Saxon heart, señora. It beats with such a mighty pity for the fighting bulls and not at all for the poor little foxes, chased and hounded till, cornered, they are torn to bits, one little fox for oh, so many dogs! It wells up with pity for the old, worn-out horses in the bull ring, dying quickly on the *toro's* horns; and for the sleek and beautiful hunters lying with broken legs on the hunting field it says, ‘By Jove! it's a damn shame to lose a fine beast like that! That horse cost fifty pounds!’ If it were not for coursing the breed of hunters would not be kept up — yes — true. If there were no *corrida* there would be naught but *cabestros** bred in Spain! So much sympathy for the horse of the *picador*, señora, yet is his a worse fate than to be sold to a ragman and, kept in the shafts, starved and beaten until he dies, or is sent in the stifling, ill-smelling hold of a ship to be made into beef at Amsterdam?

“These gentle Anglo-Saxon hearts, too, señora, they speak so much of the ‘brutalizing effect of the fights.’ Has the señora ever seen a prize fight in her

* Tame bulls.



The Supreme Moment
Placing the Banderillas
Springs Lightly over the Horns of *El Toro*



The Picador

AMUSEMENTS

own country? No? They are not indeed for the ladies. It made me even a little ill to hear that thud-thud on flesh and blood with which one of your great prize fighters, the champion, they called him, beat down another, that other gradually growing weaker and weaker until he fell. Ugh! To see men beat each other with fists, that is worse than cruel, it is ungentlemanly, señora.

"The games of football of which your people speak with such *vivas*, are they not perhaps a little brutalizing? You will forgive me that I speak of your people, señora. I would never offend you.

"To me it seems like this. The things of men, are they not always cruel? Is not the whole life of a man spent in getting the better of something? In America the business men of the wheat or corn, do they not crush those who are less strong or less clever than they, when they fight in some great 'deal'? The games at your colleges, some one is beaten, injured, killed. The races — a 'two-year-old' is wind-broken for life, he can never race again; shooting, fishing — it is all the same; the play of skill, courage, or dexterity against another. It is cruel, perhaps, but it is life. The greater the power of the opponent, the greater the credit to the winner. The odds are small in fox hunting. If a man's neck is broken, is it not because he is a poor rider or has managed his horse ill? In fishing what chance has the fish? But in the *corrida*

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the odds are even, or if not, they are against the man. The bulls enjoy the fight as much as the race horse enjoys the race, señora. He is not a tame beast, he is a wild creature, fierce and untamable. Chain him to a plough and try to work him like an ox, that would be cruel; but give him a quarter of an hour's fierce fight and a quick death, and his life has ended happily.

“ But why let him gore the poor horses? you ask. Truly, señora, the Anglo-Saxons are the strangest people!” There was a curious note in Don Aquel’s voice, half querulous, half contemptuous. “ Why must they see only the disagreeable things in life? Is there nothing in the ring to see but mangled horses? I myself look only at the pleasant things in life whenever possible. The *corrida* from the very first, señora, is a drama. We Latins like dramatic incidents clothed as ceremoniously as possible. The fight begins with a procession, gorgeous as were the reviews before the tournaments of old. The bull enters, the *picadores* begin. Each one has an especial part in the drama. One *picador* draws the bull’s attack, another diverts his attention if that attack seems likely to prove fatal. The *picadores* are a relic of the days when *caballeros* fought the bulls with the lance. Then there were wonderful displays of skill and courage and horsemanship. Then the *picadores* used the old Iberian spear instead of the harmless

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pica of to-day. That man must be very skilful and have an arm of iron nowadays, if he is to escape the horns of the *toro*. I myself have seen *picadores* tossed over the barrier into the audience. The *banderillas* are not used, except to enrage Señor *Toro* or to wound or weaken him; this last not at all. They are to show the skill of the *banderilleros*. There is the Anglo-Saxon heart again, only pity for the bull and no appreciation of the courage and dexterity of the brave *banderillero*!

“The darts provoke the *toro*, that is true, like the nip of the *musquiteros*. They do not really hurt him; if they do, I think he does not know it, he is too excited. When one is fighting, one does not feel anything. At Santiago, señora, I was wounded in the forehead by a fragment of a shell which exploded on the *Oquendo's* deck, but I never knew it until one of your countrymen most politely said to me, ‘A thousand pardons, señor, but may I take you to the surgeon?’ Then I remembered that I had brushed something from my forehead, which got into my eyes so that I could not see. It was blood, señora. The *toro* shakes his head at the *banderillas*, that is all.

“The *matador* is the last actor in the drama. His is the difficult feat. He must kill or be killed. The beast is ten times his equal in strength; he must be the beast’s superior in skill. That is, I think, fine courage, and that one likes to see. Man to man, in fair fight,

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yes, that is good, when they fight like gentlemen; but man with beast, and only a slender sword, that is grand!" Don Aquel's eyes were flashing, his cheeks flushed, his whole face alight as he sprang to his feet, gesturing rapidly. "I see it all, señora,—the splendid assembly, color, light, flashing eyes behind moving fans; the golden sand, half in the sun, half black shadow like a dark penumbra. The bull, wild, raging, splendid in brute strength, and — one man, calm, cool, resolute, watchful, wary. The beast makes fearful charges and lunges with his cruel horns. The *matador*, now swaying his body slightly, eludes the charge, now placing his foot between the horns springs lightly over, clear over the *toro*. Now he stands, he watches, then — ah! the bull is almost on him, that wild head lowered, a quick flash of steel, it is over; *el toro* is dead! *Viva!*"

Such a picture had the young don made with his words and gestures that one could see the whole scene and understand, perhaps, how it would appeal to the dramatic Latin nature.

CHAPTER VII

SOCIETY

SOCIETY in Spain, except in the court circles, is always strictly informal. Court society always has been and always will be formal in the extreme, though the vigorous young King and his charming wife show signs of breaking away somewhat from traditions. Their friendliness is appreciated, though the Spaniards hardly know how to meet it in view of the ceremony which in the past has hedged the throne.

During the Regency there was almost no gaiety at the court. The Queen-Regent was widowed, anxious about the welfare of the country, absorbed in the education of her son, and she at heart never cared for gaiety, though she lent herself to it during her husband's lifetime because he enjoyed the social side of things. A formal ball once or twice a year she forced herself to give, and such formal dinners as could not be avoided were all she provided of court society. The formal receptions, called *besamanos*,*

* To kiss the hand.

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were largely attended, though merely as a matter of duty, for the Queen-Regent, though universally respected was never universally loved. She was called the "Austrian," and that defined her position in the hearts of the people. Not *espagnola*, she could never be *muy simpatica*.

To-day royal functions are more exciting. All the world loves a lover, and the King and his bonny English Queen made so unmistakably a love match, and did withal so well for the country thereby, that their subjects are quite inclined to smile upon them. The King is exceedingly democratic, friendly and gay in manner, yet he understands excellently well how to keep to traditions enough to placate those who are sticklers for the formalities of life, especially those sanctioned by ancient Spanish customs.

These customs are still terrifyingly formal to one accustomed to republican simplicity. At a court function the number of attendants alone, any one of whom might be a lord of "Ormus and of Ind," from the gorgeousness of his attire, is sufficient to overawe one accustomed to the dead black of the male portion of American society. There are *majordomos*, *caballeros monteros*, *alabarderos*, *monteros de Espinosa*, and countless others, and one entering the palace would run the gantlet of them until positively bewildered. One's first call upon royalty is likely to



The King of Spain and the Prince of the Asturias



Her Majesty the Queen of Spain

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be a terrifying experience in any case, and after a *soirée* at the Palacio Real, gold lace, embroideries, crimson velvet, and jewels blur the memory in a veritable *mélange*.

Outside of the court, Madrid society has a charm to be found in no other capital of Europe. Informality is the rule, and hospitality shows itself in the *tertulia*, an institution purely Spanish and wholly delightful.

The *tertulia* is merely a group of friends who are wont to frequent the house of Doña Tal Fulano. It is really an "at home," but so informal and pleasant and cheery that one scarcely regards it as a function.

The señora receives upon a certain evening, and her friends know that she is to be seen at that time and that they will meet at her house congenial spirits. Very seldom are special invitations given, except in the case of visitors from out of the city introduced by a mutual friend. These are almost never invited to dine, as in this country, but are always asked for the señora's *tertulia*, and after once attending, it is understood that they are privileged to come every week. It makes not the slightest particle of difference to the hostess how many or how few attend. For her there has been no agony of preparation, no horror lest "cook" should leave, no miserable worry for fear more will come than have been prepared for.

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The hostess is serene and calm to a degree. She has had no occasion to wear herself to a frazzle about her *tertulia*. If few come she enjoys an intimate chat with them, if many come, *no importa*. The water supply of Madrid is plentiful, the water exceptionally good. Refreshments are the least of Spanish troubles, for it is quite likely that only water will be passed around, water very cool and sweet, in dainty glasses. It is surprising how delicious that water is! The rooms are warm, there is really no need for anything else in the way of drinkables, though the average American would never have thought of showing hospitality in such a manner. In addition to the water there may be chocolate, served hot and frothy from being lightly beaten up. It is about as thick as gruel and eaten, for it is too thick to drink, by dipping into it the end of a lady-finger, not lady's finger, as a horrified American understood a wicked young don to say was the case.

The *tertulia* may be merely a conversational affair, or the men present may occupy themselves with *tresillo*, a childish game, a sort of lottery. Each player has a square of pasteboard to fill with beans, which one of the players holds in a bag. Numbers are drawn and according to the number drawn, beans are placed on the squares. The one who covers his square first wins the game, and as each bean may stand for any amount of money the game has an

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element of excitement which does not at first appear. Spaniards love any game of chance and they appear able to have a lottery over anything from theatre boxes to the village cow.

Some *tertulias* there are,— it must be said to the credit of Spain, few in number,— called “*aduanillas*,” or little custom-houses, because their *habitués* inspect to the minutest detail the characters of their friends. According to the Spanish expression, “*le coatan un vestido*”— they dress up one whose name is mentioned; and the unique feature of the whole performance is that all the guests arrive and depart at the same moment, in mutual self-defence to avoid giving an opportunity for a dressing up on the part of those arriving earlier or departing later.

“Were these human scavengers women only,” said a bright young Spaniard, “one could forgive them, since a Spaniard excuses anything to the ladies.”

Malilla—whist—is also a favorite game at the *tertulias*, though generally the Spaniard prefers to play cards at his club. At the larger *tertulias* there is sometimes music, more often dancing, and the evening ends with a cotillion, which the young people greatly enjoy, though there is no flirting in corners between dances; the dainty little Spanish maidens, though quite as adept in the arts of coquetry as their American sisters, are compelled to coquette openly.

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or await the seclusion of the grated window and the youth who "plucks the turkey" beneath.*

In its home aspects, society in Spain is delightfully unceremonious. The family dally over a late breakfast, coffee or thick chocolate and rolls, and chat at the luncheon table. The master of the house lounges in the morning room or smokes in the balcony, teasing his wife, to whom he is generally devoted in the ardent Spanish fashion. This devotion shows itself as does his devotion to the Virgin, in the making of presents, dressing her up as a doll, indulging her in every possible way, perhaps because he indulges himself also and expects her to pardon any of his little peccadillos which may come to her notice. And indeed, she is rather unobservant of his lapses.

It is not customary in other countries to regard shopping as a society function, but in Madrid it is really such, and, closely observed, one of the prettiest functions imaginable. *La señora* enters her carriage attired for conquest. She is never alone, but gathers two or three kindred spirits to attend her. How they chatter! Spanish women love dearly to gossip, not unkindly — though they will

* The origin of this Spanish expression for love-making at the grill is rather amusing. Many years ago a man servant was talking with his sweetheart one evening and was called by his mistress several times before he heard. In making his excuses he assured his mistress that he was but "plucking the turkey" for the next day's dinner. As his master had seen him at Fulana's window, the saying soon became a synonyme for love-making.

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listen, it is true, to any choice bit of scandal retailed, even the young girls lacking the extreme shyness which French girls never lose until Mademoiselle blooms into Madame.

"The niece of Doña Eulalia has returned from Paris. She has the most wonderful gowns!"

"Yes, and her hats, *Madre de Dios!* but they would make a saint covet!"

"They say she will need them and more if she is to keep Don Jaime from — well, one does not know if it is true; but she was too long in Paris."

"What did she look for? It is a new thing for wives to go away from their homes without their husbands. We have many new things in Madrid since the English wedding."

"Indeed, yes, a new Prince of the Asturias, a healthy one, too, if he is nursed by his own mother like a peasant's child."

"Doña Paolina must be aping Her Majesty's example. They say she insists that she will nurse the *niño* the angels are keeping for her!"

"*Dios!* The angels would do well to continue keeping it if Paolina is to care for it. I have never seen one more flighty than she!"

"I heard the drollest thing to-day! Doña Paz asked of the Señora Guiterrez if she meant to entertain in her house the daughter of her friend, who has come to an uncle's to visit. The young girl's

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mother was an old friend of the Señora Guterrez and she was killed in Cuba, some terrible event of the *hacienda* being set fire to by the *Cubanos* and she destroyed. An American soldier saved the girl, and she says that he is quite a fine *caballero*, that *Americanos* are not at all pigs — Well, Doña Paz says the Señora Guterrez regarded her tranquilly for a moment and then said, ‘No, my dear. The girl is young and very pretty. I myself have some years and gray hairs to match with them. It would be better not to have her visit me. Of course we all trust our husbands perfectly, but it is quite as well not to put temptations in the path of any man!’ Is she not droll?’” This was received with delighted giggles.

“It is necessary that I have a new fan, let us go to the shop in the Prado and buy. True, there it is very expensive — yes — but one can pay half with the eyes, and the fans are quite the prettiest in Madrid.”

“And, too, it is such a delight to buy there, for one sees the *pesetas* drop from the price with each glance of the eye!”

About the fan counter in the handsome shop flutters the dainty group, hovering like butterflies above the goods displayed, until the shopman scarcely knows what to do or say. What smiles and shrugs! What merry banter! Above all, what glances! He

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would like to give fans to all three, but what is a poor man to do? He is but a clerk and the master has said, "Come down on the price you may, but even for the ladies of society we cannot sell for less than half." But the Doña Costanza is so charming!

"This fan, twelve *pesetas*! Does your master think the world is made of money? It is worth perhaps five—" The little lady gave him a quick glance to see how this was received.

"But, señora, regard the quality!" His tone was full of protest.

"Is the quality, then, so good?" she arched her brows.

"As good as God's blessing, señora, and do but see how the color becomes your eyes,"—this as two languishing black orbs "threw sparks" from just above the lace of the ravishing rose-colored fan.

"If it is then so becoming you should wish me to have it at my own price."

"But, yes, señora, it would make my happiness for you to possess it without price, but alas! it is not mine! Perhaps at ten *pesetas* I might persuade the master to sell." He regards her anxiously.

"Surely you dream, señor, ten *pesetas* for a mere fan, which one will break in an evening. Doubtless your master has forgotten that there are in Madrid other shops where fans are sold. But you yourself jest. Seven, perhaps, I might give,—but ten!"

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She lifts her dainty skirts and prepares to leave, her friends chiming in readily with the requirements of the situation.

“It is really a pity that Doña Costanza may not possess herself of a fan that is so suited to her, because of your hesitation. I think, señor, if your master really knew that you were refusing to oblige her, he would be not altogether pleased,” says one, and the other, with a wicked little frown, adds, “We do but waste time, Costanza *mia*; I saw a fan far handsomer in the next shop. There I often go and I am met so courteously! You would purchase what you wish there for but a word”—and they all rise to leave the shop.

“But, señora,”—the salesman is in despair—“take the fan for nine *pesetas*, and I shall be happy though I lose my place.”

“Never would I endanger so pleasant and polite a señor of such a loss,”—the little lady was all affability. “Eight I might offer, yes, perhaps eight—rather than spend the day in another shop, but nine *pesetas*! Why, señor, could you who look so honest and open as the day rob me?” Oh, the disappointment in the soft cadences!

“At eight take it!” Hastily he wraps it up lest she change her mind. “I shall tell the master that his fan is well sold, since in use it so becomes the señora that all her friends will ask whence it came.”

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“Ah, señor, you are too good! All my friends I shall send to you to purchase fans!” and the three butterflies fluttered out with an affable “*Adios*” to the salesman, who was jubilant. He had sold for eight *pesetas* a fan which had cost three; and for which he would have taken six, and he had sold it to a lady of fashion in such a manner as to please her fastidious tastes.

The señora herself was equally delighted with her bargain.

“Such a bargain!” she exclaims to her friends. “I would gladly have paid ten. The man was crazy!”

“But your smile has set men crazy before,” her companion said, and Doña Costanza blushed and tapped her friend’s cheek lightly with the rose colored fan. She was so gay over her victory that she was quite the most admired of all the gay ladies who drove in the Prado that day. Every one who is any one drives in the Prado, and you simply must have a carriage if you are to shine in Madrid society. That is a requisite, and the liveries of the lackeys are scarcely less handsome than the gowns of their mistresses, when society is on parade. This daily drive might not be considered exactly exhilarating by an American, being merely a sedate carriage parade up and down the fashionable avenues, the carriages being so close together that a hungry horse can nibble

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the flowers in the hats of the occupants of the preceding carriage.

The pleasantest thing about good society in Madrid is that it is accessible. The women of rank and fashion seem uncommonly good-hearted, and welcome to their circles strangers, properly introduced by some mutual friend, and even poor relations from the country are called "cousin" and treated with the warmest hospitality. Indeed one seldom sees goodness of heart combined with refinement and elegance, grace and spontaneity, to such an extent as in the society women of Madrid.

Provincial society is even less conventional than that of the capital, indeed in many of the smaller cities the townspeople resent any attempt at introducing urban innovations which depart in the least degree from their simple traditions. Especially is this so in the case of the servants who serve you with a friendliness as far removed from familiarity as it is from servility. Maids accompany their mistresses to market, attired in the simplest of print frocks and aprons, and would never dream of going forth dressed as our maids, in gowns quite equal to those of their mistresses.

Not long ago an Andalucian married a Madrilena, and upon arriving in her new home, a small place near Seville, she horrified her neighbors by putting her lackeys into new, expensive, and exceedingly



Maria Christina, Dowager Queen of Spain



The Throne Room, Madrid

fashionable liveries. All the town was alive with disapproval. Was not the old livery good enough? Whenever she went abroad in her neat carriage, with her dapper footman and coachman, people stared. She insisted, too, that the lackeys assume the proper English manner, that of wooden obliviousness to whatever went on, instead of allowing the footman to converse affably as he held the open door for her, or the coachman to turn on the box to ask her a question, as the old fashion had been.

Miguel, the coachman, had been in the family for years, and he did not at all relish such innovations, but Juan, the footman, was a peasant lad and quite in love with the distinction of serving the señor and the señor's pretty wife. He was plump as a young partridge, and his shapely calves needed nothing artificial to make them look well in the smart boots and knee breeches upon which the señora insisted. Miguel, on the contrary was thin as the knight of La Mancha. He objected violently to strictures upon his personal appearance. Upon representations from the master, however, that even he himself had to serve her ladyship's whims and that every one else in the house had to do likewise, Miguel yielded, grumbling, but somewhat pacified by the addition of a *real* to his wages. Thereafter he appeared upon the box resplendent to a degree, his padded extremities a constant eyesore to himself, a source of infinite

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amusement to Juan, who made fun of them whenever he dared, as did also the gamins of the street.

"Behold him!" they would cry. "Is it not wonderful! Arms of such length and legs of such a fatness! Truly he looks like a stuffed turkey upon the *Noche Buena!* His fellow is as plump as a fat goose. We will see if they are real!" Then the graceless scamps would make blow-pipes of pieces of reed with the pith pushed out, and they would take tacks and twist bits of cotton wool about them and with the deadly aim of long practice, blow these wicked little darts into the calves of the lackeys.

Neither coachman nor footman saw the imps play Robin Hood, for neither dared to turn his head. Juan could feel, however, and he winced in anguish as each dart pricked his flesh and he heard the boys' shouts of glee. Miguel was stolid as an ox. Juan wondered if he was suffering too, but no, there could not be human man who could sit so tranquilly under such fiery *banderillas!* He carefully turned his eyes downward. Behold the legs of Miguel all peppered with little white tufts! It was so absurd that Juan shook with suppressed merriment. Miguel sat in serene unconsciousness. Then it dawned upon Juan. The padding of which he had made so much fun had saved the coachman from the anguish which he himself was suffering! But he would rather suffer anything than look such a guy as did Miguel, he

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thought. What would my lady say? Juan chuckled, then grew suddenly sober as Miguel leered suspiciously at him out of the corner of his eye. The boys meanwhile were chanting lustily,

“The tall one is stuffed,
The short one is not;
What can he be stuffed with,
What, oh what?

His cheeks are of famine,
His arms are twin sticks,
But his legs! when he sees them,
Watch well for his kicks!”

Miguel remained unconscious, until, the drive upon the Paseo over, the señora alighted at her *casa* and turned to view her smart equipage. As she gave Juan some orders, her eyes fell upon Miguel's calves.

“Mother of God!” she shrieked. Spanish women's voices are wont to be shrill in anger. “What means this? *Maria Santissima!* Such legs! Have you driven me through the streets tufted like a wooly lamb? Miguel, are you crazy? Dreaming? Thus to make me the laughing stock of the town!” Miguel stared at her in wonder, then his eyes slowly followed her accusing finger, pointing in scorn at his extremities. He looked at himself in astonishment for a moment stupefied, and Juan stepped forward and politely withdrew one of the darts, presenting it to her ladyship.

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"A thousand pardons, señora," he said. "I think Miguel was not aware of these presents received from the boys of the street."

Her ladyship gasped, then the humor of the situation struck her. "You, why have you received none," she demanded. "I received them, your ladyship, but — but I was conscious of mine!" his tone was embarrassed but proud. Her ladyship looked him over for a moment, then her gay peal of laughter rang out.

"Truly, Juan, Miguel has come off the better of the two!" She laughed as she turned away. Miguel regarded her back a trifle savagely as she entered the house; then said to his fellow servant, "Her ladyship is right, I am best treated. I have been but laughed at, you have been made a pin cushion like Saint Sebastian and laughed at besides!" But Juan answered only, "*Vaya Vd. con diablo!*"

In many of the smaller towns walking in the Prado is the favorite pastime of society. Often the promenade on the Alameda is the starting point of many a love affair. The band plays — *La Señora* walks out with mamma, quite oblivious to the remarks made as to her charms by the various youths who cast admiring glances at her; she comes — she is seen — she conquers.

In Lancia upon the promenade called Bombe, society is wont to assemble to hear the band, espe-

cially upon feast days. At times the musicians play on dejectedly to empty air, for the custom of the place demands that a well-bred girl must never be first to appear, and behind half-drawn *jalousies* sit the beauties of the place, each dressed, a rose in her hair, waiting till some one else shall have made her appearance. Alas! Sometimes they wait in vain, for no one can be first, and so at last they go to bed and salt their pillows with their tears of disappointment.

Feast days are observed scrupulously, and at almost any time marching through the streets, proud as Juan Soldado,* may be seen a Gallego carrying in both hands a set piece for the feast of *La Señora*.

Poor Gallego! The baker has charged him to carry this enormous cake most carefully. "This cake is for the feast of the Señora at the Casa Grande. She has to-day a saint in the house. This must arrive there spotless and perfect; remember this if you wish to retain your place!"

The Gallego therefore carries carefully in his two hands the great three-story cake, with its white frosting in wonderful patterns, upon the top a gay little white Cupid in the skirts of a ballet dancer. It is rather heavy to carry with the arms extended straight out before him. The street urchins realize to the full the charms of the situation. Could any-

* The Spanish name for a private soldier.

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thing be more opportune than his appearance just at this moment when they had nothing at all to do? Gallego-baiting is always fine sport, and they surround the poor fellow like dancing devils.

"This raisin looks good!" cries one, snapping with thumb and forefinger at a particularly plump fruit on the top. The Gallego curses frightfully and aims a vicious kick at his tormentor. It is all that he can do for he dare not set down the precious cake, and he must hold it with both hands.

"It needs a cap to wear, it is not proper for a cake to walk the streets with its head uncovered! I will lend it mine," shouts another youngster, trying to toss his dirty little cap on top of the cake.

"It is too tall, let us eat the top layer," cries a third, while a fourth from behind tickles the Gallego's ear with a straw, at which he kicks frantically nearly overbalancing in his efforts to keep the cake in an upright position.

"This cake is too white, it needs some color," cries another cherub, (though so naughty, these Spanish laddies of the streets look exactly like Murillo's enchanting *niños*), and at the side which the Gallego cannot see he pretends to throw little mud balls. These various forms of torture continue until the poor Gallego arrives at his destination, breathless and purple with rage. His cake is intact, for his tormentors were at heart good little chaps and would

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not have spoiled it for the world, and the Gallego feels peculiarly infuriated because he had expended to no purpose his choicest vocabulary of Gallegan profanity.

When the provinces entertain guests from the court, provincial society is at its best. Secure in their traditions, the provincials make even Royalty welcome with a beautiful simplicity which no doubt Royalty enjoys very much. “‘The King is my cousin,’ the old adage says, and since this is so, then what is good enough for me is good enough for my cousin,” is the very simple Spanish way of looking at the situation. One thing only must be observed strictly according to Spanish etiquette, and that is, every one is compelled to do exactly what the King does; and amusing situations sometimes appear as the result of this, as in the case of a banquet given in an Andalucian town.

The late king, Alphonso XII, was a great jester. He dearly loved to tease, and his jests were such merry ones that even those who felt the point forgave and laughed. A banquet was given in honor of the King and to it were invited the mayors of all the neighboring villages. All accepted and came, resplendent in their best uniforms.

There were on the table, olives stoned and stuffed with *pimentoes*, common enough now but the first ever seen by one of the local officers. The King

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tasted them, putting one into his mouth and swallowing it with evident enjoyment. The mayor's eyes opened wide with horror. Etiquette demanded that he must do the same, but he hesitated. His Majesty had swallowed a stone. It did not seem to inconvenience him; perhaps the stomachs of kings were different from those of other mortals. He himself would die were he to do such a thing. Now His Majesty was quick-witted as he was merry. He saw the man's hesitation and in an instant had grasped the situation.

"These olives, they are most delicious," he said.

"From your province, I believe, señor. I congratulate you on living in a place where olives are so fine," and he popped another into his mouth. The mayor was forced to follow suit. Horrible! He felt the stone going down his throat.

"Another of these excellent olives!" How His Majesty's eyes twinkled, as he praised them again. The corregidor saw himself a dead man! He sat at a feast with corpses about the board!

"I have four olive stones in my stomach, and I am a dead man!" he moaned to himself. "Well, I may, then, as well enjoy my last meal on earth!" and he fell to with a will to eat and drink. The wines of the province were excellent. Of them he drank more freely than usual, hoping to drown the terrifying thoughts which assailed him. Then he went home to

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be received both skeptically and unsympathetically by the wife of his bosom.

"Send for the priest I will not," she said. "You have taken too much *aguardiente*; you have eaten too largely of too fine a dinner. I do not at all believe that Death sits upon your bedpost this night," and she sent him unceremoniously to bed.

But imagination plays a large part in disease and before morning the poor man was really in a high fever. His wife sent posthaste for the señor doctor, which worthy pooh-poohed at the death idea, and gave his patient a dose which soon restored him to health. But thereafter he would never taste an olive, the memory of his night of horrors being ever present with him, and to this day he wonders at His Majesty's digestion. He is wont to relate the tale of the dinner; in the evenings when his cronies gather round his fireside.

"His Majesty Alphonso XIII is a fine king — yes — but his father! There was a man! I assure you I have never seen his like. A man with a smile in his eye, and a jest on his lips, even with death in his heart," and, always, he concluded, "And the stomach of an ostrich!"

CHAPTER VIII

CHURCH AND CHARITY

RELIGION in Spain is what it has been for hundreds of years, Catholic. Whether one regards this from the standpoint of Protestantism as a misfortune, or from the Catholic's standpoint as the greatest of blessings, the fact remains that no form of religion except the Roman Catholic has ever taken hold on the Spanish people. The form suits the temperament of the Latin race; the authority of the Church rules them, that it was the church of their fathers holds them. Moors, Jews, Protestants, persecuted or tolerated according to the temperament of the particular rules extant, have dwelt in Spain; they have never proselyted there successfully as in other countries. To such an extent is the feeling for the Church carried that a Spaniard would never refer, nor permit any one to refer in his presence, to the fact that a friend of his was a convert to the Catholic Church, or even that he had had a non-Catholic ancestor. Such would be, from his point of view, a serious courtesy, if not intended as a deadly insult,

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The blood of a heretic was a stain and should never be referred to.

The expression “blue blood” is from the Spanish term, “*Sangre azul*,” which means the nobility. The Spaniards claim that those of noble birth have skins delicate enough for the veins to show through, and they are called “*sangre azul*,” to distinguish them from such as had the strain of heretic, Jew, or Moor, to darken their skins.

In the mediæval days the most fearful curse which could be pronounced upon an enemy was, “May knaves kill thee, knaves from Asturias; may they kill thee with iron-pointed bludgeons and with horn-handled knives; may they wear clogs and rustic cloaks and canvas shirts; may they be mounted upon asses with rope bridles, and may they kill thee in the fields!” The full vehemence of this curse can be comprehended only by those who understand the attitude of mind of those who uttered it. Each clause meant a death especially degrading in fashion to the mind of mediæval Spain. To be killed by Asturians was a disgrace, because, according to the Castilian notion, to be killed by a mere provincial was disgraceful in the extreme. Death by a bludgeon was especially abhorrent because this was the weapon of the peasant; by a horn-handled knife, because knights wielded gilt poriards. To be slain by men wearing clogs, rustic cloaks, and canvas shirts, and mounted

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upon asses with rope bridles was a fearful fate, because nobles wore laced shoes, courtray cloaks, and embroidered Hollands, and rode horses or mules with well tanned leather bridles; and, climax of horror! to be slain in the fields was the most fearful thing that could happen to a Spaniard, because for him there would be no priest, and no last sacraments, therefore he must die "unhouslled, unaneled," passing into the Great Unknown without the blessing of the Church.

A great deal has been written by travellers to the land of the Dons in regard to the Catholic Church in Spain, especially in connection with the Spanish Inquisition and its attendant horrors. It is almost impossible to take up a book about the country which does not have at least one chapter devoted to details so horrible as to send cold chills creeping up and down the backs of even the most phlegmatic.

Frequently these criticisms are as intelligent and show as much real knowledge of the subject as those of a recent traveller who commented upon the fearful loss of life in the Spanish-American War. "I attended mass at the Cathedral last Sunday," he writes, "and nearly all the women there were dressed in mourning!" One does not expect a man to be an authority on feminine costume, but it seems that even a man might have known that black is the church dress of all well-bred Spanish women. In the light



The Village Cura



A Village Funeral

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of so many data from the outside, an interior view of the subject is interesting, and the opinions of the Spaniards themselves are of some value.

"It is of the Church, señora, that you speak," said a bright young Spaniard to an American woman. "Always they talk of religion in your country, yet a thousand pardons, señora — I should not have thought the Americans of so great a religiousness. When I was in Cuba, and saw the American soldiers, it seemed to me that they were perhaps quite like soldiers of other countries. Why is it that your people are of so great an interest in the religion of Spain? We can still live, señora, if in America they like to have many churches. Why can not you let us have the one? You think we believe error, and wish to convert us; that you send your ministers here? But that was what we wished in the days of the Inquisition, and you tell me that was 'fiendish,' — was it not that you called it? Yet that was not a Spanish institution, señora, though your people blame it ever upon the Spaniards. It was brought to us from the outside, and our bishops learned it at the Council of Vienne. But what of it? The Church is a mother — does not the best mother, for its improvement, punish a naughty child? Perhaps not in *los Estados Unidos*. I have indeed seen little angel *Americanitos* who I thought had never been punished!" Don Ramon had at times a silky sweetness of tone which held a

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hint of sarcasm deep down within its depths. "In the 'Fabulas Asceticas' there is a sermon of Don Cayetano Fernandez, a monk of the oratory, which says:

'O suffering, O cruelty!' Thus cried an olive tree which an active hand was despoiling of its branches. 'Why by the edge of your billhook do you thus cause my ruin? Is this your love for me, O gardener? Already my shorn and injured head has ceased to offer either shade or beauty in the midst of the pain which overwhelms me.'

'Be silent! Cease your lamentations,' answered the man. 'What is required of you is not shade nor beauty, it is olives. You will see in April with how many flowers your poverty will be clothed, and the abundant harvest which you will give in November. Until that time, O Olive, have patience.'

Do you also, O Christian, adore the chastisement of a severe and inflexible Providence; it does but prepare through suffering the fruits of autumn.

"Perhaps it was like the olive and the gardener with the heretic and the Church, and the Inquisition was the bill-hook, señora.

"You ask why we sent away Jews and Moors. They were among our best citizens, you think, industrious, money-making, peaceable? Perhaps, I do not know. We do not care so much for the making of money as some other nations. There seem so many things better in Spain.

"It seems to me that we had quite the right to send out of our country people whom we did not like to have there. We came first. The land was ours. Had the Moors or the Jews owned the land as your Indians owned America, and we had taken it from

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them and driven them out, that would have been a worse situation, to me it seems. Does not a wise mother send away from her children playmates who are bad? The heretics were intermarrying with Spaniards and perverting their blood with the heretic strain, so they must go. You say they were tortured to bring them to the Faith. I myself do not like torture, but no one in your country was ever persecuted for being Catholic, señora? I have read that in England torture was used as late as the seventeenth century in courts of justice. Why was it worse to use it in Spain?

“There are abuses in the Church, you say. Perhaps it is so. You will pardon me, señora, if I cannot say. If my mother had an eye that was blind, would you think it well of me to point it out to the world? If others spoke to me of such misfortune of one I loved, would you think it — but yes — a little rude, señora, a thousand pardons!”

There was a kindly courtesy about him which seemed to fear giving offence, yet a sturdy truthfulness which must speak.

“You say that the Spanish men are falling away from the Catholic Church, señora. It may be so. The men I know do not go to mass as often as their mothers and sisters. Perhaps in America the Protestant churches are filled with young men on Sunday mornings — is it so? I do not know about that,

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señora, never having had the honor of visiting your wonderful country. But in Spain if you see young men in church it will be in the Catholic Church, señora. Have you heard, perhaps, that Padre Pablo, the Dominican, will preach in the Cathedral next Sunday? If you should care to hear him, I should be honored to be your escort, and you will there find more than half the congregation to be men. They will stand to hear him preach, — we have not seats in our Spanish cathedrals, you know, — and he will speak one hour, perhaps two, and the men will stand and listen and perhaps not move for the whole hour. You will find, I think, that the Church still holds the Spanish people and will — Pardon me, señora, the Blessed Sacrament is coming!" and the young officer, wounded in many battles, a gay young man of the world, doffed his cap and knelt in the street as a priest passed swiftly on his way to the dying, the lights, and the tinkling of a little bell in the hands of his altar boy, proclaiming that he carried with him the Consecrated Host.

Such scenes will be seen all over Spain, less frequently in Catalonia than elsewhere. Peasant children in the street run to kiss the priest's hand as he passes; the King walks to visit the churches on Holy Thursday; high and low, old and young, they throng the cathedrals on Sundays, and even the smallest village church is never quite deserted. The cathedrals

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alone are a commentary upon the ages of faith, for in Toledo, Burgos, Saragossa, Seville, Granada, they rise heavenward in the whiteness of their marble carvings like prayers in stone.

Spanish priests are of three kinds. There are among them younger sons of rich families, who become perhaps canons or even bishops. The sons of the people of the middle class, entering the priesthood with a strong bias toward study and learning, may eventually become great preachers, missionaries, or perhaps luminaries of the Church. There is a third class, and from this are recruited the rank and file of the priesthood, the sons of poor people, mechanics, small tradesmen, or peasants. These attend the village school, and from boyhood are attached to sacred objects. They are the first at mass, first at the rosary, which is said daily in all village schools, always ready to carry the lights of the Viaticum to the sick. Possibly some rich *dévote* takes them up and, wishing to have a priest to pray for her at mass every day, educates the pious youth for holy orders. Often the bull fighters will educate a boy for the priesthood, or perchance a boy may have a godfather who has influence with the Senator of the district, and he will be sent to the seminary at the expense of the county. There he will obtain all the education he is capable of receiving, and will in the end probably become a village *cura de misa y olla*, that is, of ordi-

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nary knowledge, but enough to attend to the spiritual necessities of the common people, who are generally even-tempered and virtuous. There are many of these *curas* in Spain, men not brilliant intellectually, but wholly given up to their sacred calling, friends of the poor, simple, natural, their piety of a robust and practical nature. They combine with the spiritual calling of saving souls a great interest in the temporal welfare of those under their charge. Often the *cura* is the village schoolmaster, and many of the soldiers and statesmen of Spain received the foundation of their education from the padre, their royal road to learning having been plentifully strewn with rods, not flowers, for the *cura* does not believe in the modern theories as to the training of children.

Age steals gently upon the village *cura*. His hair, silvered over with care for others, frames a face in which the only lines are those of gentleness and kindness. His people love him with a tender reverence. He has baptized their children, he has buried their dead, he has comforted their sorrows, he has relieved their wants, always he has been friend as well as pastor. He has desired nothing but the good of his people. No thought of his own advancement has ever been his. When at last the angel whispers that he is called to better things, he dies as calmly and as meekly as he has lived, a smile on the gentle old face, mourned by two, sometimes three, generations of

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those whom he has taught, and who “rise up and call him blessed.” It has been said by a recent writer on Spain that when Spanish priests are really good they are “the most priestly priests in Christendom, pious, affable, without affectations, full of sound and healthy wisdom.” As in every land and every profession, there are exceptions. It has been the custom to revile the Spanish clergy as autocratic, immoral, and possessed of other peculiarities of like nature; but as some one has aptly expressed it, “Spain is a land of extremes and contrasts, of snow-capped mountains and sun-kissed valleys, of soldiers and churchmen, of saints and sinners”; and if, in that fascinating land, the sinner seems to sin with enthusiasm and zest, on the other hand the saint is of the saintliest with a sweet and gentle humanity.

In a land where the Queen is the president of the Board of Charities benevolences should be fashionable, and while there is no regulated poor law in Spain, charitable work is extensive. The city of Madrid is divided into sections, and charity is administered through these from a government fund. Each Board of *Beneficencias* has its officers and renders its accounts to the governing board, of which Her Majesty is president. Besides these regulated charities, there is the Confraternity of St. Vincent, composed of men and women who work for charity, visiting the poor, caring for the sick, but this depends

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entirely upon subscriptions from private sources. There is considerable organized charity in Spain, and it seems to do good work.

One of the most pleasing charities is the foundling hospital, for the care of little ones forsaken by their mothers certainly appeals to even the hardest hearts. These "*Casas de Expositos*" are to be found in nearly all Spanish towns, and are nearly always under the care of the Sisters. The one at Tafalla has a pretty inscription over the door,

“Mi padre y mi madre
Me alijan le si,
La Caridad Cristiana
Mi recoje acqui.” *

Rather strangely, in view of the superstition as to the coming of babies, the storks have built their nests in the church tower above the hospital. They have dwelt there hundreds of years, and the Government will not allow them to be disturbed, for the story goes that a tiny child once climbed the tower and would have been dashed to pieces on the stone flags below, had not a stork seized his frock in its bill and flown down to the hospital, depositing its burden at the door.

In Seville, "*La Cuna*" (The Cradle) is one of the largest of the foundling asylums. Set into the wall

* (My father and mother cast me off but Christian charity receives me here.)

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is a round box which turns on a pivot. Into this the foundlings are dropped, the person leaving them being unseen. As the box is turned a bell rings to give notice of their arrival. An inscription over the door says, "When my father and mother forsake me, the Lord takes me up." Between eight hundred and nine hundred are left here each year, not all however illegitimate children, as large numbers are left here by their parents because of sheer inability to feed them.

In addition to the foundling hospitals there are many other charitable institutions. The first insane asylum in the world was founded by a Spanish monk, and the insane, of whom there are fortunately very few, are remarkably well cared for. There are reform schools for both boys and girls. For Magdalens the nuns of the "Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament," the "Ladies of the Holy Trinity," and the "Oblates of the Holy Redeemer," conduct institutions similar to the convents of the Good Shepherd in this country.

One of the most touching charities is the Mercedes Asylum, founded in memory of Queen Mercedes, who was so beloved of Alphonso XII, and who died just a year after her marriage. This is endowed and is kept up by the rents of her estate, and it is one of the best managed of Spanish Charities.

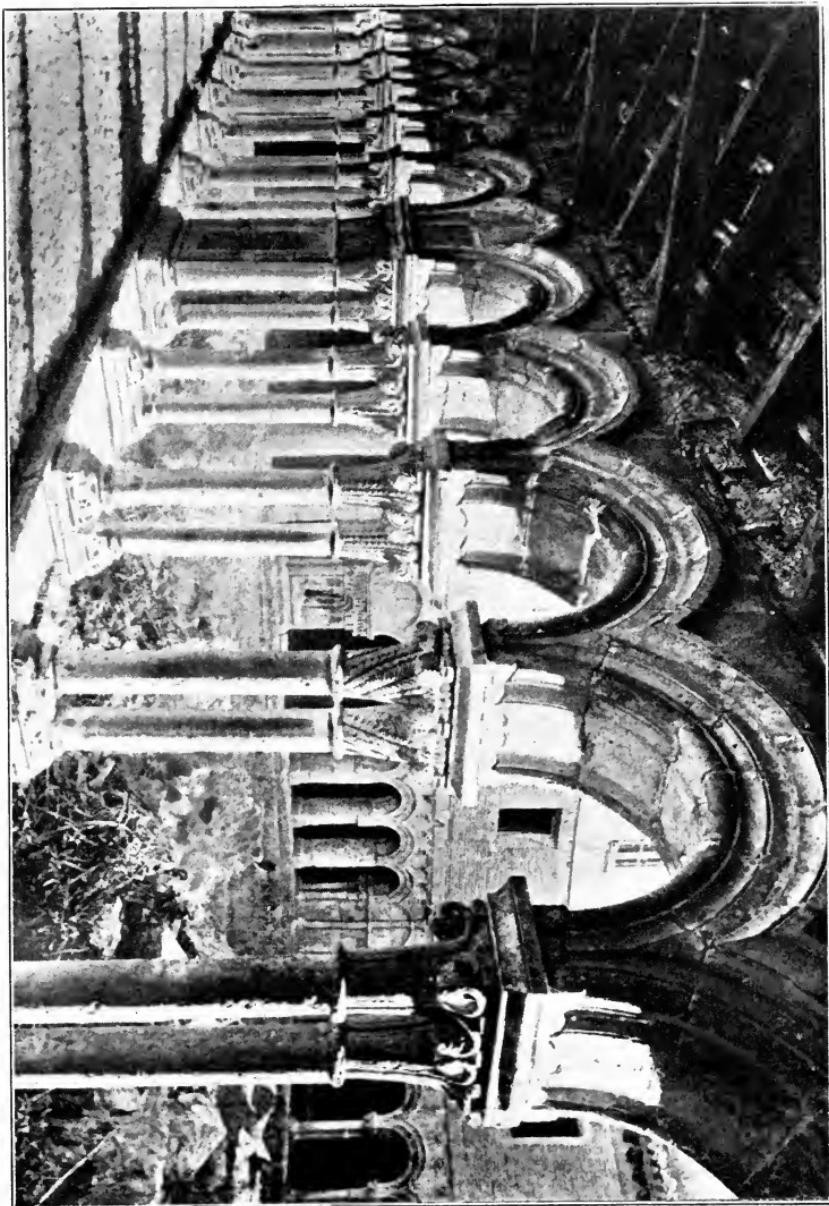
Countless are the good works of Spanish nuns. By them the ignorant are taught, the needy are cared for,

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the sick are tenderly nursed, foundlings and orphans are sweetly mothered.

Many of the charities are under the care of brothers or nuns, and these last, especially the "Servants of Mary," are generally happy, bright-eyed, cheerful creatures, with a pleasant alacrity, looking after the welfare of the children and old people under their care. Troubles they meet with a light, "*el mundo pasa*," to quote their favorite Santa Teresa. They pray, but they work as well, for one of their sayings, a cheery one, is, "Pray, but swing your hammer." One of the sisters asked an old pensioner if he would help her to sweep the corridor, as she had a great deal to do that morning. "Speak louder, Sister," said the old man. "My ears are of such a weakness that I cannot hear you." The request was repeated in louder tones, but still the old man could not hear. Then the sister wickedly whispered, "Pablo, shall I beg of the Good Mother a *cigarito* for you?" Instantly the deaf heard, the old man smiled broadly, and said, "For the *cigarito*, *muy gracias, Hermana mia*. I will say many prayers for you." "Help me to sweep this corridor then, my Brother, and thou shalt have tobacco," said the smiling little "Servant of Mary," and reluctantly the old man obeyed.

Despite the diatribes of the caustic Galdos, who has much to say in his stories about fashionable char-



Cloister and Patio of Burgos Cathedral



A Pordiosero (Alfred de Roulet)

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ity, Spanish women seem to take an abiding interest in good works and to carry them on not only with zest but with ability. So intelligent is their interest, covering so wide a field that one cannot help feeling that there should be no beggary in Spain, if organized charity is able at all to do away with this public nuisance.

That the Spanish beggar, picturesque feature of the landscape that he undoubtedly is, is very much in evidence in this charitable land is a fact well known to everyone who has ever travelled in the Peninsula. Strangely enough he flourishes, not in spite of the charitable nature of the Spaniard, but because of it; and their point of view in the matter is particularly difficult for an outsider to comprehend. To the Saxon mind a beggar is a monstrosity. If a man cannot work at all, let him be cared for by the State; if he can work, make him, is the simple dictum in western countries where the practical ever predominates over sentiment. Very different is the viewpoint of the warm-hearted Latin. "The sun is hot, why work unless one really must?" says one. "This poor man made in the image of God, could you refuse him a penny?" or "If no one begs of us, how then are we to show that we are of a good heart?" asks another; and the beggar is called the "friend of God" all through the Iberian Peninsula. The kindest hearted creature in the world, the Spaniard cannot refuse an

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alms, or if he does, it is in so courteous a manner that his refusal carries with it no hint of ill will, or even disapproval. The beggar lives then on "the purse of God." He whines at the passer by; if he has a loathsome stump of a leg, or arm, he waves it toward you cheerfully. It is his stock in trade, scarcely a misfortune, since it insures him many more *pero chicos* at the close of the day, than come the way of his wholer brother.

"Will your worship excuse, for God's sake, my brother," says he who has nothing to give, or, "Pardon me for the love of God," and the beggar replies, "Another day, señor," almost as cheerfully. If he has received largesse, he says, "May God repay you, señor," or, "May the Blessed Virgin ride forth with you and gladden your way," when he is given even a penny, and if your mood inclines to more he will "pray for you until the hour of death, *muy buen señor.*" Ragged, unkempt, dirty, a patch over one eye, a leg missing, an arm in a sling, *El Pordiosero* is the very incarnation of misery, but he is never stupid. Forlorn as he is, he is fully alive to all the dramatic possibilities of the situation.

Pedro Paro, "Caballero del Dios," as he calls himself, is huddled upon the church steps, looking like a heap of dirty rags. It rains, perhaps, and the chill air seems to pierce to the bones. Good old Padre Ignacio, the early mass just over, shivers as

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he comes into the open air and draws his soutane closely about him. It is threadbare, and his house-keeper has three times saved the money for a new one, only to see the *pesetas* she has skimped out of the market money disappear to help the needs of some poor parishioner. The Padre's eyes were on his beads, and he did not see the heap at his feet until he caught his foot in the rags and nearly prostrated himself upon the pavement. He recovered his equilibrium with difficulty as a volley of oaths met his ears. These oaths came from the rags, now animated, as a man's face peered out and a rasping voice said:

"Name of a saint! may not a man rest in peace even on the steps of a church?"

"My good man," said the gentle Padre Ignacio, "You are cold. Come with me and warm yourself by the *brazero*," and the priest turned to enter the little white rectory which stood beside the church.

The beggar rose, grasped a half-broken crutch and limped painfully after him, the tap, tap of the crutch resounding on the stone flags. Warmed and fed he was not so ill-looking.

"I am called Pedro Paro, Your Reverence," he answered the priest's inquiries, "from Murcia. There I worked as an orange-picker until my accident. Oh, a mere scratch it was, Your Reverence. There was but a difference with another picker, a

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dog from Andalucia, who gave me the lie in my teeth. He said that the groves of Andalucia were finer, and that he could pick more in the hour than I in the day. Now I leave it to Your Grace if I could endure that, and I of Murcia. I fell upon him straightway, but he stuck me like a pig in the leg, for his knife came quickly and mine was closed, which is always a mistake. Remember that, Your Reverence.

"At first it was nothing, but it grew worse and then my master sent me to the hospital that I might be cured, Santiago! Off came my leg with another knife, this time that of the señor doctor. Crippled, who then wanted Pedro *el Cajo*? There is not enough work in Spain to occupy all the men with two legs, so I took to my crutch and my little earthen cup in which to catch pennies. It is not so bad a life, the beggar's, is it, Your Reverence? What, you do not have to beg? *Por Dios!* I heard a priest at mass one day and he begged for *pesetas* for his poor church so that even I might take a lesson! I thought then that my life was better than the priest's, for I at least begged for myself and spent what I got. And the little cup always holds enough for one's need. If the men give no alms there is always the joy of cursing them, and the women's hearts are soft. My faith! I have wondered why the *criada* who will flout the bravest *caballero* who ever went on two

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legs will give a smile and a *real* to a man with but one!

"*Si, señor Padre,* we beggars live better than does Your Reverence. We have only to keep safe our own poor bodies, you have to save other people's souls. What have I to fear? Air, sunlight, food, my freedom, all I have. To be sure God rains, but not often here in Murcia, all the world knows that. Then there is always some holy one like yourself, *padrecito*, to take the poor beggar in!"

The graceless fellow looked at the priest with drollery, but flattered as one born an actor. He had once been a handsome scamp, black-eyed, black-haired, a lazy smile upon his lips. His rags had once been gayly colored, and they were displayed effectively so that he looked the part most picturesquely.

"You are not a Murciano, Padre?" he asked.

"No, I am of Saragossa," replied the priest. This waif cast up by the tide of fate interested him as did all forlorn humanity, and he encouraged him to talk, hoping that he might find some way to reach his conscience.

"Saragossa, sleepy old town, I know it," Pedro said thoughtfully. "So sleepy is it that the very towers nod and lean their heads as if to sleep."

"Do you mean always to beg?" asked the Padre.

"Why not?" asked Pedro carelessly. "What else should I do? Is it not a good trade? And truly

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it is a charity for one to beg; it brings merit to those who give to me even a little. Perchance some poor soul will leave Purgatory the sooner for the coppers he has put into my cup! Like yourself, good Padre, I have my charities. I would help to save souls by allowing people to give to me!" His air of virtuous gravity was irresistible and the Padre laughed.

" You laugh, Your Reverence, nay, do not laugh at poor Pedro. Perhaps you may one day be glad to remember the kindness you have shown the *pordiosero* — not that Your Saintship will ever see Purgatory," he wagged his head protestingly.

" As for me, I am content. My only sadness is to hear the '*Perdone por Dios, hermano,*' with which the wise refuse me aid, for then I cannot curse at them in payment.

" Good Padre Juan, in Orihuela, was used to preach that in heaven it was full of glaciers and the angels drank *horchata de chufas*, and a soft rain ever bedewed the land. I longed to go there until I heard a priest in Navarre say that in the heaven all was sun and warmth, it rained only gold and roast chicken, and there was no snow. Then I thought that if the heaven of Navarre was one thing and the heaven of Murcia quite another, it was just as well to stay away from a place of which even the priests knew so little. The twelve Apostles begged for a living, they had nothing of their own, why not I?

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I can be content here upon earth, for I know what it is here."

"Come, come," said the priest reprovingly. "Do not blaspheme."

"Not I—but I must go, for the *pasos* are carried in the procession to-day as it is Good Friday, and I must be there."

"The sight will do you good, my man," said the kind old priest, and Pedro hobbled away.

The great procession was over and Padre Ignácio, his work done for the day, paused to see why a little crowd had gathered about the door of the Church. There he beheld his friend of the morning, upon his face a pious devotion, as, seated before a little table upon which were piles of coppers, he told his beads with a great show of devotion.

"Good señors," he cried, "have pity on the holy souls! They cannot rescue themselves. Give your *pesetas* and my prayers will send your friend into the joys of Paradise!"

As he spoke the peasants stepped up and placed their hard-earned coppers upon the table, and with so pious an air did Pedro move his lips as if in prayer that he might have deceived the Pope himself, or at least a cardinal. Padre Ignácio stood dumbfounded at such irreverence, and before he could recover himself to let the thunders of ecclesiastical wrath loose upon the wretch, a gay young señor stepped up.

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“What is this?” he demanded. “Do you mean to say that if I buy a prayer of you, I can release a soul from Purgatory?”

“By the beard of San Pedro, you speak the truth,” said *El Cajo* emphatically.

“Choose another saint, San Pedro had no beard,” said the young man. “But pray you for the soul of the señora, my grandmother, for she was a terrible old lady, and I do not wish to meet her in Purgatory.” And he laid a piece of silver upon the table.

Pedro’s eyes gleamed. Silver was none too plentiful with him and he liked its color, but it would not argue well for his piety were he to seem too eager, so his lips moved again, his eyes were cast down as his fingers passed along his rosary.

“How now, is she out?” demanded the young noble.

“Name of a saint! Without a doubt, thanks be to God!” said the cripple piously.

“Once out of Purgatory, she’ll never return, so I’ll take this back,” cried the young señor gayly, as catching up his silver from the table he turned away amid a shout from the crowd. Pedro sprang up swearing loudly and sulphurously, but suddenly stopped abashed as he caught sight of Padre Ignácio.

“Wicked fellow!” said the priest sternly. “You deserve a flogging! You know full well that the Church does not permit the selling of prayers. Every

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parita you have shall go into the Church's poor box; and as for you, go your way!"

"*Adios*, Your Reverence," said Pedro cheerfully, not a whit abashed. "You have given me a fire to warm my feet, a breakfast to fill my stomach, a sermon to save my soul. You have done your best. I will not, therefore, complain if you take away my money, for that is the easiest thing in the world to get. *Adios*, Señor Padre," and he hobbled away, crying at each passer by, in his wretched whine,

"*Una parita, Señorita. Una parita, Señor, una parita!*"

CHAPTER IX

CONTRADICTIONS OF SPANISH CHARACTER

IT has long been the fashion for the world at large to accept certain notions in regard to the different nations and to consider these notions as established facts. The Yankee is sharp, John Bull is stubborn, Jean Crapaud is frivolous, the Italian crafty, the Greek treacherous, the Spaniard cruel,—at least so “they” say. No one could shake the belief of the average tourist in these characterizations as applied to the various nations, unless indeed some occurrence might meet their eye which seemed to deny the allegation, in which case their opinion would veer as far to the other side.

A traveller in Spain recently said with an engaging air of having made a great discovery,—

“ I always believed the Spaniards to be terribly cruel, but I don’t think they can be, because when I was in Granada I saw a young Spaniard pick up a little child who had fallen down and kiss it! ”

The Inquisition, the expulsion of the Moors and Jews, and the treatment of the Indians in the New

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World, these are always quoted as illustrative of the atrocity of the Spanish "man's inhumanity to man." Yet the Inquisition was as rampant in France and Italy as it was in Spain. Other nations have expelled from their countries peoples and races which they considered alien to their interests, and other nations have sometimes failed to treat the Indians as men and brothers so that none of these instances can be taken to prove that the Spaniards are more cruel than the men of other nations. There is to-day, however, incriminating evidence of cruelty in Spain. The Spanish horses are overworked (as work horses are all over the world), whipped continuously and with an air of utter nonchalance by their drivers, and when too old for work are turned into the bull ring to meet a speedy death on the horns of the enraged *toro*.

Yet after a diligent search through Spain for evidence of untoward cruelty, of a predisposition to it on the part of the people generally, one is compelled to admit that there is none.

The Spaniard has in his composition a complete indifference to pain. This comes from a strain of savagery still latent, and which seems to have come to him from every source. The Berber ancestors were courageous to the point of absolute fearlessness; the Iberians, when crucified by their humane conquerors, the Romans, died chanting their songs of

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defiance; the Goths bore uncomplainingly wounds, hunger, thirst, and cold in the recesses of the Pyrenees; and the whole history of the Spanish people shows them habitually bearing pain and suffering with a calm stoicism, even at times showing almost a liking for it.

It takes on often a romantic Quixotism, this Spanish stoicism, as when, during the siege of Pavia, Pescara led the allied troops to the relief of the beleaguered town. The troops were ill clad, ill fed, and worse than ill paid, for they were not paid at all. The Germans, disgruntled, were unable to fight and almost unable to support life under the circumstances. To the Spaniards material comforts went for little. When their commander laid before them the situation, they took the cloaks from their backs and cheerfully divided their rations with the Germans. It is needless to say that the siege of Pavia was raised.

This is but one of a myriad of incidents which show the Spanish disregard for pain, and it is this indifference to pain for themselves which makes them appear indifferent to the sufferings of others.

The softer side of the Spanish character shows, too, many lovable traits. When the Tower of Valladolid was well nigh crumbling into ruin, the town council decided that it must be torn down for the safety of the citizens; but a delegation from the townspeople

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was sent to beg that it might be repaired if possible, for if removed it would destroy the homes of the storks who had been nesting there for centuries.

Even the grim old Emperor Carlos V has gentle deeds to his credit, and in Spain mothers love to tell to their children the tale of the Emperor and the bird's nest, the story which Longfellow has so daintily retold for our delectation.

It was a Flemish campaign and the rugged old Emperor was laying grim siege to a town of Flanders. Long had the army encamped before the beleagured city, long enough for a swallow to build her nest in the velvet hangings of the Emperor's tent, which, the "cruel Spaniard" seeing,

"Let no hand the bird molest'
Said he solemnly, 'nor hurt her!'
Adding then, by way of jest,
'Golondrina is my guest,
'T is the wife of some deserter!'

So unharmed and unafraid
Sat the swallow still and brooded
Till the constant cannonade
Through the walls a breach had made
And the siege was thus concluded.

Then the army, elsewhere bent,
Struck its tents as if disbanding;
Only not the Emperor's tent,
For he ordered, ere he went,
Very curtly, 'Leave it standing!'

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“So it stood there all alone
Loosely flapping, torn and tattered
Till the brood was fledged and flown,
Singing o’er those walls of stone
Which the cannon-shot had shattered.”

The eternal contradiction of Spanish character! The Emperor who spared a bird’s brood thought nothing of bombarding a whole city and putting to death scores of its inhabitants.

One sees the same contradiction to-day in a young officer, well-known as the most gallant of warriors, who insisted upon a visitor’s snapping her kodak at his little cousin, when there were no films in the camera, because, as he said, “*La Niña* would feel disappointed, señora, since she had thought to go away to the *Estados Unidos* in the señora’s little picture box.” Another young officer had a pretty wife who kept him well in check, knowing his spendthrift habits. She allowed him half a *peseta* a day for his drink of *aguardiente* — enough, since of this seductive beverage a “thimbleful is fire.” He was wont to complain bitterly that nearly every day as he went to lunch he met an old blind beggar, and was forced to go without his liquor, because he could no more have passed the wretched creature unnoticed, than he would have hesitated to fight a duel with one who had insulted his honor, or touched his dignity.

Dignity is the birthright of every Spaniard. It envelops him like his cloak, and he never lays aside the

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one any more than he does the other, and Madrileños say that it is safe to put away the *capa* on the fortieth of May only. Yet this dignity has its seeming contradictions, for, proud as Lucifer himself, of his ancestry, his country, and his race, yet the Spaniard is the most democratic creature in Europe. There is not, however, the slightest real contradiction in these two traits. They march excellently well together, and their offspring is the charming courtesy which is inherent in the breast of every Spaniard.

The Spanish dignity is unassailable. It is not a veneer to be put on or taken off as the occasion demands. It is deep-seated, and neither poverty nor wealth affects it; indeed, wealth is a factor of small importance in the social world of Spain, and a poor grandee is quite as important as a rich one, since "beneath the king all are equal."

This delightful courtesy one finds all over Spain in all classes and conditions. The house of a Grandee of Spain with the Golden Key upon his hip is "*la casa de Usted*," but so, also, is the little whitewashed, two-roomed peasant cottage which the clambering pepper vine covers with its scarlet glow.

Someone has said that the Spanish peasant is a "spiritless, down-trodden drudge, yet at heart the pattern of a Christian gentleman." Both estimates may be a bit extravagant, but he is certainly a very gentlemanly peasant, who, although he thinks the

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traveller "*chiflado*" (cracked) will go out of his way to guide the stranger anywhere or do any pleasant service for him cordially and well. Even the tiny children are taught to be polite; the schoolboys argue with "Perdone, señor," the friar doffs his hat in passing even to a child, and old and young go out of their way to do you a kindness.

Do not, however, tread ever so lightly upon the tail of the Spanish lion! You will find out that this seemingly well-tamed, domesticated animal is not so far removed from savagery as to have altogether lost his roar!

An English tourist in Spain, of the lord of creation type, who considered everyone not above him as below, was travelling by carriage and sent his *mayoral* to sup in the kitchen. Such an impoliteness had never happened to this Iberian Jehu in all his existence, and he thought his heretic employer would have been honored by sitting down at the same table with any Spaniard! He said nothing, however. He reflected, and the more he thought, the greater proportions the insult attained. Next day his indignation reached the culminating point at some *brusquerie* of the Englishman, and he put him out of the carriage in a lonely highway, miles from his destination. Then whipping up his horses, he cried, "I am sorry to incommod you, my lord, but since you find me not fit to eat beside you, I, Don José Balbino

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Bustamente y Orozco, find you not fit to ride beside me. *Adios!*"

It was perfectly impossible for this man to have regarded himself as even a "little lower than the angels," and the fact that he was a working man had absolutely no bearing upon the situation. He worked, he would say, when necessary, but that was a mere circumstance and could have no effect upon his character.

Another strange contradiction of the Spanish character which has led to a misconception of Spanish nature is the apparent laziness of a man who can work with a veritable fury, if it seems to him necessary. Studying Spanish character one must take into consideration the race, clime, and religion, all essential factors in the formation of character.

It has always been the fashion to lay to Moorish influences many of the typically Spanish characteristics, but what seems in the Spaniard allied to the Moslem has a much deeper root than the Moslem invasion. At one time in her history Spain was undoubtedly a portion of the North African continent, and the people were originally, doubtless, of Berber stock, modified by admixtures of Carthaginian, Roman, Celtic, Gothic, and Moorish blood; but the present day Spaniard still shows unmistakably the original Berber strain. From the Berbers, now represented by the free Hill Kabyles of Northern

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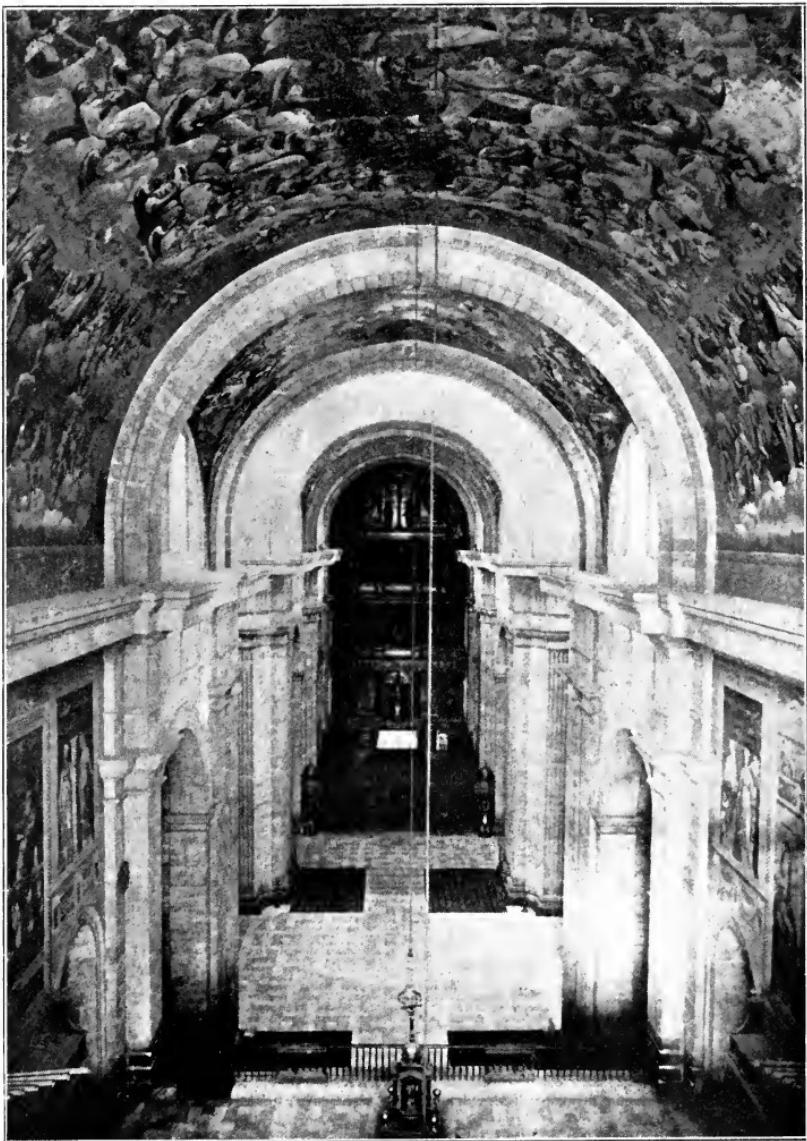
'Africa, comes that strain of simple savagery which nineteen hundred years of civilization has failed to eradicate completely.

The Spaniard by choice leads the simple life. To lead a more elaborate one he might have to work, and always he prefers to curtail his wants rather than work for the wherewithal to elaborate them. He can work. Often he will evince a perfect fury of energy, but upon research it will be found to be because there is some end in view of enough value to him to cause work to seem, for the time at least, a more desirable thing than idleness.

A Spanish don was once passing with a friend down one of the shopping streets in one of our largest cities. He was a typical Spaniard, of good family, proud, dignified, clever, a terribly hard worker. It was "carriage day," at the huge emporium of fashion, carried on for the benefit of American femininity, and the street was crowded to overflowing with fashionable women in their elegant costumes, awaiting their turns to alight from the superbly accoutred carriages. He had just been speaking of feeling tired with a winter of unusually hard work as he came upon this scene. His sombre face lighted up suddenly, and he added, "Work! I would work myself to death if I could see Maria, my wife, there in that parade with the finest of them, and some day I will do it!" It is the more remarkable to see a



Interior of Cordova Cathedral



The Escorial

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Spaniard work, because popular feeling — that which rules the world — has for so many centuries been opposed to labor. "Let slaves do the work, we will fight," was the early attitude of mind. Only in the northwestern provinces, Galicia and the Asturias, did the people show any facility for manual labor, and these workers are looked down upon by the rest of Spain.

A tourist once said to a beggar who, with Yankee thrift, she supposed would be glad to turn an honest penny, "Carry my bag up those steps and I will give you a copper."

"A thousand pardons, señora, I am not a laborer," was the answer.

In regard to the Spaniard one would occasionally have to paraphrase the old saw, and put it "I can but beg, to dig I am ashamed"; for if reduced to the extremity, nearly any ordinary Spaniard would as soon ask for money as be paid for doing a service.

This must not be misconstrued and the idea taken that the Spaniard is constitutionally lazy. He is naturally the most energetic creature in the world. He may work from principle or because the end for which he is working seems to justify the effort, but never will he work in Anglo-Saxon fashion because he loves work for work's sake alone. His energies will expend themselves lavishly upon his *fiestas*, the *corridas*, dancing, anything he feels worth while; for

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these he will be veritably, *un caballero de la humana energia.*

One of the strangest of Spanish characteristics is the passion for the consideration of death. This would seem the most complete of paradoxes for one of his nature, alive to the finger-tips, as is the Spaniard. King, noble, peasant, all alike regard death as a salutary, wellnigh pleasing topic of conversation. Garcilasso de la Vega, brilliant courtier, brave fighter, gayest of cavaliers, wrote poems on the subject of death. Jorge de Manrique, gallant soldier of Queen Isabella, wrote in letters of gold that inimitable *copla*:

“Tourney and joust that charmed the eye,
And scarf and gorgeous panoply,

And nodding plume;

What were they but a pageant scene?

What but the garlands gay and green,

That deck the tomb?

“O Death, no more, no more delay;

My spirit longs to flee away,

And be at rest;

The will of Heaven my will shall be,—

I bow to the divine decree,

To God’s behest.”

In history as well as literature this trait appears, for there are countless instances of nobles with the whole world before them, voluntarily leaving such attractions to become monks or hermits, their cell their only world, the contemplation of a skull their

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principal occupation. In nothing was Charles V truer Spaniard than in this trait, and Yuste's narrow walls contained his coffin long before the mighty ruler ever filled it; while Philip, his son, perpetuated his ideas of decease in that mighty Temple of Death, the Escorial.

To the Spanish temperament there seems to be a perfect fascination in this sombre subject, and Spanish art as well as literature shows this. The frightfully realistic paintings of Ribera, upon whose emaciated saints the flesh seems to hang in shreds; the fearful gore of Goya's canvasses, the Crucified Christ, his wounds fresh and bleeding before our very eyes, the sufferings of the martyrs depicted with a realism as fearful as it is faithful, all these reveal the strange taste of the Spaniard for the terrible things of suffering and death.

What a paradox this taste for horrors seems when one recalls the apparently innate gaiety of one's Spanish friends! In Andalucia gaiety seems the birthright of the people, and even the more sober Aragonese and Castilians sparkle at wit and humor and enjoy the dance. The extremes are ever present in these Spanish friends of ours. Don Juan de Manara, such an abandoned libertine that he wrote his own epitaph and had chronicled upon his grave-stone, "The greatest sinner who ever lived," died a monk, considered almost a saint, even in that land of

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saints, where even the common people are so familiar with saintships that a peasant proverb is, "Do not speak ill of thy neighbor, lest he be a saint *mañana*."

There is something so charmingly friendly about the Spanish gayety, that it is most infectious. Not long ago, a dignified and correct American chaperon arrived in Spain, filled to the brim with accepted ideas about cruel Spain. Landing in Cadiz, fresh from the proprieties of Boston, she lost some of her preconceived notions when a young sergeant of marines spent half a day looking up some lost luggage for her. This she set down, however, to his being of good family, for "Of course a gentleman born is a gentleman in any country." This platitude was considerably shaken next day when a peasant went half a mile out of his way to direct her when she was hopelessly lost. Being a Spanish peasant he was of course born a gentleman in his own estimation, which naturally made him act like one, but this point of view she did not understand. One thing followed another, until three months later, in gay Sevilla, it was a beautiful and touching sight to see her at the *tertulia* of Doña Tal y Fulano. Her eyeglasses were gone with her air of New England primness. She was dancing with the gay young son of the house, not in the sedate proprieties of the "square dance" of the small but ladylike suburb of Boston

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from which she came, but a genuine Spanish waltz, than which there is no greater poetry in motion; and she was enjoying it not less than the whisper in her ear that she was "the most beautiful señorita in all the world, with hair of night and eyes like stars, and cheeks like the breath of dawn!"

This national gaiety is closely allied with a certain love of novelty which is one of the most contradictory characteristics, if taken in connection with that unquestioning devotion to tradition strong in every Spaniard. The Spaniard is as curious as a child over anything new. He must possess himself of it and comprehend it completely, yet on the other hand he will adhere loyally to old fashions, old customs, old usages, because "the things which were my father's are good enough for me." It does not matter at all whether the antiquity is the celebration of a certain festa, or a method of ploughing with a forked stick, it completely satisfies the Spaniard because it is Spanish. This satisfaction with the established order, bred of a certain deep loyalty of nature, may be a bar to twentieth century progress, but it gives an admirable poise of character to those compelled to simplicity of living. There is a certain fine dignity about this mode of thought which one outside of its limits must admire, no matter how droll may seem some of the results or how far-fetched it may seem to foreign notions. Some time ago a party was trav-

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elling by carriage through an unfrequented portion of Spain and stopped for a rest in a pretty little village. The *venta* was pleasant, the *puchero* excellent, the serving maid very pretty, the men of the party were quite willing to tarry and smoke *cigaritos*, finding the wine of the country not bad. The feminine element was not averse to a little rest beside the way. They were beginning to trifle with the charms of *mañana*—why hasten on their journey? After all, it really made no difference when they arrived anywhere! The landlord urged their tarrying.

“Why leave a place that you have just found?” he queried,—“a place like this, than which there could not possibly be any in Spain more beautiful!” He gazed with mild complacency down the village street, at the fifteen or twenty little, white-washed houses. “It is the greatest good fortune that you have arrived at this moment,” he added. “Tomorrow is the feast of San Tomas, the patron of our village, and we shall have our annual festa in his honor. This, without doubt, will be the opportunity of your lives to observe one of the really fine processions of our country. There will be a superb parade of civil dignitaries, ecclesiastics, and military, all in one harmonious whole, and there will be also excellent music. You will remain?”

The travellers looked at each other. In the face of such an unexpected and unusual treat not one of them

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had the energy to think of leaving, so they all tranquilly remained.

The next day broke fair. The sun was bright as beauty's eyes. The air soft as a maid's caress. Breakfast was excellent, the women dallied long over their thick chocolate and finger rolls, the men drank coffee and smoked lazily. At last it dawned upon them that the sun grew high above them. Where was the parade?

"Patience, señors," mine host smiled upon them. "Affairs of such magnitude may not be arranged in one moment, or even two. It will come, and it will be even finer than usual, because the news has gone abroad that my humble house has been honored in becoming *la casa de ustedos!* Ah! I hear music, it comes. Now you shall see!" His face was wreathed in smiles, and the parade swept past.

First came his excellency the mayor, a florid man, large and riding upon a correspondingly small donkey. He was followed by two civil guards who represented the military element. Close at their heels came the village band in active eruption, consisting of a young peasant, twanging lustily upon his guitar. The music of the band was not so smoothly rendered as it would have been, had not the musician been maliciously interfered with by the personification of the union of Church and State which followed. This union was represented by a small altar boy in frilled

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white robes, who carried in one hand a small Spanish flag, in the other a gorgeous banner embroidered with a portrait of San Tomas. With the staff of Spain's proud banner he slyly prodded the band in the ribs, much to the detriment of the music and also of the band's soul.

"Here endeth the first lesson," murmured one of the travellers, but the host was radiant.

"Was it not fine?" he demanded, not awaiting the affirmative he was sure would come. "I am positive you will see San Tomas no more highly honored in any other city in Spain, or in the world, for that matter. We have had this parade for years, and our fathers had it before us. There is none better. Though I have heard that at San Pedro, the next village, there is a barrel organ. I should like to see it."

Loyal soul! Typical Spaniard! Faithful to the past and its traditions, still the subtle temptations of novelty assail him. His band was perfect, yet the barrel organ opened rare possibilities of the unknown, as to Balboa and Cortez and others of sea-faring days, lands beyond seas tempted with novelty, yet once discovered, they were but New Spain to the mother country's loyal sons.

It was this adherence to established order which made the Spaniard so determined to keep at any cost the colonies their sea rovers had won; it was this which made him so desperate at their loss. Thought-

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ful Spaniards will tell you frankly that their country is far better off without the colonies. For years they had taken the heart's blood of the mother country, by drawing from the home, the field, and the shop, the best young men for the army and navy.

"More

The battle's loss may profit those who lose
Than victory advantage those who gain."

Much still remains to Spain peculiarly her own and the Spanish feeling in the matter is plainly shown in the exquisite lines of the Duke de Rivas, written for the Tercentenary of Velasquez:

"It is a sombre and a weeping sky
That lowers above thee now, unhappy Spain,
Thy 'scutcheon proud is dashed with dimming rain,
Uncertain is thy path and deep thy sigh.
All that is mortal passes; glories die;
This hour thy destiny allots thee pain;
But for the worker of thy woes remain
Those retributions slowly forged on high.

Put thou thy hope in God; what once thou wert
Thou yet shalt be by labor of thy sons
Patient and true, with purpose to atone;
And though the laurels of the loud-voiced guns
Are not with us to-day, this balm our hurt,
Cervantes and Velasquez are our own.

It shows one of the apparent contradictions of the Spanish character that there appears to be to-day absolutely no feeling against Americans in the Peninsula, save one of friendliness. True, shortly

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after the close of the war, the women of a certain Spanish town assembled in the market place and stoned the statue of Columbus because he had discovered America, yet "*el mundo pasa,*" and there dwells no rancor in the Spanish breast. Passion in plenty, but seldom is there deep-seated revenge; for when all the contradictions have been contradicted, the keynote of the Spanish character would seem to the close observer, to be a kindly and romantic chivalry, amounting almost to Quixotism.

CHAPTER X

FOLK LORE AND PROVERBS

IN Spain the milkman brings to your door milk in cool stone jars, set astride his patient little donkey's back. Perhaps his name is Gil, or Juan, but be that as it may, he will always have time to take his *cigarito* from his lips and tell you some quaint bit of folk lore as he reflectively puffs the smoke into rings.

He has a dry wit, this quaint philosopher of the people and there is a caustic tinge in much that he says, albeit droll, and he is almost malicious when he gleefully tells of the "secret of Anchullos," a tale which Spanish husbands love to tell.

"The town of Anchullos, señora," says old Gil, "lies in a deep gorge sunk between two mountains covered with grazing sheep. The shepherds had to watch these every minute for fear they fall into the ravine and be killed for it seemed as if every sheep were determined to eat from the edge of the gorge. Now the flock on one side was tended by a young man, and that on the other side by a girl, and as they

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both had all they could do to watch their sheep, they proceeded to watch each other. Then they fell in love with one another, but fearing their parents would not permit this love, they wished to keep it secret. Not a word of it did they breathe in the village, señora. No, indeed! The pretty Piedad could keep a secret, albeit she is a woman, and our proverb says, ‘A woman with a secret has a friend, her friend has one and hers —’ Enrico, too, he would tell nothing, of course. Is he not a man? So, señora, they did not tell their love to any soul. They did but stand on opposite sides of the gorge and call to each other.

“‘Beloved of my soul!’ bellows Enrico. ‘Thine eyes are beautiful as night. I love thee!’

“‘Tell not of thy love in the village, *Enrico mio*, lest trouble befall us!’ screamed Piedad.

“‘Dost thou love me, angel of my dreams?’ howled Enrico.

“‘I love thee even as thou lovest me,’ shrieked his beloved. ‘But wait thou yet a minute while I drive this wickedest of sheep from the cliff, for he is determined to kill himself that I may not talk to thee, the evil fellow!’

“‘I, too, have a four-footed monster whose breast is filled with the same desire,’ bawled Enrico. ‘At this moment he hangs on three legs, his nose over the edge, and no tail to pull him back by. *Adios*, my adored one. Forget me not!’

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"‘Never shall I forget!’ came the answer, ‘but tell it not in the village!’

“This continued for weeks, señora, till all the village, passing by, had heard the conversations screamed across the gorge; and from that day a secret poorly kept has been called a ‘secret of Anchullos.’ Will the señora pardon me for telling such a story about women? It is of course only in Spain that a woman would do such a foolish thing as did Piedad. In the señora’s country they have more sense,” and he laughed.

“In Spain it is men and women both who talk too much,” he continued. “We have a saying, when a person is too curious, that he is one who would open the chest of the Goth; and there is a story about that. It was in the city of Toledo, señora, in very old days, when Gothic people dwelt in Spain; pagans, señora, but not of so bad a manner as the Moors. There was near the city a cavern, called enchanted by some, though of course one does not believe in enchantments.” Gil looked over his shoulder and furtively blessed himself. “Over the door of the cave were the words, ‘Whenever a king shall pass this threshold, the empire of Spain shall fall.’

“Now the King of the Goths was a man of great wickedness. He was that Don Rodrigo who had treated ill Florinda, daughter of *el Conde Juliano*. This King laughed at danger. Nothing could happen

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to him if he entered the cave, and he wished to see what was there. So, though wise men shook their heads, and begged him not to venture, he went to the cave and entered. There he saw a huge chest, and upon its lid were the words, ‘Open, and thou shalt see wonders.’

“ He opened the chest, for he needed money with which to pay his soldiers, who murmured greatly that *pesetas* came not their way. There had been of late few cities taken, and therefore no spoil to divide. Within the chest — behold! No money, only a linen scroll upon which were painted strange figures of turbaned Moors, and these words, ‘Who opens this chest shall lose the kingdom of Spain by these armies.’

“ The King was angry and scoffed at the scroll. *Pero, señora*, it was but a few days later that he lost his kingdom to these very Moors, and he and his army lay dead on the field of battle. It was the aid of Count Julian which gained the day for the Moors, and he had become their friend because of the King’s wickedness toward the Count’s daughter.

“ And that is why we say of a curious person that ‘he would open the chest of the Goth,’ *señora*.

“ There is yet another saying about a chest, *señora*, here in Spain, and that is, when a person would cheat another in a bargain, we say that he would give us ‘the chest of *El Cid*.’ You who know so much,

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señora, and your face so beautiful, too (you know in Spain we say that beauty and knowledge march not together), must know that *El Cid*, like Don Rodrigo, needed money; which is not strange, señora, for even to-day in Spain there are men who are in need of money. Not myself, oh no, señora. The kindness of the señora is always so promptly paying for the milk my donkey is honored to bring to her, and sometimes a *pero chico* over,—ah, thank you, señora, that *pero chico* is the brightest I have seen for many a long day, señora, because of the touch of your fair fingers! But it was of The Cid I was to tell you. There were two merchants, vile Jews, who had many *pesetas*, which is the custom of their race, unbelieving dogs! Rachel and Vidal received word from The Cid that he wanted money. They sent back answer that they had none, but if they lent it they must have good security. See the falseness of their hearts? Why must they have security for that they had not?

“But Ruy Diaz de Bivar, which was our Cid’s real name, knew well that their greasy pockets were lined with gold. He sent them a huge chest, bound with iron, and the message that they must not open the coffer unless he were killed and could not repay the loan. ‘This chest contains treasure,’ he said, ‘than which I am made of nothing more precious.’ Then the two Jews were content, and they sent him back

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much gold, and he went forth to battle, conquering from the Moors, Valencia, and returning victorious, singing,

'Valencia, Valencia,
Noble city of renown,
Once the Moor he was thy master,
Now thou art a Christian town.'

"From the treasures taken from the Valencianos, *El Cid Campeador* paid Rachel and Vidal, as we say, 'taking from Pedro to pay Pablo.' But that was no sin, for it was in the fortunes of war; and both the Valencianos and the Jews were unbelieving dogs, and one perhaps need not pay debts to unbelievers, what think you, señora? *El Cid* paid to the last *peseta*, but the Jews begged him to let them see within his chest, which according to contract they had not opened. And *El Cid* opened it, and lo! it was full of sand. The Jews reviled him, but *El Cid* only laughed.

"But, señora, if I tell you more tales to-day, there will be black looks all along my way that the milk is late. *Adios!*"

And Gil sauntered down the street, relighting his neglected *cigarito*, and turning aside with light word and merry jest the invectives of housewives whose puddings had suffered from his garrulity.

Spanish folk tales always possess the absorbing element of the dramatic, whether they tell of Moorish beauties in the exquisite halls of the Alhambra, or



Gil the Milkman



"I promised you one prisoner. Behold! I bring two!"

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in rose-scented gardens like Linderaya the Fair, or the miraculous doings of Santiago, appearing upon his white charger to save the day for Spain when the Christian knights were hard pressed by the Moslem foe. They also blend together legend and history to such an extent that it is often difficult to separate truth from fancy.

Some of the most interesting stories are those connected with the Moors, and these cluster around the Alhambra, ever the place of delights to Moorish hearts.

Still rise the red towers of the palace above Granada, stately and beautiful as when the Moors held it in their keeping. Fairest of all things in this palace of delights is the Hall of the Abencerrages, where the wicked king, Muley Hassan, father of Boabdil, murdered all but one of the noble family. One escaped and he was permitted to live, upon the conditions that he stay away from the court, and that if sons came to him they should be raised away from home.

Abendaraez was the only son of the Abencerrage, and he was sent to the castle of Certama to be cared for by a friend of his father. Here he lived peacefully, brought up with the Alcaide's daughter as her brother, but when he grew to be a man he discovered that she was not his sister, and he loved her.

She returned his love; but fearing her father's wrath, the lovers married secretly. The Alcaide,

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however, suspected them and sent Abendaraez away, and they were separated, vowing eternal constancy.

One day Xarissa sent word to her lover that her father would be away from the castle at a certain time, and that he should hasten to her. Alas! Abendaraez was captured en route by a Christian knight, Rodrigo de Narvaez, Alcaide de Antequerra. To him he told his story, and the gallant Don, to whom, of course, the romance of the situation appealed, gave his captive permission to go and keep tryst with the lady of his heart, provided that he would return at the end of two weeks.

The days passed. Don Rodrigo's comrades jeered at him. "You have put faith in a Moor!" they cried. "Think not that you will ever see his face again!" "I shall see it," retorted the knight. "Wait and see!"

It was the evening of the fourteenth day. The sun was sinking in the west, gilding to golden glory the turrets and towers of Antequerra. A horse's hoofs beat upon the stone-flagged pavement, and lo! Abendaraez rode, brandishing his weapon, a gallant figure in his Moorish garb. With him was a page, fair and slight, and as he saw Don Rodrigo, the Moor cried :

"Behold, Alcaide, how an Abencerrage keeps his word! I promised you a captive. See! I bring you two; for this, my wife, has escaped and comes to share

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my captivity with me. I beg you receive us kindly, for I trust my life and honor to your hands."

Don Rodrigo received him well. The page he straightway delivered into the hands of his own wife, who attired her in woman's garments, in which she was so beautiful that all men gazed and wondered.

"It will be well, my lord," said the wife of the Alcaide, "to give these two young lovers a castle for themselves, for I greatly fear the eyes of Xarissa would prove as torches of fire in your city." "This she said because she herself was no longer young, and being very pious had great regard for the soul of her husband," so says the old chronicle. "And Don Rodrigo, at times finding it wise to do the things his wife said, gave to the lovers the castle of Alora; but thereafter, being forgiven of the father of Xarissa, they were taken to the court and dwelt there happily. And the wife of Don Rodrigo was well pleased."

Much of the folk lore of Spain is religious in tone, bordering upon superstition. For example, the peasants of the north say that you must never bang a door or kick a stone out of the way, for either may contain a soul not yet released from purgatory. If you see such a soul, you will die within a year.

Nature plays no small part in the folk lore, and popular ideas upon natural phenomena, when sifted out, contain many interesting stories.

The Milky Way, so say the peasants around Com-

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postella, drifting white and beautiful across the Heavens, is the path to Santiago's shrine, trodden nightly by the spectres of those who did not make the pilgrimage to his sepulchre while they were upon the earth, which all good Spaniards should do.

In Andalucia, lucky is the house under the eaves of which the swallows build their nests. Petronilla is a beloved guest, because, as the old rhyme says,

“ When Christ the Lord was crowned with woe
And hung midst taunt and scorn,
The swallows flew straight to His Cross
And plucked away the thorn.”

All evergreen trees are lucky trees. They are allowed to bear green leaves all the year around because an evergreen tree shaded Our Lady as she rested to nurse Our Lord, upon the wearisome flight into Egypt.

The snake, another moral bit of folk lore tells us, was once able to walk upright, and after its marvellously successful tea party in the Garden of Eden, when it served *tutti frutti* to its feminine guest, it strutted about, fairly swelling with pride. It chanced in its rambles upon the Holy Family *en route* for Egypt, and in its insolence attempted to bite the Holy Child. But San José arose in wrath and smote it with his lily staff, and bade it henceforth crawl upon the ground, and never dare to rise up again for its presumption.

FOLK LORE AND PROVERBS

Someone has aptly said that adages and saws form an important branch of folk lore, and certainly their proverbs are among the most interesting sayings of the people of any nation. The quick-witted Spaniards have clever proverbs in abundance, the same ones being in use to-day as were in the days of Don Quixote. So many of these proverbs are about women that one readily sees the gallant Spaniard's interest in the sex, albeit many of the opinions voiced are unflattering in character. Still, any genuine bit of femininity would rather be noticed unfavorably than not noticed at all, and some of these proverbs are quaint in the extreme.

“A woman’s counsel is not much, but he that despises it is a fool.”

“A handsome woman is either silly or vain.”

“The ugliest woman is the best housewife.”

“Tell a woman she is pretty, and you turn her head.”

“A well dressed woman draws her husband from another’s door.”

“If you want a wife, choose her on Saturday, not on Sunday.”

“He that marries a widow with three children marries four thieves.”

“A woman’s tears and a dog’s limp are not always real.”

“When a good offer comes for a daughter, don’t

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wait till her father returns from market" (lest it slip by).

"Beware of a bad woman, but put no trust in a good one."

"Women, wind, and fortune soon change."

But the cynicism of Spanish proverbs is not confined to those of unmistakably masculine origin, for they have numberless proverbs strictly feminine in their point of view.

"What sort of a thing is marriage?" asks a Spanish girl of her mother.

"It is spinning, bearing children, and weeping, my child," was the response.

"Observe the wife's face if you would know the husband's character," says an old Aragonese screed; while a Valencian saying is, "Marry a widower. The first wife is a broom, the second a lady."

It is not, however, only in the matter of the masculine and feminine opinions of each other that the Spaniard waxes cynical in proverb. His whole tone of mind would seem to be that of a keen observer of human nature who smiles rather than frowns at its foibles.

"God made us, and we wonder at it," is an Andalucian saying; while the Madrileños say, "Of what you hear of your neighbor's goodness, take away half."

Other proverbs in constant use among the lower classes are:

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"Give up your secret, and you give up your freedom."

"To hear, to see, and to keep still are three difficult things to do."

Many of their proverbs and sayings are but our own folk sayings in other forms, as for example, "He who receives a bird should not scrutinize it," reminds one of our own "Look not a gift horse in the mouth." "Wherever you go, do as you see others do," is but a paraphrase of "When in Rome do as the Romans do."

Many of the Spanish proverbs are rural in character and have about them a charming simplicity. The Spanish peasant has a decided penchant for calling a spade a spade, with perfect aptness; and he frequently hits the nail upon the head with marked exactness, showing himself no mean student of human nature.

"There is no need for excuses for the bad to do wrong," says the sturdy Basque; while the Navarrais remarks succinctly:

"If you keep promises with other promises, they will be fulfilled in the same manner." "The thief thinks that all men are thieves," says the Andalucian; while the Castilian says, "The friend who won't aid, and the knife that won't cut, are of small consequence when lost."

Many sayings are quaintly indicative of the temper

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of the people. A bad fellow is described as one who "would pull the teeth of one who was hanged," or one who is "bad enough to take the pennies from a dead man's eyes." This last refers to the custom of placing pennies upon the eyes of the dead to keep them closed, lest they see the grief of those they left behind, and it trouble their souls. A story is told of a little girl who went to the funeral of a friend and returned home in great excitement.

"Mother," she cried, "they must be grand people. They buried him with a *little dog* on each eye!"

"A little dog, indeed!" exclaimed an American woman present, who was horror-stricken and added one more item to her collection of terrible data about Spanish cruelty. She was greatly surprised to learn later that the little dog means only a *pero chico*, the name given to a small coin bearing the lion of the Spanish arms, this particular specimen looking much more like a little dog than the king of beasts.

Straws show which way the wind blows, and popular sayings illustrate many points of character.

Democracy is one of the strongest traits of the Spanish race, and the proverbs of Spain show this tendency very clearly. "Many a man goes to heaven in tow breeches," say the people of Estramadura; and Andalucians have the saying, "Sit with your master at table, but do as he bids you."

The Spaniard is democratic even as regards the

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Church. Deeply venerating its regulations, he still says, "No one is born a scholar, and even cardinals are made of men." Even more seemingly disrespectful are the haughty Aragonese, with "Since I am born a man, I may one day be Pope," or the proud Castilian, "My corpse will take six feet of ground; the Pope's will not take more."

A droll little tale is told among the Madrileños, whether it should be counted as sacred or profane history is an open question. One fine day, says the story, *El buen Dios* arose in a very good humor and called to Him the patron saints of all the countries, saying to them,

"I will confer upon each of you a favor to-day. Choose, then, what you wish for your favorite country!"

St. George spoke first. He was magnificent in armor, glistening and bright, and he said, "For Merry England, may I have the finest navy in all the world?"

"Certainly," said the Ruler of the Sea, and St. George made way for St. Louis. With a deep reverence St. Louis said, "May I have for my beautiful France the bravest army that ever marched to battle?"

"Perfectly," replied El Señor Dios. "Your boon is granted." Then followed one saint after another. St. Joseph demanded art for Italy; St. Andrew, oats

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for Scotland; St. Patrick, that Ireland should be free from poisonous reptiles. All were granted their desires, and the celestial audience was about to break up, when there was heard a great noise of clattering hoofs and Santiago appeared on his snow-white charger.

"Late as usual," commented *El buen Dios*, who began to be tired, yet smiling a little. "Saint of Mañana, what do you want for Spain?"

"If it please you," said St. James, doffing his *birrete*, "I should like her men to be the wittiest of all mankind."

"Granted," said God.

"And," Santiago hastened to add, "that her women shall be the most beautiful — "

"Hum, two favors,— well, you are a good knight, Santiago, I will grant them," said *El buen Dios*.

Now Santiago always wanted all he could get for his beloved Spain, so he spoke yet again. "I should like to ask also for the best government in the world, if I may — "

"Well, you may not," cried God in great displeasure. "You have already twice what the others have. Let that suffice, and to punish you for your greediness I tell you that Spain shall never have any government at all!"

CHAPTER XI

ANDALUCIANS

PEOPLE are very fond of saying “the Spaniard is—” so and so, not realizing that between the people of the different provinces in Spain there is as wide a dissimilarity as between the Yankee and the Creole. The North-country Spaniard is as Gothic in his traits as when Pelayo crouched, beaten but not conquered, in the mountain fastnesses of the Pyrenees; while the Andalucian is Moorish to the core. The footprints of the Moor are everywhere in the sunny land of Andalucia. We see them in the wonderful arches of the Cathedrals, in the cool shade of the *patios*, in the sparkling fountains, even in the country round about; for the Moorish love for water is evinced in the fertile lands of Andalucia.

The Saracens delighted in water. Their palaces sparkled with fountains, sending jets of silvery spray high into the air. Their gardens bloomed amidst desert lands like the rose, and throughout the southern part of Spain their elaborate but simple system of irrigation was almost equal in its perfection to rain

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from heaven. It was, too, so difficult to compass as to seem a triumph of engineering. Many of the irrigated regions were level, and each little rise and fall must be provided for. The Moors worked *con amore*, their brains aided by their love for water and what its presence would accomplish in the way of fertility and beauty, and their laws in regard to irrigation were stringent.

The water used came from mountain rivers and was drawn off on the downward course. Rivers thus drained were said to be *sangrado* (bled), and there were complete systems of canals and water courses to distribute the water. Each system consisted of a main channel, *acequia*, with smaller channels branching from it, while dams, sluices, water wheels and reservoirs were provided to regulate the supply. The owner of each piece of land to be irrigated had the right to turn on the water for a certain regulated time, a right purchased with the land. In order to secure a just distribution of water so that each might get his share, the work of the engineer was followed by the legislator and the judge. Each *acquia*, therefore, had its own *sindico* and *junta* who settled all disputes and imposed fines for breach of irrigation laws.*

Among the vineyards of Andalucia, in the olive plantations and orange groves in the sun-lit gardens of the South are deep irrigation channels and *norias*

* See chapter on Customs.

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(water wheels) Oriental in style, and charming features of the landscape. These *norias* are seen in the country and even in some of the private gardens, some of them huge affairs and quaint as the windmills of Holland. They are simple in the extreme, consisting of a broad wheel whose diameter must not be less than the height to which the water is to be raised. This wheel has jars or cups fixed to the rim and is turned by a mule. The revolution of the wheel brings the empty jars under the water so that they are brought up full. As they turn over the top they spill the water into the ditch, whence it flows into a reservoir and thence into the necessary channels.

Old-fashioned as those wheels appear in these days of the centrifugal pump, and simple as is their construction, they are admirably suited to Eastern countries ; and had the Moorish irrigation been kept up there would not now be the vast *despoblados*, or waste lands scorched by the sun, where once were gardens and fruitful farms in Andalucia. The fruitfulness of this region is beyond compare, and it is wonderful how readily it responds to cultivation.

In Rota, near the sea, tomatoes and squashes are raised in such abundance that the people are called "squash raisers" in contempt, though they are proud of the name. Here the soil yields from three to four harvests a year, but it is scarcely soil at all, the earth

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having been covered by the sands of the sea, blown hither and yon by the east wind's fury. Nature's stinginess, however, is combated by man's industry. It is wonderful to see the peasants at work. The irrigating channel is here superseded by wells, sunk here and there, and the water from them is carefully drawn up and poured over the precious vegetables. The sea-weed is converted into fertilizer and deposited in round spaces the size of a dinner plate. In each of these spaces the peasant plants a seed, watering it by hand from a cup as one quenches a baby's thirst. Daily he watches these children of his industry, watering them, adding more compost, staking them when the heavy fruit bears them down, protecting from the sun weak members of his little family. Stooped and bent he grows in his labors, and it is said that a gardener in Rota touches every tomato in his crop at least fifty times. They are his children; he loves them, and so great is his care over them that he talks to them familiarly, even caressing the leaves and tendrils tenderly.

The Moorish cleanliness and taste are impressed upon the Andalucians, and they are, apparently, the cleanest peasantry in the world. The houses are freshly whitewashed, often by the women, and *patios* and balconies are extraordinarily clean. Brick pavements and coarse chairs shine with cleanliness, and while the living-room of a cottage may contain noth-

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ing in the way of adornment but a crucifix and a colored picture of the Blessed Virgin, and no furniture but a pallet, chair, charcoal stove, and a few pots and pans on the little deal table, the doors and windows are hung with snowy curtains looped back with twisted cords, and flowers blossom everywhere. They trail down the tiny balconies, they blossom in the little gardens; pinks, roses, violets, wallflowers, heliotrope, jasmine, and orange flowers, they bloom fairest of all from a fair woman's tresses.

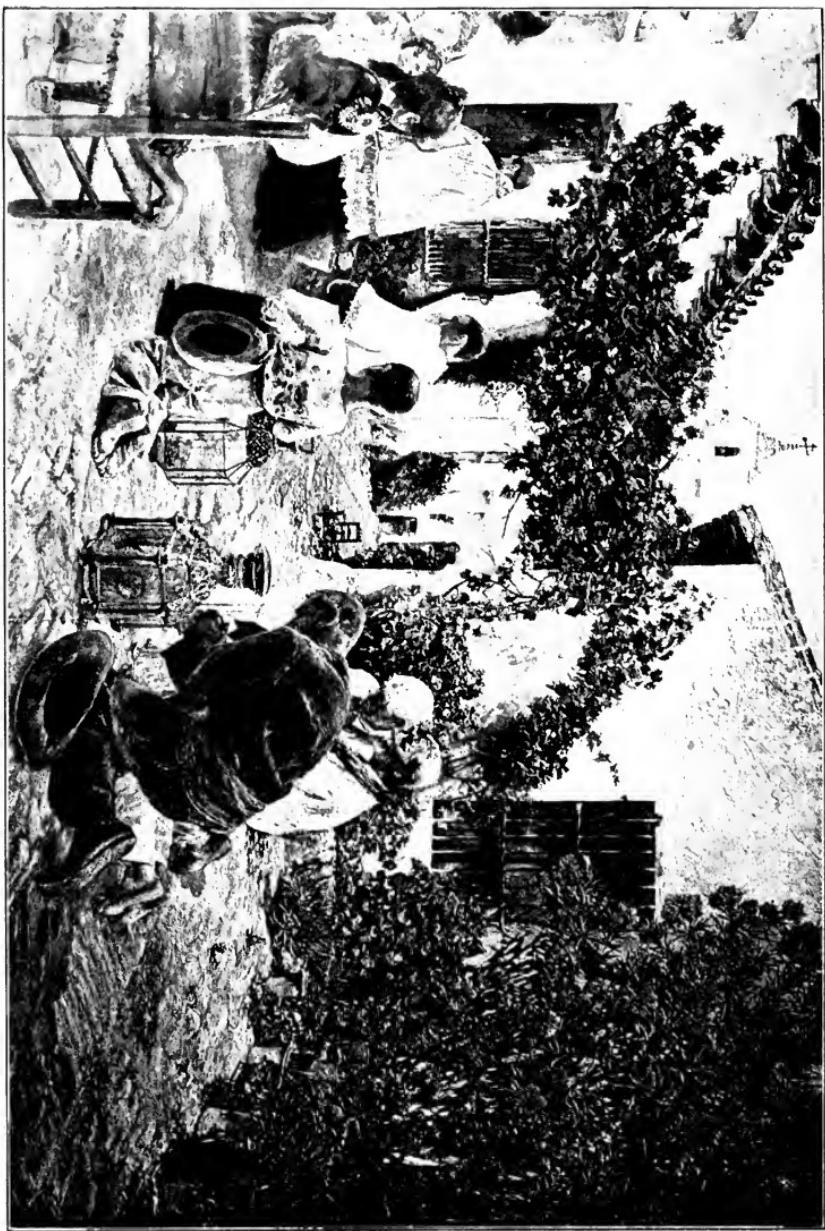
Very different are these neat Andalucian cottages from the ill-smelling hovels of Galicia or the tumble-down homes of the Catalan, yet often they are but the homes of the poorest,—a charcoal vender, a ploughboy, a chestnut pedler. The poverty of Andalucia is noticeable even with the cleanliness and cheerful spirit of the people.

They are not afraid of work; they must do it their own way, however, with laugh and jest and song. The vintage is one of the happiest times of the year to an Andalucian and looked forward to by all the villagers. In September the grapes hang purpling on the vine, the wasps settle upon them, indicating that they are ripe, and bands of villagers come from distant villages. As the vintage is carefully organized so that its results may be accomplished with as little labor as possible, each worker is assigned to his especial task.

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How cheerfully all set to work! There is a huge cask of *must* from which all the carters may refresh themselves when they have carried in the *coliero*, filled to the brim with mighty bunches of grapes. There is also plenty of wine with mutton suet, sardines and bread when the workers are hungry. There is plenty of laughter and song and good-natured rivalry and disputing from one group to another, while higher and higher grow the clusters in the baskets. If an Andalucian sees no immediate necessity for work, however, he can idle with perfect serenity. If he is hungry, what matter? He can lie on his stomach in the grass, and in Andalucia the sky and sun are food and drink and fire. He will sleep for hours, his head on his ragged sleeve, and none will disturb him, since peace broods over this sunny clime. Knock at the door of an Andalucian house and one will cry "Who comes?" to which you will reply, "Peace!" a remnant of old Moorish days when war knocked at every door, and all who came must be tested as friend or foe.

The handsome houses of Andalucia are models of comfort. Many of the city houses are double, each one, however, having its own entrance, which leads to the *patio*, about which are the family apartments. Another door leads to the inner yards, where are the stable, coach house, kitchen, mill, wine-press, granaries, oil room, the buildings for the casks of must,



The Passing of *Su Majestad*



A Wayside Shrine (Alfred de Roulet)

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alcohol, brandy, vinegar, *et cetera*. This second part is called the farmhouse though it may be situated in the heart of the city.

It is no small work to oversee an estate in Andalucia, and the master has his hands so comfortably full as to do away with any hint of *ennui*. He must make calls, inspect the field work, do accounts every night with his overseer, inspect the wine vaults and casks, attend to decanting the wines, buy horses and mules, and treat with dealers who come to bargain for the wines. The workmen on the estate are for the most part tractable and easily managed. They require little and work hard. They are picturesquely attired in the remote country districts, though the charming Andalucian costumes, which make one feel as if walking through grand opera, have passed away from the cities. In the mountain regions, however, are still seen men in short trousers, gaiters of *esparto* grass, snowy shirt, and *faja* and wide-brimmed *sombro*. The winter is hard for the working people, for in parts of the province the winter months, though short, are bitterly cold, and the keen air sweeps down from the sierras into the cracks and corners of the cottages, heated only by the puny *brazero*. Winter is a dark night but "Summer is God's day" in Andalucia.

One easily knows the day which marks Spring's passing, for, suddenly, the *patio* is transformed into

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a drawing-room. The gayly striped awning is spread to protect from the sun's too ardent rays, furniture is disposed about the court, and the family congregate here in lazy content until the first nip of frost drives them indoors again.

What a charming spot is that *patio!* How coolly the fountain splashes in the centre! How pleasantly mingles theplash of the waters with the tinkle-tinkle of the guitars! All Spaniards are musical, and it would seem that all Andalucians are born playing. The guitar is the national instrument and its tinkle is heard morning, noon, and night, for, as the proverb says, "The poorest musician can drive rats from his home."

How charmingly the señoritas sing as they gracefully finger the strings! Travellers in Spain always rave over the beauty of Spanish women, and perhaps Spain's loveliest daughters are in Andalucia. Of the eight thousand tobacco-workers in Seville there are scarcely a hundred who are not striking in looks, with their ebon locks, their flashing black eyes, their shapely forms scarce half concealed by the disarray of their clothing; for the factories are so hot as to make it necessary for the workers to lay aside all their clothing but a loose outer garment.

As a rule Andalucian women are tall, straight as a desert palm, with dark eyes, lustrous and sweet, in their jet black hair a crimson rose or a scarlet pome-

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granate, scarce redder than the full lips which pout so engagingly and break into lovely smiles. Many Andalucians, however, are blue-eyed and almost Celtic in appearance; indeed, it is surprising how many blue-eyed people there are in Spain, and there is something about the blue of Andalucian eyes, something akin to the heavenly blue of Spanish skies, pure, azure, and serene.

Maturing early, the Andalucians fade quickly, but there is about them always an enduring charm. They are always unaffected. Whether the Doña is a daughter of the people, raising her *niña* to lay flowers at a wayside shrine, or a child of an *hidalgo* who can wear the golden key upon his hip, old and young, these women of Southern Spain are simple, natural, unaffected, pleasant and courteous to all.

The gay sprightliness of Andalucian women has given rise to the idea that they are light in character, but a Spanish writer contradicts this when writing of a fair Sevillian. He says, "She is sprightly and ardent but has no vanity, which is one, if not the chief, incentive which causes women to fall. The fire of her soul changes after marriage to tenderness and self-abnegation. She desires to be loved and not to be adorned. Luxury does not in Seville, as in other places, fascinate the fair sex, and this is because poverty is not felt to be ridiculous, for the *mantilla* equalizes all. There are no class distinctions felt; a young

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girl, proudest by birth and fortune, meets on an equal footing many persons whose parents have but a modest salary. Then, perhaps, through Arab tradition, the married woman always lives a retired life. She does not dream of attending freely balls, theatres, and promenades, as in the great capitals. The wife's pride is to be loved by her husband. They say there is something of the odalisque about her; but with a woman who demands nothing but that her husband shall caress her very tenderly when he returns home, life is very easy and very sweet."

In the southern houses the windows are always open. One catches charming glimpses of the interior, and this intrusion of glance is taken in good part by the inmates who seem to think, sensibly enough, that if they did not wish to be seen they should close the *jalousies*. Valdes tells a dainty little story of a young girl robed in white, who sat at a piano with her back to the window. An old woman stepped up and called "Señorita! señorita!" Coming to the grating the young girl asked sweetly, "What do you want?" "Ah, Señorita," replied the old dame, who was a courtier, though a beggar, "Even when your back was turned you pleased me, and I wished to see more of you."

"Well, now that you have seen me face to face, how am I?" asked the maiden, smiling saucily; and the old dame replied, "Like a rosebud, señorita!" to

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which the señorita, blushing adorably, replied, “*Muy gracias, señora. Vaya V. con Dios!*”* and the old woman went on her way.

Passing by these open doors a gay señor pauses to hear the music and request some favorite march, with all courtesy, though he knows not the young performer at all, and his request is taken in good part since a Spanish girl knows that a Spaniard could never mean to be impertinent to a nice girl, and she smilingly complies with his request.

This unaffectedness belongs to men as well as women, and Andalucian men are scarcely less interesting than their women-kind. Impetuous, passionate, gay, cheerful, witty, the Andalucian, be he prince or peasant, is full of *sang-froid*. Good tempered in the main, he is quick with the knife once his pride is touched or his jealousy aroused, for he is a good lover and a good hater. Lively and audacious to a degree, the Andalucian makes much of charm, which elusive idea he expresses by *sal* (salt) and “*Soy muy Salada*” is the refrain of many Andalucian songs. Merry as sunshine, caustic as shadow, the Andalucian pokes fun at everything and jests at his own misfortunes. He will not, however, jest at yours. He is kindly and sympathetic, generous to a fault.

The Hibernian, the Gascon, the Athenian of Spain, he is gay and debonair, light and free as the air he

* “Many thanks, madame, go with God.”

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breathes. His eye has all the depth of the Arabic, the inscrutability of the Oriental, the fierceness of the Levantine, all his emotions playing kaleidoscopically within its depths, now liquid, now fierce, now commanding. Calm as a Moor's in repose, the Andalucian's face manifests with such lightning rapidity his varying emotions that one fancies it changeable.

Graceful in type, the men are not tall, but have a supple swing of the body in walking, and as dancers they are ideal.

The character of the men is ardent, happy, generous, but they are jealous and easily aroused to wild rage. This is aroused, however, only in love affairs or where self-esteem is touched. No business affair troubles the Andalucian. Take his last penny, cheat him out of his eye-teeth, and he will laugh and think you clever perhaps; but interfere in his love affairs or ridicule him, and your skin is likely to have more openings than those provided by nature. They are, however, devoted friends, and much as the men of the lower classes dislike servitude, their pride making them refuse to be commanded to do menial tasks which they would spring to perform for a friend, they make the best family servants in the world, absolutely honest, devoting themselves entirely to their masters' interests.

Andalucia has given to Spain most of her greatest men, from the Senecas to Emilio Castelar. "It was

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only after Columbus went to Andalucia, señora," said a Spanish friend, "that he crossed the ocean. It took an Andalucian priest to understand the explorer, and it took the brave, reckless, happy-go-lucky Andalucians to be ready to cross the boundless ocean with a man whom cautious Leonese and wary Aragonese considered insane."

This was a novel view of the case, but under the spell of his Andalucian charm we were not prepared to dispute any statements he might make regarding the province of flowers and sunshine.

Climatically Andalucia may be considered nearer heaven than any other spot on earth. Its sun warms, it never burns. Its cold chills, 't is true, but 't is so quickly passed one scarce notices it, and there is always the sun. A legend says that every saint in heaven was provided with a spot over which to rule, all save little St. Lucia, and she wandered over the earth to find to her taste a country not already portioned out to some saint greater than she. At last she reached a province of Santiago's land, a region so full of flowers and sunshine and soft silvan breezes that she exclaimed in delight, "This is like paradise, I *must* dwell here!"

Then a voice said to her "Anda, Lucia!" (Go there, Lucia!) and happily she went, saying, "Of a truth I am sure that Santiago can spare me this corner of his great land of Spain. And Santiago said

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grimly, " You are more than welcome, for I think I shall have my hands quite full with the rest of my Spaniards!" And so, ever since the little Saint found this land of song and flowers, it has been called for her, Andalucia.

CHAPTER XII

NORTHERN TYPES

NORTHERN types in Spain vary nearly as much among themselves as they do from those of the South, and the people of the North are as proud of their individual corners of Spain as are the haughty Castilians or the fiery Andalucians. This is true even of the men of Galicia, despised of all Spain, since the mere title “Gallego” is almost a badge of servitude, as from Galicia come nearly all Spanish servants. A Castilian, speaking of an insult, says, “I have been treated as if I were a Gallego”; and recently a satirical newspaper, published in Madrid, opened its columns with, “All who are born in Spain are Spaniards, and the Gallegos besides.”

This rather hostile frame of mind on the part of their brother Spaniards does not seem to trouble the Gallegos in the least. They are of Celtic origin, the Auvergnats of Spain, fond of *aguinaldos*,* fonder of their mist-riven province. Though leaving home to go into service elsewhere, the Gallego always comes

* Money.

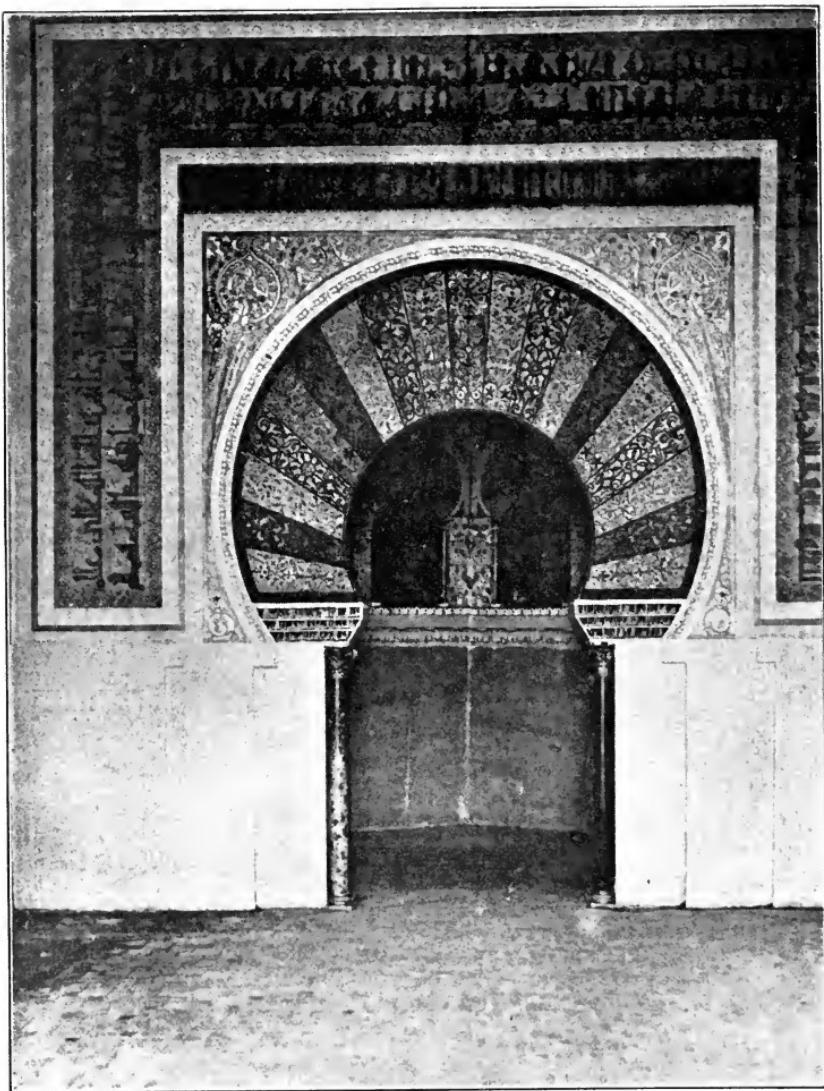
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back, ill with a deadly nostalgia, for the white chestnut trees which shade the little white-washed hut where Marusina sits spinning busily, awaiting his return.

In harvest time, as with the Irish in England, regular hordes of Gallegos swarm into the plains of Castile, sickle in hand, to reap the crop for the Castilian landowner, then to return to their poor homes. Here they occupy themselves in cultivating the soil and raising cattle. They are industrious and sober, but the brighter side of their nature is marred by jealousy, avarice, ingratitude, and suspicion.

The dress worn in Galicia is dark but picturesque. The men's short jackets are of light brown cloth; they wear knee breeches of the same goods, and black cloth gaiters. The waistcoat is of the same sombre hue, double-breasted, but enlivened with rows of brass buttons. The shoes are wooden sabots such as the French peasants wear, and the hat is a velvet cap, turned up at the sides and not unlike those worn in France in the days of Louis XI. The women's clothes are equally sombre and very different from the gaily striped frocks found elsewhere in Spain, as for ordinary wear they have white linen mantillas and plain dark frocks.

Typical of Northern Spain is the stage coach with its attendants. A hundred years ago, if, in certain parts of Spain, you did not travel in your own private coach, you made your tour in that interesting country



The Gate of the Mihrab, Cordova

Stage Travel in Northern Spain



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in an ox cart or astride a pack mule, over the most frightful roads which it is possible to imagine.

Florida Blanca, regarded in his day as a wonderfully progressive minister, bent his energies to the development of stage roads, and at the present time the pleasantest jaunts in the Peninsula are those taken in the stage. To be sure one has to be as strong of nerve as for diligence travel in the Alps. The stages are generally packed to overflowing, the pace at which they are driven simply terrific, and the speed of the six or eight horses or mules is accelerated by the long whip of the *mayoral* (driver) and the lash of his tongue.

One never hears such oaths anywhere in the world as from a Spanish stage driver. The wildest efforts of "our army in Flanders" could not equal the sulphurously pyrotechnic vocabulary of this pleasant-faced man, yclept, by some strange mischance, "angel." He would not appear to be as vicious as his language implies. In ordinary conversation you will find him quite ready to be a good comrade, to jest, to tell a merry tale. He seems also, despite his steady wielding of the long-lashed whip and his dreadful imprecations, to be well enough inclined toward his beasts; and finding the same oaths in use all over Northern Spain among the stage drivers, one concludes they are simply a fashion of speech, the *mayoral's* chatty, colloquial manner of conversing with horseflesh.

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The *mayoral* seems to guide his horses with almost no effort, saying, with a light turn of his wrist on the lines, and in the pleasantest of voices, “To the right, you vile creatures, anda! anda! Jesus-Maria! turn to the right! Will you ever turn, you demons of slowness! Ah! Virgen de la Purissima! you will yet come to the *corrida!* anda! anda!”

The *mayoral's* able assistant is the *zagal*, whose pleasing duty it is to jump down from the coach and whip up a laggard horse, swear at him or throw stones at him, a heap of the latter being piled up opportunely on the driver's seat. He knows the names of all the horses, and gives a running commentary upon their varying traits of character as he curses them: “Ah! thou wicked one! Will you stop to eat? Who named you Babiecca? Truly the horse of El Cid was not a beast of laziness like you! Juan Negro, may the Devil ride thee in hell! But thou art mule, not horse! *Anda! anda!* thou lazy brute! Thy hair is as thick as the thatch of a roof, but I will make it curl [as the whip cuts ripples through the long coat of the animal]! *Corderito!* but thou art evil! Thy mother was a witch, thy father the Devil! *Madre de Dios!* A man can kill thee and then not get thy full speed!” Which last remark he does not seem to regard as either satirical or humorous, but makes it in all seriousness. His first assistant in the business of stimulating lazy horseflesh is the *delantero* or post boy, a gay young Lothario

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of anywhere from twelve to eighteen years of age. His is no sinecure, for often he must ride his intractable leader three or four days. He rides his horse or mule and flourishes his whip with the grace of a Sancho Panza. For this he is paid the magnificent salary of ten reales (fifty cents), while the *zagal* receives fourteen reales (seventy cents), and the *mayoral* twenty reales (one dollar), excellent wages in Spain.

There is a story told in Spain of a bishop travelling in an Aragonese stage to keep an important appointment in the next town.

"Why do you use such language to your poor beasts?" demanded His Lordship of the *mayoral*. "Do you not know that to speak so is a sin? Why do it?"

"To make them go, my lord," replied the *mayoral*, with great simplicity.

"But they will go without being blasphemed," objected the bishop.

"Think not so, Señor Bishop," replied the *mayoral*, stubborn but respectful.

"I am sure they will. Come! Try it and you will see. Use neither the whip nor curses, I command you!" said the bishop.

The *mayoral* shrugged his shoulders but complied. There was a cessation of curses and imprecations. Behold, the effect on the mules was magical. Their fran-

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tic gallop slowed to a trot, that in turn to a walk. At length they stopped altogether, stock still, turned their heads and looked at the *mayoral*. There was surprise and wonder in their mild-eyed gaze, as if they said, "This is out of all precedent, what does it mean? What will happen next?"

Nothing happened and the mules looked at each other, then shook themselves until all the bells on the harness jangled tunefully. The *mayoral* looked at the bishop, bland and benignant. The bishop looked at the mules. No one said anything, except perhaps the mules. There were four of these; under ordinary circumstances, decent, law-abiding citizens, albeit four-footed. Indeed the *mayoral* was celebrated as having his team under better control than any other in the province. But the mule's law is not one of love. Kindergarten training does not appeal to him. His individuality cannot be left unrestrained, that its development be not interfered with, without disastrous results. On this particular occasion there was no concerted action among the mules. Each displayed a marked individuality in dealing with a novel situation. Number One brayed long, loud, and protestingly. Number Two nipped his companion in the ribs. Number Three, at the same moment, calmly and reflectively lay down in the harness, as Number Four lashed out wildly with his heels, barely missing the bishop, who sat on the front seat speechless, pale,

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and agitated. But the *mayoral* sat in stolid quiet; such scenes were not new to him. He only wondered idly how they were to get out of this tiresome situation, but his respect for a dignitary of the Church restrained him from asking. The mules meanwhile, finding that nothing in the way of just retribution came their way, decided that the day of good things was theirs. They proceeded forthwith to invert the terms of the divisor, and he who had lain down to sleep arose to kick; he who had nipped brayed lustily; the kicker took a siesta, and the braying brother bit his sleeping comrade. This pleasing state of affairs continued for three-quarters of an hour, during which the bishop's face turned from white to red, and from red to purple; but the *mayoral* was tranquil. He found himself wondering how long the bishop's piety would stand the strain, but of this he said nothing.

At length, having exhausted every form of *diablerie* known to the mule mind, the animals all settled down to sleep, quite unmindful of the harness, and the *mayoral* settled himself comfortably in his seat to do likewise. His somnolence was the straw which broke the bishop's back. The sun was sinking in the west, night dews were rising, and the air was chill. The bishop had lunched but ill at a wayside inn, and symptoms said that dinner was wanting. He moved uneasily upon his seat, then as a gentle snore came

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from the *mayoral* at his side, his ecclesiastical patience flew to the winds.

"Perdition light upon those mules! Do we sit here all night?" he cried. "*Por amor de Dios, señor,* drive on!"

The *mayoral* sat up slowly, rubbed his eyes, and uncurled the lash of the long whip. Then he flung it out in the air with a splendid whirl till it cracked like a pistol shot. Simultaneously his curses rang out, curses loud and deep, of a marvellous variety, lurid and sulphurous; curses new and old, till the bishop stopped his ears and shut his eyes. When, however, he opened them again upon a star-lit world, four gentle mules trotted swiftly along the white road toward the golden-tinted west, and even with the *mayoral's* curses ringing in his ecclesiastic ears, the good bishop smiled, for beyond the hills lay dinner.

To the south the sierra rises like a great wall; to the north the sea gleams blue and sparkling, and between, a land of rich valleys, fair plains, and wooded slopes, lies the Province of the Asturias, proud of the fact that the heir to the throne of All Spain takes from it his title.*

Hardy and humble are the Asturians, many of them tall, fair-haired, and blue-eyed, as in the days when their Gothic ancestors under Pelayo hid in the

* Since 1388, the oldest son of the King of Spain has been called the "Prince of the Asturias."

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fastnesses of the mountains and defeated the Moors, to the great surprise of those worthies, who had acquired the idea that they were all-conquering. They met with an unpleasant awakening at Cavadonga, where the Gothic chief, assisted by Santiago upon his white charger, slaughtered one hundred and eighty-seven thousand of their turbanned lordships.

The descendants of these Goths are by no means sons of thunder. They are simple and good-hearted, honest and industrious, loving their clean white-washed cottages and their tidy *arrios*, for corn and rye grow abundantly in the fertile valleys.

They work hard and are thrifty and saving, but it is not all work and no play with the Asturians, and they are by no means dull boys. Their *romerias* are favorite jaunts, for the people are pious to a degree, and their dances are as beautiful though less seductive than the famous ones of Andalucia. Of their dances the *danza prima* is joyous enough to serve as a model for a Della Robbia bas relief. There are two choirs, one of men, the other of women; and while the female voices chant a slow and melancholy romance, the men join hands and move about in a circle in a stately, rhythmic dance, both unusual and beautiful. It reminds one of the old Grecian choral dances still seen among the rural Hellenes.

These harvest dances are always danced at the *coida*, or fruit festival, when the magnificent apples

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of the region are gathered in, and it is one of the fairest sights in Spain to see the men in their white felt caps, with green trimmings, and black velvet *monteras*, and the women in their quaint costumes gliding through the mazes of the *muniera*.*

Asturian women have always been peculiarly healthy, of fine physique; tall, freshly colored and broad-beasted, they have always been chosen as the favorite wet nurses for Spanish noble babies whose mothers did not consider it proper to nurse their own children. There was, therefore, very great displeasure expressed in the province, when at the birth of the heir Queen Victoria announced her intention of nursing her own baby, after the comfortable English fashion. Loud were the protestations against such departure from time-honored custom, for the wet nurses for royal babies had always been Asturians, and every woman in the Asturias felt personally insulted.

“To think that one of us is not good enough to nurse her baby!” they pouted. “And it but half Spanish! We have none but Spanish blood in our veins. If the Prince of the Asturias is not nursed by an Asturiana, *nuestes* will surely snatch him away or work him ill.”

The *nuestes* of Asturian folklore are evil fairies, will-o’-the-wisps who float over marsh and mere,

* See Chapter on “Amusements.”



A Young Peasant (Alfred de Roulet)



A Maragata (Alfred de Roulet)

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always bringing sorrow or death. *Xanas* on the other hand are dear little spirits who rise by night from the fountains and feast upon dew in cups of rose petals, when the silver stars are shining like diamonds in the heavens and the golden moon bathes the woodlands in radiant light, and round the *llar* the children of men hover, glancing fearfully at the window pane lest fairies enter there.

The people of the Basque provinces are among the most interesting of all the Northern types. Fair-haired, blue-eyed, tall, perfectly proportioned, swift of foot and muscular, the men are superb sailors, and boast that Elcano, the commander of Magellan's largest ship, Legaspia, conqueror of the Filipines; and the discoverers of Greenland, Canada, and Newfoundland were all Vascuenses. As fishermen they are unrivalled; they make good farmers and smiths, and while they do not shine in art, they excel both in logic and mathematics. In character they are remarkably high-minded, truthful, honest, hospitable, haughty, stern, and independent.

The women are among the handsomest in Spain, fair as Gothic princesses, often red-haired, and their hair is always magnificent and worn in massive braids down their backs. They are proud as Lucifer, and chaste as Diana; and Piedad of Vergara, working in the paper mill at two *pesetas* a day, will tell you calmly that she is "descended from Noah, señor,

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as are all my people. Every Basque is born *goicoa* (noble)."

Piedad is poor as poverty, but armorial bearings from the tenth century are over the door of the poor little whitewashed cottage where her people have dwelt for years. Upon the anniversary of her mother's death Piedad goes to the village church to pray for that dear one, bearing a basket of fruit, bread, and corn as a "tomb offering," and kneels beside the sculptured sepulchre of one of her ancestors upon which is carved an almost regal escutcheon with canting arms.

Piedad is pious as her name, but she can dance as if alive with joy. The holiday dances of the Basques are poems in motion, original in character and antique in origin. They are accompanied by the bagpipe, tamborine, fife, and *selbato*, a Berber instrument, all in a harmonic barbarism of sound.

Those who are accustomed to declaim of the miserable condition of the lower classes in Spain must surely never have travelled in the Basque provinces. They are full of hills and vales and a charming variety of scenery, where emerald valleys lie embosomed in wooded slopes clad in the chestnut, oak, and the lance-like pine. The mountain regions remind one of Switzerland, and the white cottages, neat and comfortable, the well made roads and pretty little villages all speak of a contented, well-to-do people. They speak a harsh and unharmonious language, like to nothing else in all

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Spain, and there is no note of discontent in their voices. They are Vascongados, what more can be desired?

The Navarrese of the hills are not unlike the Basques, peaceful, temperate, and honest; but they of the valleys are more like the Aragonese in temperament, independent, and proud of their *fueros*.

In haughty Aragon the spirit of the past is still rampant. In the old days, so jealous were the people of their liberties, that a magistrate, or *justitia*, was named by them to watch the King lest he transgress. A law in the *fueros* stated that "whenever the king should infringe the *fueros* any other might be elected in his stead, even a pagan"; and this is the more remarkable since the Aragonese are notably devoted to the Church.

They are a cold, serious-minded people, daring and calmly obstinate. They are as little like the fiery Andalucian as he is opposed to the mercenary Gallegan. The Aragonese makes an excellent soldier, sportsman, or smuggler, and the iron-crowned Pyrenees give ample opportunities for his efforts in the last-named avocation. Lovers of genuine sport should hunt in the Aragonese Pyrenees, for the woods abound in all manner of game,—the bear, the wolf, and the izard,—while lovers of Izaak Walton's favorite pastime find silvery mountain streams filled with speckled trout and shimmering salmon.

Rural Aragon is agricultural. Corn, barley, the

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olive, and the vine are there cultivated successfully, and recently the silkworm has been introduced. Mining is carried on in the mountain portion, and there are rich deposits of sulphur, salt, coal, marble, alum, jet, copper, silver, and lead.

The cities are of little interest compared to those in other portions of Spain, save perhaps Saragossa, famous in song and story. The Aragonese are very proud of this city, and any peasant will tell you of its two wonderful cathedrals, and of the Virgen del Pilar preserved upon the very spot where she appeared miraculously to Santiago.

This is a favorite shrine of pilgrimage, far superior, the Aragonese will tell you, to Catalonian Montserrat or Galician Compostella. He will tell you also of the fair maid of Saragossa, immortalized by Byron, that Agostina who, during the siege of Saragossa in the Peninsular War, snatched the lanyard from her dead lover's hand as he fell beside his gun, and took his place in the deadly slaughter of the enemy. Engracia, Saragossan woman of to-day, in her unbecoming tight bodice and short skirt, her splendid hair pushed back under her scarlet *mocado*, does not think well of the fair Agostina.

"She was brave, yes, but it is not given to women to fight," she said, nodding her head until her huge ear-rings bobbed. Engracia made lace for a living, incidentally keeping wonderfully clean her five rooms

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in the apartment house where she dwelt, and watching five ravishing little Aragonese youngsters as they toddled around the *patio*. Do not fancy that the modern American "flat" has yet entered Spain to devastate its homes and deplete its population, as it has done in this country. The "*casa de vecinos*" is quite a different edifice. It is a cross between the apartment house and the city tenement, with perhaps fewer bad features than either. The open court affords light and air, and, though there are noise and dirt, since city life among the poorest surroundings does not insure spotless cleanliness and calm serenity, there are also good humor and friendliness, and glimpses of white walls and mountain slopes and the blue Spanish sky, as Engracia sits in the sunny *patio* with her lace pillow.

"Still they have good weapons of their own," insinuated Engracia's husband, a tall, black-browed fellow, very handsome, who leaned against the doorway, wearing his picturesque clothes with easy grace; velvet knee-breeches with filigree buttons, and black velvet waistcoat with the vivid scarlet *faja* (sash) in which he carries his money, *cigaritos*, knife, and other necessaries.

"Weapons?" said Engracia, inquiringly. "What weapons has a woman good enough to use on a man?"

"The tongue sometimes is as sharp as a knife," said Gil, teasingly.

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"Would you say that of me and remember the proverb:

“El mal pajarillo
La lengua tiene por cuchillo?” *

said Engracia, reproachfully.

“Never of thee, but perhaps of thy mother,” replied the graceless fellow. Then, to avert the storm of which he saw signs, “I think I hear the *niño* from his cradle crying for thee,” he said.

So Engracia put down her pillow, and in a few moments her voice could be heard singing that old Aragonese song, the “Noche Buena,” sung to little Aragonese since time immemorial, a sweet and gracious lullaby:

“La Virgen † se fun a lavar
Sus manos blancas al rio;
El sol se quedo parado,
La mar perdio su ruido.

“Los pastores de Belen
Todos juntos van por lena,
Para calentar al niño
Que nacio la noche buena.

“San José era carpentero
Y la Virgen sosturera
Y el niño labra la cruz
Por qué ha de morir en ella.”

* “It is the odious person who has a tongue for a weapon.”

† (To the stream the Virgin Mother
Hied, her fair white hands to lave;
The wondering sun stood still in heaven,
The ocean hushed his rolling wave.

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There is no country in the world about which people are so fond of generalizing as Spain, and certainly no country about which generalizations are more absurd. The component elements of Spanish character are so many and so diverse that the different provinces are like different nations. It is only within the last fifty years that anyone could be found to acknowledge himself a Spaniard. Before that it was, "I am Castilian," "I am of Andalucia," while the Basque even went so far as to declare, "I am Basque, not Spaniard!"

To-day the people of Catalonia would say the same thing, for as a clever writer expresses it, "There is but one Catalonia, and Barcelona is its prophet." Perhaps there are no greater contrasts to be found in all Spain, land of contrasts, than with the people of this province, bordered by the Mediterranean and the Pyrenees. Those who love to lay character to surroundings would trace interesting analogies between the extremes of Catalonian character and the extremes of the landscape. The sparkling blue waters

One and all came Bethlehem's shepherds,
Fuel-laden from the height,
Warmth to bring the Blessed Nursling,
Who was born that happy night.

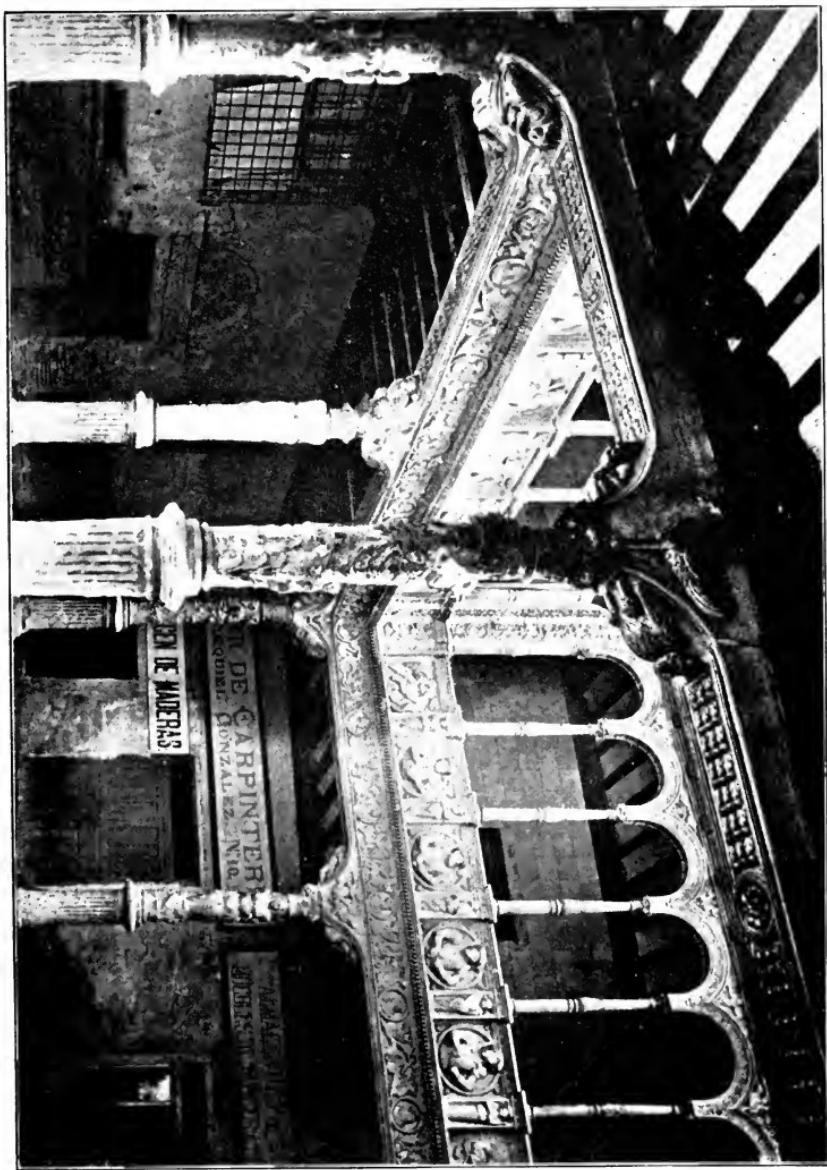
A carpenter was good St. Joseph,
A seamstress poor the Mother Maid,
The child it toiled the Cross to fashion
On which our ransom should be paid.)

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of the Mediterranean form the southeastern border of the triangle, the haughty, snow-crowned Pyrenees rise heavenward to the northwest, and the character of the people is as full of contrast as are the sea and the mountains. They are industrious, sober, business-like and enterprising, hard workers, honest and progressive, wrapped up in trade, and absorbed in whatever will advance it. Catalan laces,—fairy frost-work prisoned in thread,—linen, paper, soap, and cotton,—these and kindred industries swarm over the Catalan landscape, their devotees working like bees. The wines of this province, too, are famous, notably the Malvasia of Sitjis, and the “Benicarlo,” which last is sent over to France to add flavor to the lustreless French Piquette.

It would seem that such energetic natures would be estimable, notwithstanding a certain Yankee-like closeness; yet their especial traits carried to the extreme seem much less attractive than the Andalucian *insouciance*.

Students of human nature are sometimes fond of the dictum that vice is but virtue carried to excess, and this would seem to be the case with the Catalan vices. The Catalan's enthusiasm for labor resolves itself into a frenzied passion for work which gives him no rest, his religion loses itself in superstition, his love of independence lapses into that distaste for authority which has brought rebellion and anarchy



Patio of the Casa de Zaporta



Coronation of the Virgin (Velasquez)

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to their fair province. The political vocabularies of Catalonia are replete with high-sounding catchwords and phrases, and most of the anarchistic imbroglios of the last century in Spain have been due to Catalan restlessness.

There is scarcely a session of the Cortes which is not disturbed by the ranting of Catalan deputies, and the Government is constantly receiving "*representaciones*," which present verbosely supposed Catalonian grievances.

One of the contradictions of Catalan character is that while the Catalans are most sordid in their pursuit of money, they are very generous and spend their fortunes in their patronage of the arts. Prosaic as seem their natures, yet their poetry is exquisitely ethereal, and their literature contains much that is beautiful in poetry and drama. Such artists as Fortuny and Viladomat, and such authors as Balmes, Bouarully, Balaguer, and Saler, are among the famous Catalonians boasted of by the provincials, who look down upon their less enterprising neighbors of Castile and Aragon, quite as much as these haughty grandees look down upon the rest of Spain.

Perhaps the quaintest of all the northern types of Spain is that of Andorra, a queer little republic in the Pyrenees, independent for 1100 years, spared even by the predatory Napoleon because he con-

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sidered it "*une curiosité politique.*" Society there is ante-feudal. Enfranchised by Charlemagne; and granted a charter by Louis le Débonnaire; in 819 the valley was placed under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Urgel and his successors, and made free, sovereign, neutral, and independent of every kingdom and province; under the joint sovereignty of the Prince-Bishop and the French prefect of the Pyrenees.

The government of Andorra consists of a council of twenty-four members, four representatives for each of the six communes of the confederacy, and these are elected for four years by the heads of families. The council elects the President and his assistant and these are called the First Syndic and the Second Syndic. Judicial power is vested in two magistrates called *vegueres* and a civil judge, and these officials are nominated alternately by the Prince-Bishop and the French prefect of the Department of the Pyrenees. There are in this Utopia no written laws, no taxes, no debt, and little crime. There are but three or four paid officials, and all expenses of justice are paid by the accuser or the accused. The actual expenses of the Government are paid by the rents for the right of pasturage or wood-cutting on communal lands. There is no army, but one man in every family is armed and may be called out in an emergency.

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Andorra is surrounded on three sides by Spain, and is twenty-eight miles long from north to south, and twenty miles broad from east to west. Its boundaries are exactly the same as they were in 819.

Frowning mountains surround the country, save on the south where flows the river Valira; and there are three lovely valleys, well-watered and fertile, where sheep, goats, cows, and horses graze.

Great forests of pine crown the hills, and these are indicative of the name, for the word Andorra means a “place thick with trees.” The timber is cut and floated down the Valira to the Segre, thence to the Ebro. Iron is found, and it is smelted in rude forges. Coarse cloth and linens are home-spun, for the people are industrious and ready to turn their hands to any work. The only merchandise reaching Andorra comes from France or Spain, and there is a considerable amount of smuggling constantly going on across the mountains; and within the recesses of the Pyrenees are caves rich with treasures as were the caverns of Aladdin’s genii in the tales of old. Bandits dwell in these fastnesses and are spoken of with horror by the good Andorrans.

“Beware!” the mother says to a naughty child, “lest thou become like Juan Bescoiz, thy name a curse to all good people.” And the tale of Juan Bescoiz, a simple one, is but that of the village ne’er-do-well.

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Brawny, strong, cheerful, Pedro Bescoiz, the village blacksmith, works when he does not play. He needs not to work with feverish activity, for there is no competition in Andorra. The three forges which the republic boasts have been in the same families for generations. It is a distinction to be a blacksmith in Andorra, and Pedro feels his superiority. Had not his father before him plied with hammer and tongs on anvil, and his father before him? What his fathers had done was surely good enough for him! No one changes from his father's trade in Andorra. Pedro has been an elector, that is, one selected to vote for the *viguier*, and to be an elector means much respectability in Andorra, since Andorran custom says, "an elector must be born in Andorra, the head of a family, resident of a parish, of good character, and of sound judgment." Pedro had served his turn in the militia, had married and settled down, without so much as a desire to peep at the strange world which lay outside his quiet valley.

The *fêtes* of his life had been his marriage and the baptisms of his six children. He is contented and happy, saying, "I have the end of all society, the good will of each for each." He works during the week, and goes to mass on Sunday, and his children attend the parish schools, for education is compulsory in Andorra. Each weekday finds Pedro at his forge, and if he does not remain for a long

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time, and finds the quiet of his own hearth-stone more to his taste, what matter? 'T is but a stone's throw to his home, and any customer at the dusky forge can be seen from the shadow of his door sill. There he sits and smokes, more often now than formerly, for his children are growing up about him, and Pedro, the eldest, is at the forge, steady, industrious, cheerful, like his father, thinking of naught but to marry and settle and have brave, good, strong children to follow him in their turn. The sisters are straight and handsome, pleasant of tongue and temper, with all likelihood of husbands in good time. It is the second son of the family who breaks this pleasant monotony. He is a wild lad. All his mother's tears, his father's commands, good Padre Luis's admonitions fail to keep him from the mountains. Over the steepest crags, the worst roads (the best are but mule paths), here, there, everywhere, like a will-o'-the-wisp he flits. He brings home hares, birds, wolfskins, and occasionally even the skin of a bear or an izard. Handsome, tall, straight, blue-eyed, and fair-haired, all the girls follow him with their eyes, but the older people shake their heads. "He is too much in the mountains," old men say. "He is better off at home. The mountain spirit is one of evil, and it lures young men to ill." Juan only laughs at warnings. "Surely it is no harm to bring home food and furs for my mother and sis-

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ters," he says with a toss of his blond curls, and then he strides away to the mountains with his dog and gun.

Alas, poor Juan! had it been only to his mother and sisters that he brought gifts it would have been well for him, for other presents he made proved his undoing. Furs and game were very well, but when he showered fine French silks and laces of Barcelona upon little black-eyed Miguela, daughter of the Syndic, people whispered.

"Where does he get his money? He himself is scarce worth a *pero chico*."

So Juan is watched, caught smuggling, and though he "played the Andorran" * to perfection it was of no avail. Convicted, he tries to escape, but succeeds only in killing a gendarme. By the law of the country — a life for a life — his death is demanded, and even his father acquiesces in the sentence. Sorrow is his mother's portion, and gloom falls upon the whole community.

With these simple people nothing is more precious than human life, and the death penalty is almost never inflicted. An Andorran can never be executed by a fellow countryman, and the executioner must be brought from either France or Spain. He is carefully guarded across the mountains by a file of soldiers, and is taken back in the same manner when the execution is over.

* A Catalonian expression meaning to pretend innocence.

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The executioner has been brought from Spain to make way with poor Juan and the boy is led out to the village square. He is pale but calm. He has said farewell to his parents, made his confession, and is ready to die. Behind him rise the mountains, and in their wooded shades lie many a hiding-place, and life is sweet! His eyes rove about the crowd until they rest upon the face of Miguela. Her lips form one word, 'Escape!' as she nods her head toward the mountains. A slight gleam of hope lights his eyes for a moment, then the Syndic speaks.

"Juan Bescoiz," he says sternly. "You are about to suffer death, because you have brought death to your fellow man. Have you anything to say?"

Juan removed his cap and the sunshine strikes upon his golden curls, as, sturdily patriotic, he cries, "Viva el ley!" *

"Fire!" commands the Syndic.

There is a snap as only the cap of the cartridge in the Spaniard's rifle explodes, and before he can reload, or before the onlookers have recovered from their astonishment, Juan has fled like a hare toward the mountains.

"The Spaniard's rifle has been tampered with," cried many voices, and Miguela turned pale. She need not fear. The executioner dare not tell that he let her take the gun the night before, when she

* "Long live the law!"

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had coaxed and flattered him, little witch that she is, and no one will know that it was her hand that removed the powder from the cartridges.

Juan is gone. Henceforth he is a bandit. For him there is no life but the free, wild, hunted life of the bandit or the smuggler.

And thereafter is his name a terror to the little Andorrans, whose mothers say to them,

“ Beware! Obey thy mother, lest Black Juan come from the mountain and get thee, or thou grow up to be a wicked one and come to his bad end.”

CHAPTER XIII

EDUCATION

ONE hears a great deal about the deficiencies of Spanish education, and this lack is attributed to many causes, the Inquisition, the greed of Spanish rulers, the indolence of the Spaniard himself. Whether he is less educated than others of the Latin race is an open question, as is also — granted the fact of his lack of knowledge — whether it is due to one or any of the above causes.

Historically considered, the subject of education in Spain is an interesting one. A recent authority upon the subject says that the dawn of education in Spain coincided with the Roman conquest. As in many of the Roman colonies, soldiers of the empire married native women and their children learned Latin at home as well as in the schools. With their laws the Romans imposed their speech upon the Spaniards, and these in turn invaded the capital of Latin politics and letters. Augustus himself made his Spanish freedman, Gaius Julius Hyginus, the chief keeper of the Palatine Library. Spanish liter-

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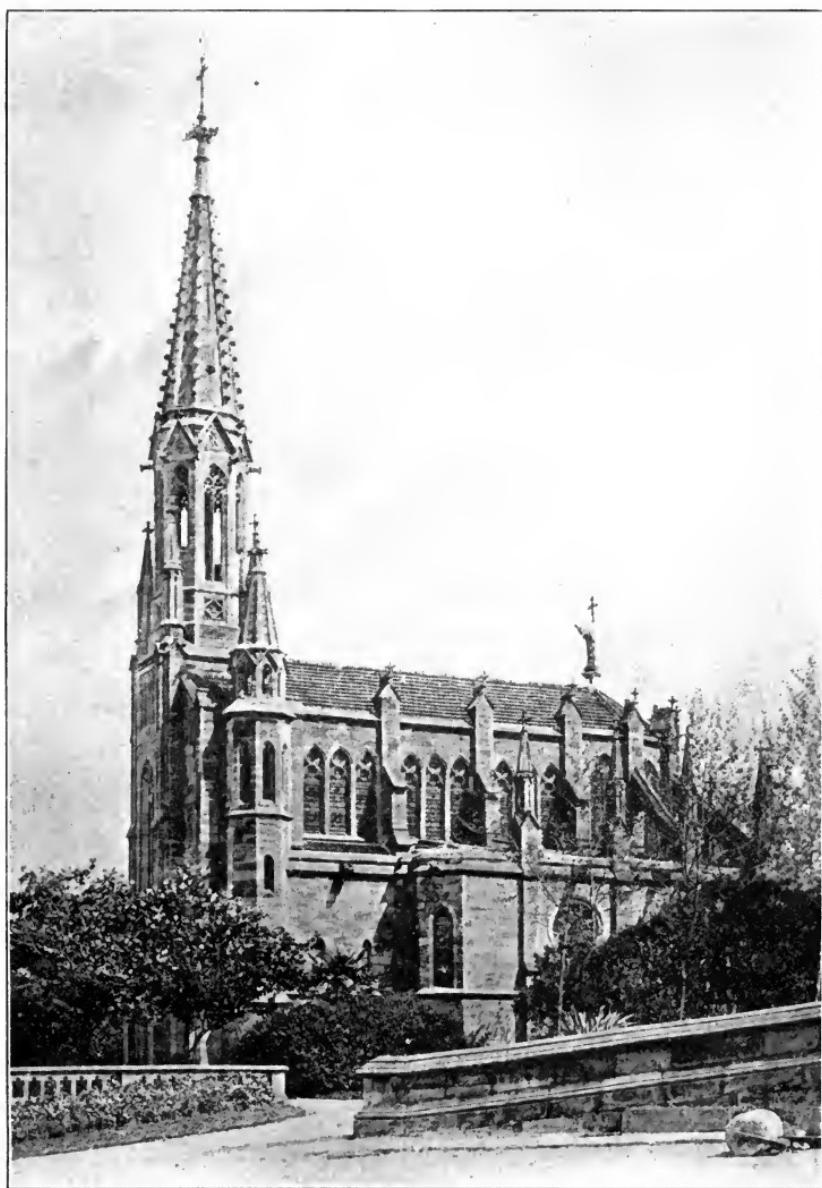
ary aptitude shows in the profound learning of the Senecas, the eloquence of Lucan, the clear judgment and wise sententiousness of Quintilian, or the harsh cynicism and broad humor of Martial.

All these display in embryo the characteristic points of the strength and of the weakness which were to be developed in the evolution of Spanish literature. The Spaniard Balbus was the first "barbarian" to attain the honor of a public triumph, as well as the first to attain the Consulship; the Spanish Trajan was the first barbarian to become Emperor of Rome; and the victory of the vanquished was complete, when Hadrian, a Spaniard, (himself an exquisite in art and letters and the author of the famous verse,

"Animula vagula blandula
Hospes comesque corporis!
Quae nunc abibis in loca,
Pallidula, frigida nudula
Nec, ut soles, dabis jocos?"

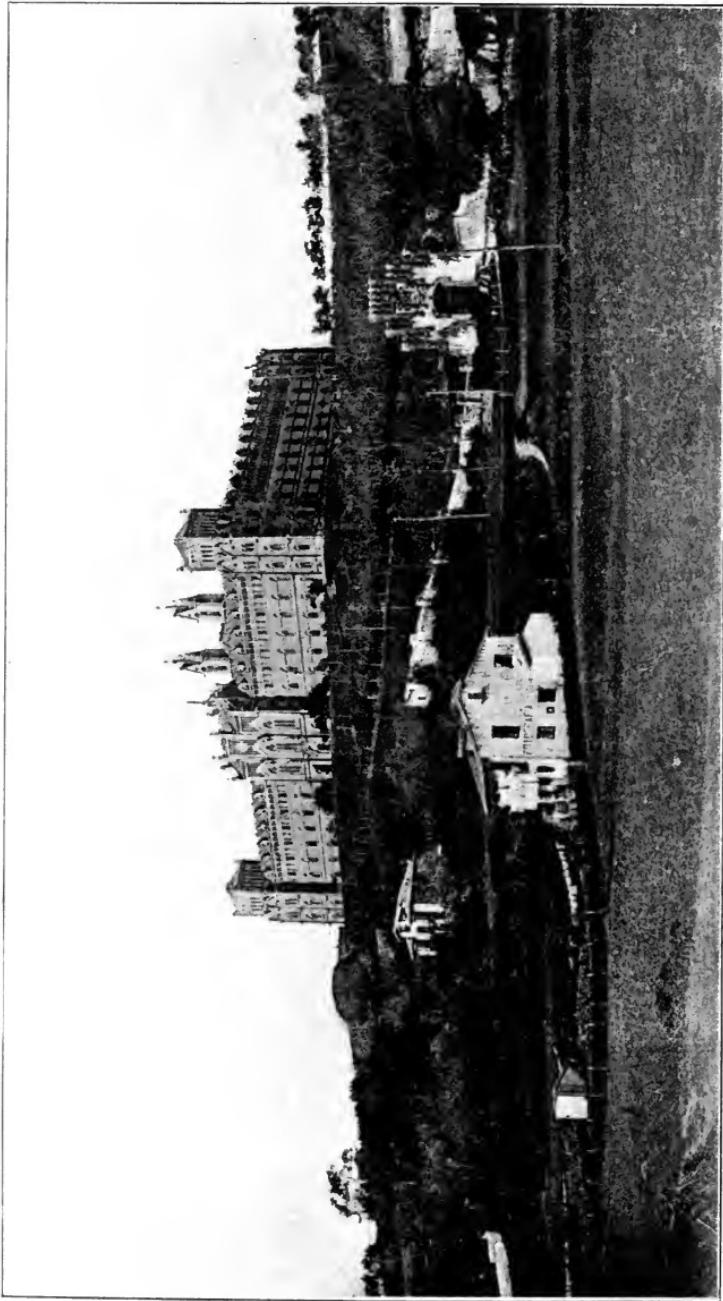
became Emperor of Rome and Master of the World. According to Gibbon, the happiest epoch in history was the period which elapsed between the death of Domitian and the accession of Commodus; and the Spaniard, claiming Marcus Aurelius as a *Cordobano*, boasts with pardonable pride, that of these eighty golden years, sixty at least were passed under the sway of Spanish Cæsars.

LIBRARY OF
THE UNIVERSITY



Memorial Chapel of the Marquis de Comillas

College at Santander



EDUCATION

It would not seem from this record that the Spaniard was originally averse to education or incapable of assimilating it, and the further history through the Middle Ages lends color to the statement of one of themselves that "any Spaniard can be a savant; if he is a dunce it is because he likes dunces."

Under the Visigoths, not a literary nation, the Spaniard still made strides in learning, as is shown by the literature of the day. Juvencus, who lived in 330, adapted the Gospels to Virgilian hexameters. Prudentius wrote glowing verses, and St. Isidore's great encyclopædic dictionary, "The Etymologies," is valuable to students of this subject because from it we are enabled to understand the scientific learning in Spain in the seventh century. These were churchmen, but learning was by no means confined to their class. In Galicia Bishop San Martin established a school known all over Europe, while famous academies were founded in Catalonia, Toledo, Saragossa, and Seville; indeed, public schools of three grades were found all over the Peninsula.

During the period of Moslem invasion schools and libraries were improved, and the Moslem universities became great centres of learning. Contrary to the generally accepted belief, however, the Moors brought with them to Spain neither learning nor civilization. As a matter of fact, at this time, the

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Moors were a more or less barbarous people just emerging from savagery. They were fortunate, however, in the possession of acute and receptive minds, which enabled them to appreciate and to assimilate rapidly the best in any civilization with which they came in contact, resembling, to a certain extent in this particular, the Japanese. The so-called Moorish civilization in Spain was an essentially Spanish civilization, modified to suit the needs and peculiarities of the Moorish, or Berber, invaders.

As early as the days of Alphonso the Learned, who struggled to bring knowledge to his people, schools of philosophy were founded by Averroes and Ramon Lull; and by the end of his reign, the Spanish universities rivalled those of France and Italy.

By the fourteenth century, learning was the fashion in Spain. In the various cathedral schools secular instruction was given the sons of great personages, and general schools were established in many places, notably the schools of Palencia, as well as those of Salamanca, Seville, and Alcala. Here men were taught science, Greek, Hebrew, mathematics, and astronomy, and by the end of the fifteenth century there were more than twelve great universities in Spain. Under Queen Isabella and the wise advice of Cardinal Ximenes, the universities took on new life, and schools and colleges sprang up everywhere,

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Spanish students flocking to these "Pierian springs." Printing was introduced, and books became plentiful. Then came the period of the colonies, deadly to Spanish literature. All Spain went mad to explore the seas. American gold glittered in the eyes of every young Spaniard. There were great authors, Cervantes, Lope de Vega, and Calderon, but general education was on the wane. There followed centuries of war, wars of succession, of foreign invasion, colonial wars, and the army became the great school for the education of the youth of the nation. Now that her colonies are no more, Spanish life and thought are infused with new vigor, and intelligent people of both sexes are giving much attention to education.

"Is it of the education you inquire, señora?" said a cultured young Spaniard to an American guest. "But we have none! It was but yesterday that I read how the missionaries of the United States were educating the Filipinos and were then coming to Spain to make schools for us!" There was a trace of bitterness in the tones of Don Ramon.

"But, my son, if they wait to come until they have all the Filipinos educated, we shall have the hearts ill with hope deferred," his father spoke, stately old Don Rodrigo. "And if the teachers are all so charming as this one who has taught us so much," he bowed low, "we should be glad to receive them."

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"Those who go to teach the Filipinos should learn to sew, for I have heard that the Igorrotes have much to learn in the way of needlework!" This was from dainty little Señorita Raquel, who wore her French gowns with a *chic* which was the envy of all her friends. Don Ramon laughed.

"Yesterday I saw the Señor Jones, the American artist, a pleasant fellow. He studies at the gallery and has permission to copy the Velasquez or any of the old masters. He is painting a picture of his own, an historical painting, and in this he introduces some Filipinos. He asked me where in the library he could find descriptions of the Igorrote costumes. It was not, of course, polite that I laughed, but yes, señora, it was somewhat difficult not to do so," and the young man's laugh rang out so gayly that the whole family joined, though his mother shook her head in disapproval of his impoliteness.

"Doubtless customs differ in different countries," continued Don Rodrigo.

"But I have travelled somewhat in my day, and to me it seems, señora, that it is in Spain very much as it is in other continental countries, in the matter of education.

"Education in Spain generally begins at home, as Murillo portrayed it. Many of our little maids learn their letters at their mother's knee, for despite the foreign idea that Spanish women do nothing but

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embroider, they always take great interest in their children.

"There are in the Peninsula many private schools, kindergartens, primary schools, convents, and day and boarding schools conducted by the religious orders; but a boy who wishes to enter a profession must have a certificate from a Government school. The Spanish Government will not recognize any diploma from A.B. to Ph.D., LL.D., M.D., or C.E., which is not taken in a Government college. Architects and surveyors are such by 'royal decree,' and even such an humble calling as foreman mason requires the passing of a Government examination.

"This Government instruction, however, is free to all, and even the books are provided for poor children in the lower grades.

"Education begins in the *Clarede parvulos*, which is, I believe, rather like your kindergarten, señora, only our children learn some things beside play. They learn the days of the week, month, and year, the numerals and simple sums, also proverbs, stories from Spanish history, and prayers. Then they pass to the *Escuela Primeria* to learn the a b c. Here little boys are taught to read, to do sums, history, and elementary geography, and are then passed on to the grammar school, and from there to the *Escuela Norma*, which prepares the scholar for the Royal College.

"In this are studied Latin, Greek, Universal his-

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tory, literature, mathematics, and the Sciences, and all at the cost of a matriculation fee of five dollars a year. It all depends upon the boy, señora, at what age he can become an A.B. If he enters the course at thirteen, as any but a dunce can do, he may have his degree at seventeen, and then be ready for his year of Amplification, in which he studies to become M.A."

"It is not so easy as you say," young Don Ramon exclaimed. "The examinations are of a terrible exactness. I myself am not altogether a dunce, señora, but I found myself white with apprehension when I went before the examining board. I had made my studies with a private tutor, but my examinations must be made by the Government before I could even enter a school of law, such as we have in the universities at Seville, Madrid, Salamanca, Barcelona, and other places. For the girls, of course, it is not so difficult."

"Indeed, I do not know!" Doña Raquel pouted her pretty lips. "The Sisters do not make it any too easy. Our Sisters, those of the Order of the Assumption, come, many of them, from France, and they are very strict. They have to pass examinations themselves every year, and they seem to think we should pass them just as well. We learned French, English, music, painting, and sewing, besides our regular lessons. We were worn out, and still the nuns were never satisfied!"

"Truly you look worn out!" Don Ramon teased.

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"There never was a moment in which to sing 'Santa Rita,' — eh? Sing it now, that we may know if your convent education will pass muster."

So Doña Raquel, blushing prettily, took her guitar and sang the merry ditty which mischievous school girls sing in Spain asking in jest that Santa Rita procure for them a good husband.

"Santa Rita. Santa Rita!
Cada una de nosotros necesita
Para uso de diario
Un marido millonario
Aunque sea un animal;
Si tal, si tal,
Si tal, si tal,
Un marido millonario,
Anunque sea un animal *"

It was a significant ending to the conversation, for the thoughts of a Spanish girl are upon marriage rather than the higher education of women.

Spanish girls of the upper classes are educated very much as are American girls who go to fashionable boarding schools and return home to go into society. Very few if any go to college, though the universities are open to women as freely as to men.

* (Santa Rita, Santa Rita,
Send us now
We pray thee fervently
A millionaire for a husband
E'en a blockhead though he be;
Even so, even so,
Even so, even so,
A millionaire for a husband,
E'en a blockhead though he be.)

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When a Spanish woman cares for the ologies she may have them, indeed, as in the case of **Emilia Pardo Bazan** — the foremost woman novelist in Europe. Women are sometimes more highly educated and have more finely developed analytical minds than men.

The prejudice against coeducation is very great, and men instruct men and women teach their own sex. In rare cases artists obtain positions as instructors in young ladies' seminaries, but their work is always under the supervision of Argus-eyed female teachers.

Of the middle and lower classes of Spanish women, few have any education if one considers "book learning" the test. They are indolent rather than energetic, and care little about the intellectual side of life, though the **Señora Bazan** declares them far superior in the quality of their intellect to the men of the same class.

When educated at all, the women frequently show marked ability along lines of literary criticism, sociology, or, like **Concepcion Arenal**, they may be at one and the same time poets, novelists, jurists, and leaders in many reform movements.

Of the schools for girls conducted by Sisters, those under the control of the Salesian, the Ursuline, and the Carmelite nuns and the Sisters of the Assumption are probably the best. A Spanish army officer in speaking of these schools said recently:

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“The girls obtain in reality a very good view of things as well as some slight knowledge of boys' studies. They learn the languages, singing,—not always becoming Pattis,—and fine needlework. They do not learn cooking—there are no cooking schools in Spain—and Spanish men never have dyspepsia!

“A girl is never taught to cook or to dance. Both she seems to know in some mysterious feminine way. The dancing is in the air; it is learned from one to another, and there is no need of a dancing master in Spain. Yet our women seem happy in their ways of education—what more could one ask for them?”

It is indicative of the temper of the Spanish men that all they ask for their womankind is happiness, and the Spanish women seem in truth to be peculiarly light-hearted and happy, even without the charms of “woman's rights” in a country where suffrage has never been made an issue.

In the primary grades of the state schools the teachers are poorly paid, but probably not more so than other public servants of similar capabilities and responsibilities in other departments. In fact, good salaries in the lower grades of public service are very rare under any Government.

Recent statistics show that last year the Spanish Government spent for education the sum of 45,122,300 pesetas, and that 1,800,000 students attended 27,000

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public schools, and that 350,000 pupils were divided among the 7,000 private schools. Rules as to sanitation, discipline, and the qualifications of teachers are being rigidly enforced under Government inspectors, and many improvements have been instituted of late, showing that the march of events is toward educational progress in Spain.

College and university life in Spain is quite as delightful to its votaries as it is in other countries. The Spanish sense of humor is keen, the Spanish temperament always friendly, often gay,—all traits which make for good comradeship. The Spanish sophomore is not at all too dignified to haze, and he has frequently been known to keep an unfortunate freshman up all night rolling sand cigarettes while he himself sat in sophomoric pride and smoked the genuine article. In all boys' schools fencing, swimming, and riding are taught by non-commissioned army officers, but in the colleges less time is given to athletics and more time to study than is customary in American colleges. This may perchance account for the scholarly attainments of such graduates as become teachers.

The professors of the Institutes or Royal Colleges are clean-cut men of the highest cultivation, and it is among the professors of these State schools that the so-called "academic freedom" is seen at its best. The professors are well paid, and receive their ap-

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pointments for life from the State. As the schools are not endowed, the professors are not restricted or hampered in their work by unnecessary conditions imposed by various benefactors. As an instructor's standing does not depend upon the number of students which he can attract to his classes, there is no inducement for him to adopt sensational methods of advertising himself. Consequently he is at liberty to go about his class work in a dignified, thorough, and sensible manner.

In both the secular and the private schools the instruction is of a very high character. This may be explained by the necessity for the secular teachers keeping pace with those of the religious orders, who are among the keenest men in Spanish letters. The men who teach in these orders are picked men. In one of these orders it takes eleven years of study before the student can even be ordained to the priesthood. To become a D.D.,—this is not a complimentary degree in the Catholic Church,—he must study four years more and present to a jury an original thesis upon some abstruse subject which he shall be able to defend publicly against any member of his order who cares to challenge his work. After passing this ordeal and winning his degree, he must specialize in some particular line of work before he is considered qualified to teach it, and then he devotes his life to the particular branch he has selected.

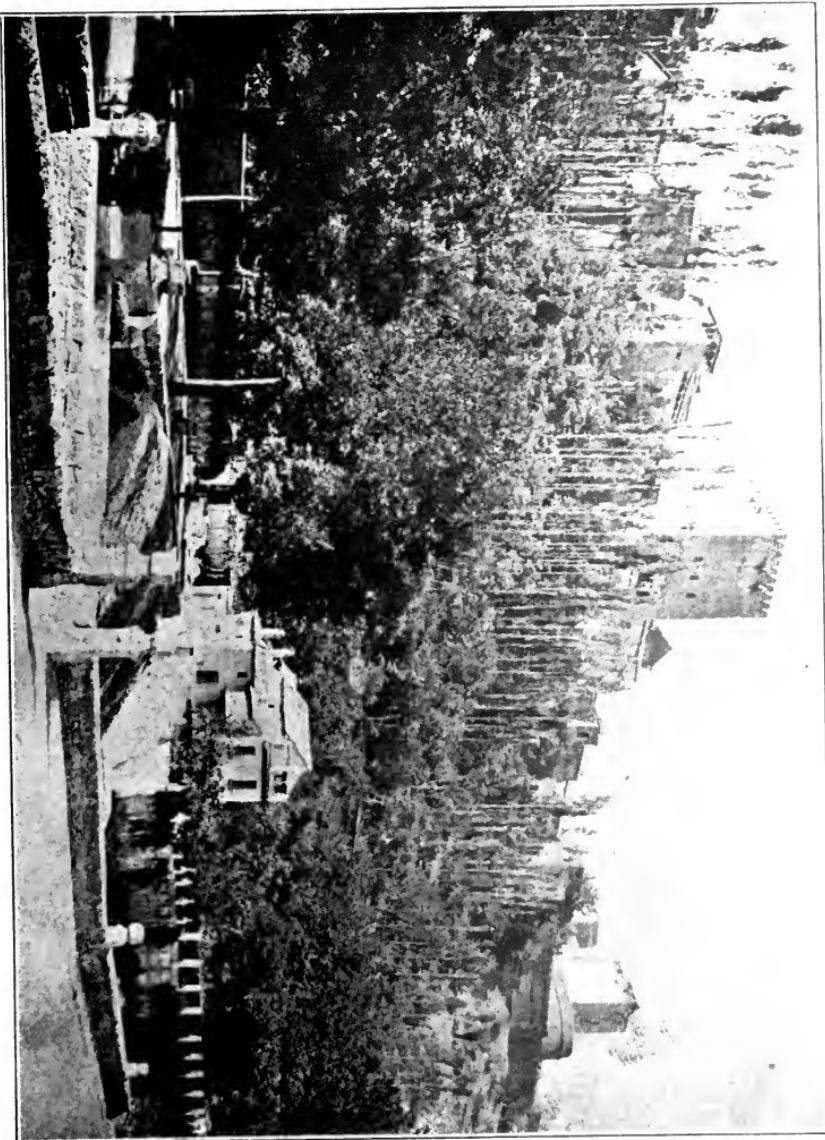
THE SPANIARD AT HOME

Perhaps the worst thing which could happen to education in Spain would be the passage of a recently proposed bill to force all schools under Government control. Under the present system the Government schools must be kept up to date or they will be patronized by the very poor only, and the private schools must compete successfully with the Government institutions, furnishing education of the highest quality, or people will withdraw their patronage in favor of the free schools.

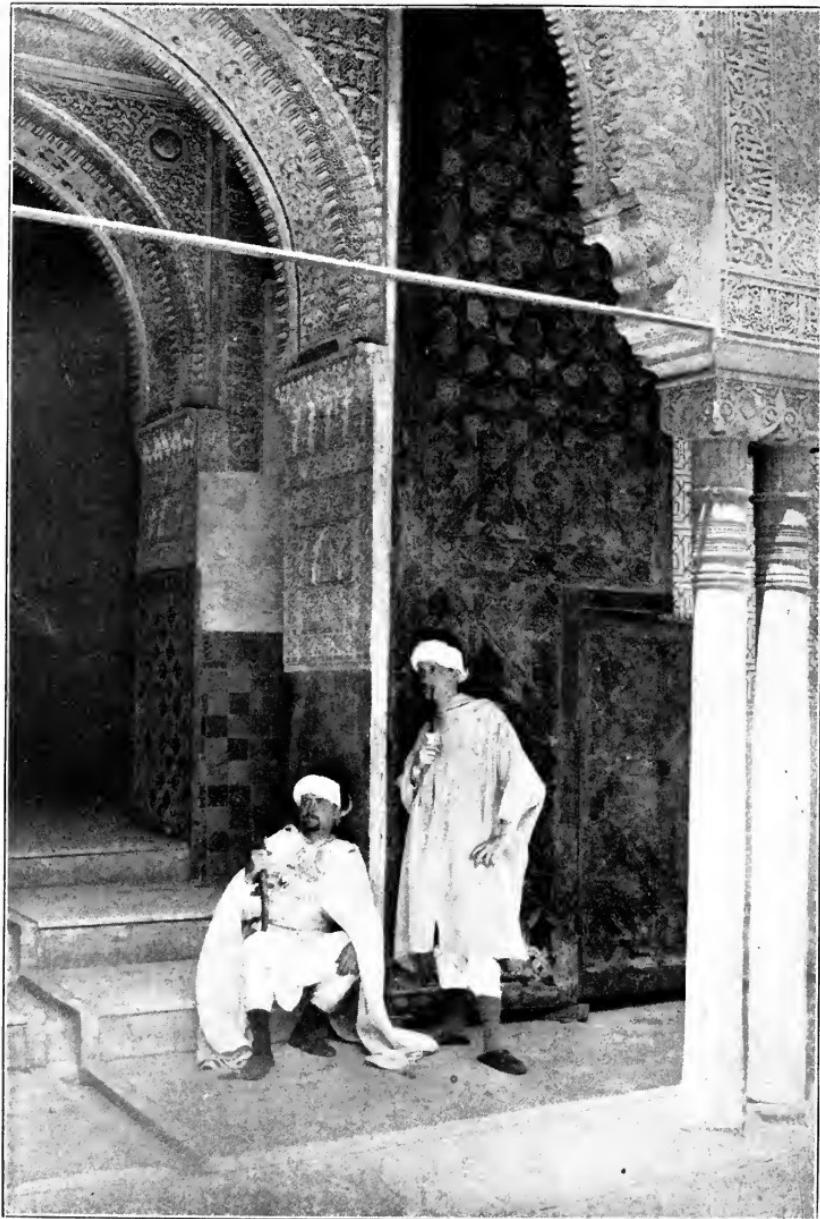
It must be confessed that the discipline in these large educational institutions is calculated to instil into the young habits of order, neatness, regularity, and self-control. The students are never pampered either by precept or example, and the daily routine, hard in its outlines, fits them for the rigors of life.

A day in the life of a boy brought up between the ages of seven and seventeen in such a school has been described by himself as follows:

"We arise, señora, promptly at five o'clock, though with an unwillingness, for it is early and it will be long until breakfast is served. After dressing we study until six o'clock, then hear mass, and take our breakfast of coffee and a roll. At seven-thirty is the first recitation, for which the pupils of the same grade assemble in the class room, and there the professor comes to them. Here they remain until half-past ten, a different teacher coming every half-hour. At 10.30



The Red Tower of the Vela, Alhambra



At the Gates of the Alhambra

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we have our luncheon,—bread, meat, and water. Between luncheon and dinner is a study time which lasts until 12.30, at which time we, starving, eat everything that we can lay our hands on of the dinner. There is soup, *puchero*, a choice of two kinds of meat, and dessert. We drink water, though wine is permitted, one glass at a meal, to those who wish to pay extra for it. After dinner there is recreation until two o'clock, when we study until three; from then until five come lectures, and at five we have a cup of chocolate and a slice of bread. After the chocolate until six we have recreation, or out-door gymnastics. At six o'clock all gather together to recite the Rosary, and from 6.30 to 8.30 we study again, and then we joyfully go to supper. This consists of chicken soup,—it is always chicken soup, señora, it would be, perhaps, a sacrilege to have any other kind. With the soup we have stew, bread, and dessert. This is followed by night prayers, and at nine o'clock we retire.

“This routine is followed every day, except for the Thursday half holiday, when we may see our parents or our friends in the parlor, or we may go for a walk, three of us together.”

Professional education presents an absorbing study to those who feel the least interest in such matters. The old manner of considering only law, medicine, and the Church as professional careers has passed,

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.and in what may be termed the scientific professions considerable improvement has been made in Spain. Electrical engineering is not under Government control; there are great opportunities for advancement in this line, and many capable young men are entering this profession, as it is now considered. All the Spanish cities and large towns, and many of the smaller towns and villages, are now lighted with electricity, while electric railways and power plants are springing up on all sides.

Mechanical and civil engineering, on the contrary, are under Government control, and are strictly supervised. The engineers are kept up to the mark of their profession in other countries, and Galdos lays considerable stress upon the difficulties of the course. He says, in describing a student of engineering:

“The profession he had chosen was not easy to enter, as you will see from the following list of studies which the State obliged him to master in order to enter the school of engineering; algebra, arithmetic as a matter of course, geometry, trigonometry, and analytics, descriptive geometry, and differential calculus. In addition, French, only held together with pins, English, hurriedly basted, and German, whose letters inspired him with respect. Then there was everlasting drawing, linear, topographical and landscape. After that came the ‘little course,’ so-called that we might not be afraid of it, with integral cal-

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culus, theoretical mechanics, physics, and chemistry. During the year of the ‘little course’ we had no more drawing, but in the following year, which is the first of the course, properly speaking, we were obliged, besides going deep into the materials of construction, to study applied mechanics, geology, cubic mensuration, and to take up a new kind of mechanical drawing, in pen and wash.”

It would seem, however, that of all the professions in Spain that of engineer offers the widest possibilities and the pleasantest opportunities for broadening the horizon. Spain is rapidly entering upon an era of construction, and bridges, railways, and trams are building on every hand. It will not be long before the stages with their picturesque drivers, their gay mule bells and gayer mules will be things of the past. Already in Granada a tram car glides up the hill toward the Alhambra, and, where Inigo de Loyola centuries ago, toiled on foot up the crags of Montserrat, a cog-road whistles its impertinences to the pinnacles of the Pyrenees.

Very interesting are some of the experiences of the engineers as they carry their railways into remote regions.

Not long ago a group of young Spanish engineers were engaged in the construction of a railway in a mountainous portion of the country, when a message was sent to the local chief that the general superin-

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tendent of construction was coming their way on a tour of inspection.

The general superintendent was an irascible Scotchman, McTavish by name. He was noted for the excellent quality of the work he did, and the certainty that he would demand and get equally good work from his subordinates. The local superintendent was, of course, sure that his work was of the best, but then, it was always well to see that dignitaries were kept in good humor. The chief difficulty in the way of properly entertaining the Señor McTavish lay in the fact that he spoke no Spanish, and that of the engineers only the local chief spoke English fluently. As fate would have it, at this juncture word was brought that a bridge recently erected further down the line was causing trouble, and the chief must come at once and investigate. He was in despair. "If I go, McTavish will come in my absence, and who will entertain him?" he growled. "If I do not go he will come by the other route, and if there is anything wrong with that bridge — ! Besides, where will he find a decent place to sleep in this hole?" Then one of the young engineers spoke up, "Allow Cisneros to entertain him. The *hacienda* of his aunt's son-in-law is not far away, and Cisneros could talk to the evil one with his eyes!"

Cisneros, a handsome and rather conceited young

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man of two-and-twenty, bowed low, his hand on his heart, saying, with great suavity and politeness:

“The compliment is undeserved, señor, but I place myself at your service. My English is perhaps not altogether bad, and my French has been called Parisian.”

It was the best arrangement that could be made, and the chief, though with some misgivings, left for his bridge-inspection, after giving orders that Cisneros was to meet the Señor McTavish at the station, show him over the line, talk to him in his best English, give him the best wine obtainable, see him safely housed at night and off in the morning, not to let him out of his sight except when the man had retired at night, and to be careful not to enrage him unnecessarily, as he had a fearful temper. Cisneros accepted the trust. His was a gay self-confidence that laughed at difficulties, indeed they did but whet his appetite. When the chief returned next day his first questions were:

“Was the Señor McTavish here? Where is Cisneros?”

“He was here. He is gone. Cisneros is in bed,” was the reply.

“In bed! he is ill then!” The chief was astonished.
“What has happened?”

The young engineer laughed. “I will tell you,” he said, and laughed again. “It all went well as you

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had planned until the night, for which you had made no arrangements, señor. We met the Señor McTavish at the train. He descended, a big man, with a head of hair like the red and yellow of the royal standard. We all stood in a body to receive him, Cisneros at the head, standing very straight, heels together, bowing in his best fashion, and saying, '*A votre service, monsieur!*' Even the *sang-froid* of Cisneros was disturbed by the hair of the Señor McTavish, for it bore down upon us like the headlight of an engine. But he was agreeable. He looked over everything, and the eye of the hawk is not more keen than his, and though he said nothing, I think he was not displeased."

"He was not, you may depend upon it," the chief said. "Had there been the least thing he did not like, you may be sure that he would have mentioned it. Well, what else? And what of Cisneros? Was the strain of his French politeness too much for him?"

"Cisneros has been at a cock fight," he said. "And of that I will tell you. At dinner time Cisneros took the Señor Inspector to the *hacienda* of his aunt's son-in-law, and there we dined, and not so ill. The family were away, and the cook is not so bad, and she has an ankle as well-turned as any in Madrid —" he paused in some embarrassment, and the chief growled:

"And did the Señor Inspector eat the ankle of

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the cook of the son-in-law of the aunt of Cisneros? Go on with your story!"

"After supper there was more of French politeness from Cisneros," said the young engineer. "It was a sight most beautiful to see him bowing with one hand on his heart, heels together, a smile on his lips, all the French he knew on them too, wishing the Señor McTavish sweet dreams. The Señor Inspector regarded him curiously, and said some strange words which sounded like '*hootmon.*' It must have been an English swearing, though of them I have heard many, but never one like it. Cisneros answered him that the house was his, and the Señor Inspector shook his head. Cisneros bowed again; he bowed so low that he doubled himself up like a muleteer's knife. The Señor McTavish muttered something to himself. I myself do not speak the English, but he said something of '*bobben jaccas,*' and when he bowed himself it was as if his joints were stiff with rust and creaked like a rusty brake-shoe.

"Then he took his night light and closed the door of his room. Cisneros sat down and smoked twelve *cigaritos* and drank a bottle of *val de penas*. The rest of us smoked also and laughed at him.

"Your English is perhaps not bad," I said, but he scowled at me and demanded, "Who gave you a candle to hold at this funeral?"

"In the night we heard strange noises coming from

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the chamber of the Señor McTavish, but no one went to see what was the cause of them, because all of us were sleepy and told Cisneros it was his business. Cisneros said many impolite things, among others that he had danced attendance on the red head of *el Señor Diablo* all day and, by Santiago, he would not do it all night too! Then he turned over and went to sleep.

“ When morning came the Señor McTavish be-stirred himself very early. I heard him raging around like a bull before the *corrida*, and awoke Cisneros. He in turn called the cook to make breakfast, and she cooked a *puchero* fit for even a Scotchman. Had His Majesty brought his English Queen to dine, it could not have been better. At last out came the Señor Inspector, fully dressed. His eyes had a look of wildness, his face was haggard, and he seemed restless, and responded very curtly to the ‘*buenos dias*’ of us all. We sat down to breakfast. There was coffee, rolls, oranges, and this wonderful *puchero*. I leave it to you if that was not a feast for any mountain town, yet he had not a word nor a smile for any one, and no one dared to open his lips. At last Cisneros spoke:

“ ‘Your Excellency has slept well?’

“ ‘Huh!’ It was like a bull at his first *banderilla*. Then the Señor McTavish shook his head and pushed back his plate and said one word, ‘*Sheekens!*’

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“No one knew what it meant. ‘Sheekens!’ he repeated even louder. We all stared at one another, then at him. ‘Sheekens!’ he roared, and we all jumped to our feet, remembering your command to give him everything he asked for. ‘Sheekens! sheekens! damsheekens!’ he bellowed; then seeing our bewildered expressions, he crouched down on his feet and hopped around the room, flapping his hands and saying ‘cluck! cluck!’ and wound up his strange performance with a loud ‘cock-a-doodle-doo!’ Then it dawned upon Cisneros what was the trouble. The Señor Inspector wanted eggs for breakfast! Of course! He bowed again and again to the irate Scotchman, whose face by this time was as red as his hair.

“‘*Combien, señor?*’ he demanded. ‘One?’

“‘One!’ roared the old man; ‘twenty!’

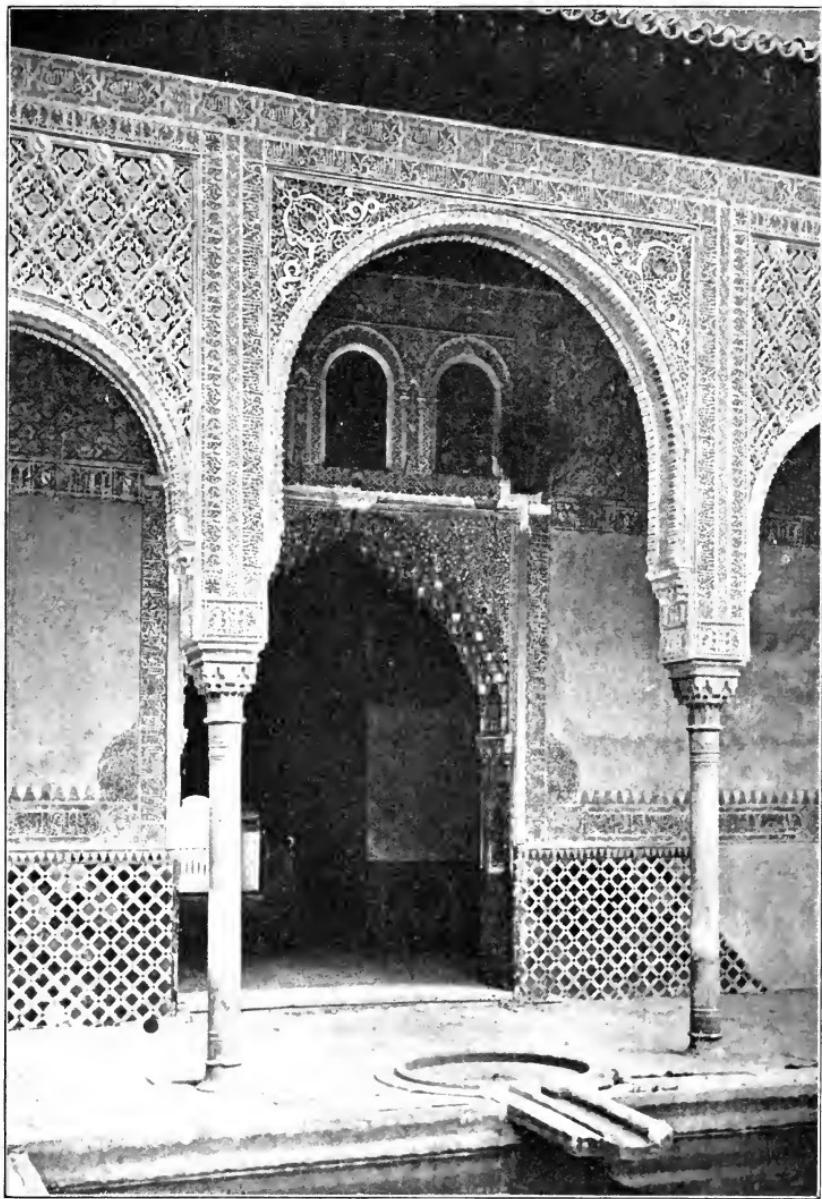
“How any man could want twenty eggs was more than we could comprehend, but Cisneros flew to the kitchen. He came back with a long face. ‘There are but seven,’ he whispered, ‘and God only knows if they are fresh.’

“To the Señor McTavish, however, he bowed and smiled, assuring him that he should be served at once. It was but a moment before the pretty Trinidad entered with a tray and seven egg cups, in each of which steamed a boiled egg. She presented them to the señor, and, of a truth, señor, I believe the man is

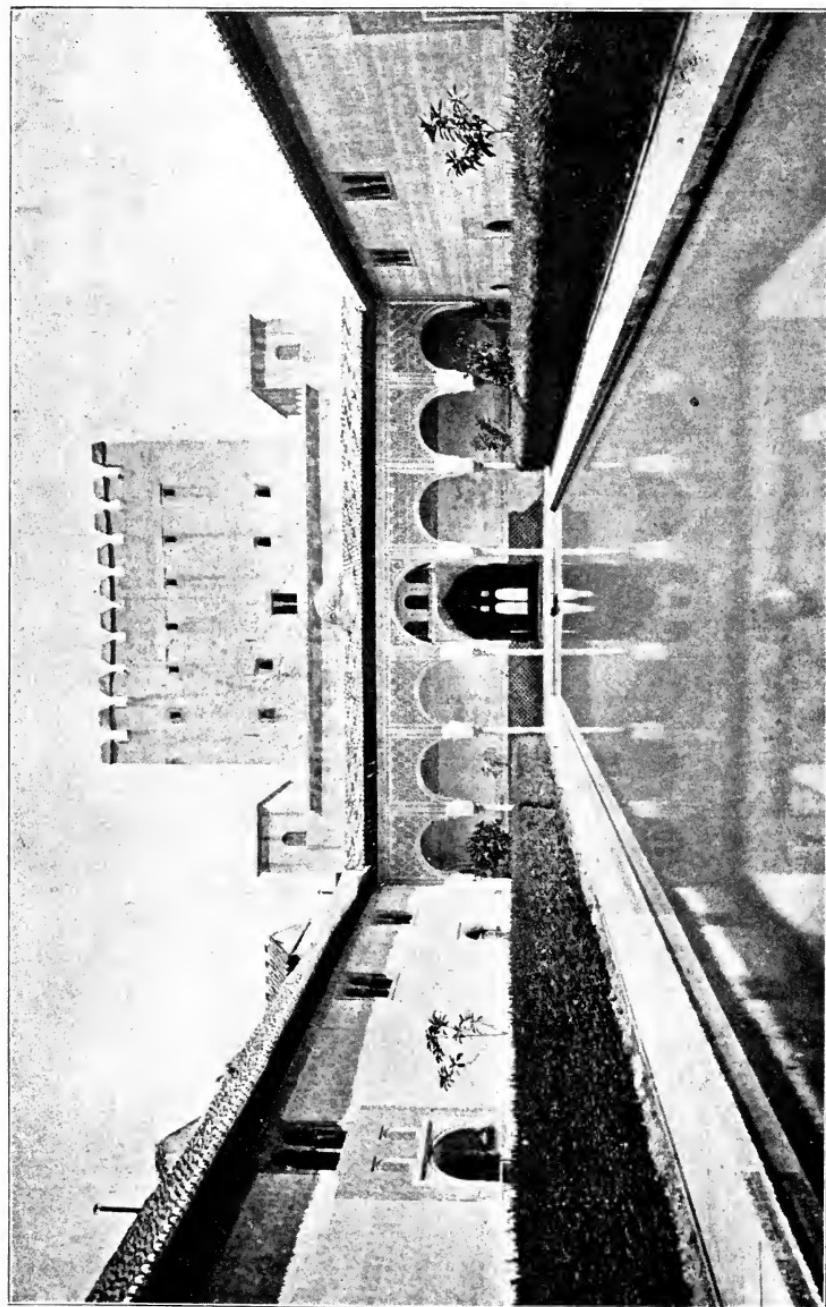
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mad! He looked at the tray with the eggs, then at Trinidad, then at Cisneros, who stood bowing and smiling, his hand on his heart, and said, with an air of pride at having so well understood, ‘ Sheekens, señor, si, sheekens, damsheekens! ’

“ Then there was war, and this time it was as if *el toro* saw the *matador* and his sword. The Señor Inspector picked up the cups, eggs and all, and one by one he hurled them at Cisneros. Some missed because Cisneros was bowing like a mandarin. Every time his head came up, pop! an egg hit him. Every time his head bent down, bang! an egg hit the wall behind him. He himself seemed too astonished to speak, or to stop bowing. At last the seventh egg hit him square in the centre of the forehead. The blow was severe — perhaps it knocked into him the senses that the rage of the señor had knocked out. At any rate he dashed his hand to his forehead and rushed from the room. This seemed to bring the Scotchman to himself. He took me by the arm, led me to the windows and pointed. Señor, you will not believe it, but the window of his room had long been left open. Beneath it were the hen houses, the doors not shut, and upon his window ledge were perched a half a dozen hens, and others were hopping in and out. The hens had roosted with the señor all night, and the room was alive with them and their friends! Imagine his sleep! When he said ‘ Sheekens ’ he was trying to



Hall of the Ambassadors, Alhambra



Court of Myrtles, Alhambra

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tell us why he had slept ill, and we had added insult to injury by serving eggs to him who had slept all night with the hens! We tried to explain, and at last he departed, not angry, I think, for he went to see Cisneros, who lay prone in the bed with a broken head, and the Señor Scotchman laughed very loud as Cisneros talked. Then they shook hands, and McTavish departed. Cisneros composed himself to sleep, and when he awakes we shall give him an egg for his luncheon!" and the young engineer laughed wickedly.

The chief laughed too, and later on, when there came from Madrid for the Señor Cisneros a beautiful gold scarf pin, a chicken with diamond eyes, Cisneros himself smiled. But not one of the young engineers ever dared again to offer him eggs for breakfast or to ask him if he spoke English "perhaps not so badly."

In other professions education shows equal advances. Medical science has made marvellous strides since the days of the Moslem rule, when, by the kindness of the caliphs the sick were permitted to lie upon the stones in certain sunshiny street corners until they recovered — or died.

Hospitals compare very favorably with those of other European countries, and the new hospital of San Juan de Dios in Madrid is thoroughly up to date in every particular, in the way of construction and equipment as well as of management. Those of our practitioners who attended the medical congress in

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Madrid were very much astonished at the advanced state of medical science in the Peninsula. The work of Dr. Ramon y Cajal deserves particular mention, as his researches in the minute anatomy of the brain and spinal cord have established for him an international reputation. The Spanish Government has from time to time made very generous appropriations to aid him in carrying on his good work.

Law schools flourish in the universities, and the law would seem to be a favorite line of work for young men if one is to believe Galdos, the most realistic portrayer of the Spanish people. He writes: "Chief, terrible plague of Spain, the crowd of young lawyers! For their existence a fabulous number of lawsuits is necessary. Lawsuits multiply in proportion to the demand. Idlers full of pretensions clamor for places, embarrass the administration, agitate public opinion and breed revolution. It would be a greater pity if there were law suits enough for all."

The profession is indeed sadly overcrowded. Doña Emilia Pardo Bazan in her inimitable story, "The Angular Stone," gives a vivid picture of the unsuccessful lawyer, a prey to such gloomy forebodings that he is ready even for suicide. "The man remained alone in the temple of the law, his gaze wandered wildly around the room, which, silent and solitary, had at this moment a strange majesty, calculated to inspire respect in the most careless mind. The walls

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were hung with crimson damask, the fabric of etiquette and official authority in Spain, which harmonizes so well with the gilt mouldings and affords so rich a background to the austere faces of the magistrates. The armchairs, on whose backs of dull gold were carved the scales and avenging sword of Themis, were covered with the same material. The cover of the table and the tribune of the attorney-general were of the same vivid hue. Under the canopy of the president, King Alphonso, with sallow face, libelled by the brush of a bad portrait painter, fixed the spectator with sad, intelligent eyes. The proud arms of Spain, embroidered in gold, decorated the benches covered with worn garnet velvet."

To the small boy the army is ever the goal of ambition. Spanish boys play soldier with wooden swords, their chief delight being conquering "Yankees," and making them bow the knee in servile submission before the red and yellow. That the army is not considered a lucrative profession, nor one in which merit is likely to be rewarded any better than in the days when *el gran Capitan* was relegated to Rota, may be inferred from a rhyme in vogue in childish circles:

"The Catalans are coming,
Marching two by two,
All who hear the drumming
Tiptoe for a view,
Ay, ay,

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Tiptoe for a view,
Red and yellow banners,
Pennies very few,
 Ay, ay,
 Pennies very few.

“Soldiers need not learn letters,
Nor any schooly thing,
But unless they mind their betters,
In golden chains they'll swing.
 Ay, ay,
 In golden chains they'll swing,
 Or sit in silver fetters,
 Presents from the king,
 Ay, ay,
 Presents from the king.”

There are several training schools for Spanish youth in which an excellent military education may be obtained. The Royal Artillery School is situated at Segovia, that wonderful old town which Trajan's aqueduct spans with its hundred stone arches. The school is held in one of the abandoned convents, and, in the halls where once demure, black-robed nuns told their beads, gay, dapper cadets with the smartest of uniforms hear lectures on military tactics, and are initiated into the mysteries of army life. The officers do not seem to be the strict martinet characteristic of West Point, for the artillery regiments are much sought after by young Spaniards, and the cadets come from good families and do not take kindly to rigorous discipline. Each one has his own servant, who looks after the cadet's uniforms and apartments,

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the cadet lodging at a distance from the school. There is a School of Infantry at Toledo, and there are other schools in different parts of the country, but the Artillery School remains the favorite with the wealthy young men of military tastes.

There is a remarkable corps of light artillery for mountain work which is much admired in military circles, small portable guns being mounted upon the backs of the justly famous Spanish army mules. These mules are not only of the greatest service in making possible the mountain artillery, but they are invaluable in dragging the heavier artillery through the steep defiles and passes.

The Spanish army has always been plentifully officered. In the time of the late King there were 500 generals, 475 colonels, nearly 900 lieutenant-colonels, 2000 commandants, 5050 captains, 5875 lieutenants, and 4900 sub-lieutenants. Of late years a reform has been instituted, though, as it strikes in a measure at Spanish traditions, it is dubious whether the reforms will be successful.

The pay of the Spanish officer is so small that only those in the high ranks of the service are considered prizes in the matrimonial market. Spanish women are a trifle "canny" in regard to finances and their daughters are taught not to be too romantic. "Brass buttons do not pay bills" is a cynical but truthful proverb; and while a subaltern makes an excellent

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dancing partner, he is not so desirable as a partner for life. The story is told of a young sub-lieutenant who proposed to a pretty Madrileña, only to be told in the gayest of voices that the night was too dark, that there were not enough stars to be seen!* The children paraphrase the situation in one of the street songs they sing so merrily while dancing in the Prado:

“If any cadet with thee would go,
Daughter instantly answer ‘No!’
For how can cadet this side of heaven
Keep a wife on his dollars seven?

“If any lieutenant asks a caress,
Daughter instantly answer ‘Yes!’
For the lieutenant who kisses thy hand
May come to be a general grand.”

Perhaps the Spanish uniforms are not gay enough to catch the feminine eye. No matter how fascinating is the pomp and panoply of war to most of Eve’s daughters, there is always something almost ludicrous in long-tailed coats on a man, and the Spanish army coats are so long that to render walking possible the tails have to be turned back on each side and the corners fastened in the back. The trousers are very loose and bag at the knee, only the caps are smart, and even these are replaced in some regiments by hats, and the overcoats by huge capas, so that the

* A subaltern has but one star on his sleeve, which indicates his rank.

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soldiers, many of them darkly bearded, look more like picturesque brigands than military men.

The carelessness, almost slouchiness of attire is shown most plainly at the Neutral Ground between Gibraltar and Linea, which is guarded by both British and Spanish soldiers. The English "Tommy Atkins" is smart, well set up, and groomed like a hunter on the day of the meet, and the Spaniard, wrapped in his cloak, his cap awry, is lazily smoking a cigarette. But whatever may be the personal appearance of the Spanish soldier, never in history has his courage been questioned. Indeed the pages of history are full of his desperate deeds of valor. In the Italian wars, the wars with France, the wars of the Succession which divided their own country, and in their wars of conquest in the new world, the Spanish soldiers, both officers and men, have always shown a wonderful courage, an unflinching contempt for danger. Pelayo, with his forlorn hope in the Pyrenees; The Cid, as brave as the Lion on the Spanish shield; *el Gran Capitan*, smiling with the pikes of his disgruntled men at his breast; Ximenez, soldier and Cardinal, undaunted on the walls of Iran,—these are but a few examples; and history multiplies them down to our own day, when Spanish valor was but too well displayed in the final struggle in Cuba.

It is a point of honor with the Spanish army officers to lead where ever their men must go, and never to

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display even agitation in the face of danger. Our soldiers have told of the heroism of these officers both in Cuba and in the Philippines.

Officered thus, even the raw recruits of baser clay soon acquire the more characteristic military virtues, and the Spanish soldiers are very amenable to discipline, their point of pride apparently being to follow their commander wherever he leads.

The ceremony of enlisting is rather interesting. The conscripts are assembled before the military barracks, as the band plays the Royal March.



In the centre of the parade ground, the color-sergeant displays the Spanish banner, its red and yellow bars flaunting proudly in the breeze. Opposite the color-bearer stands a captain with drawn sword raised in air. Between flag and sword each new recruit must pass, swearing the most solemn of oaths to defend the flag to the last drop of his blood. Receiving for these sanguinary services only the munificent sum of three cents a day, one would imagine the patriotism of the Spaniard to be undoubted.

It is less difficult for the army to obtain soldiers

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now than it was before the colonies were lost to Spain, for every village boy then had an innate horror of the conscription which might send him to "the islands" as Cuba and the Philippines were called.

At the present time, not even the Basques, whose ancient *fueros* exempted them from military service, can escape conscription. Every man from nineteen to thirty years of age is obliged to serve his time in the army. By a payment of three hundred dollars he may be relieved from service in time of peace, but nothing can exempt him in war time. Each private serves twelve years, three in the regular service, and the remaining nine years in periods of three years each, in the first, second, and third reserves.

A few years ago the navy as a profession was more popular in Spain than the army. Spain has considerable coast line, and the men from the coast were conscripted to the navy and proved themselves good seamen. Their officers were brave fellows, and between officers and men was great good feeling.

A Spanish naval officer tells a rather droll tale of one of the happenings of his career, and it is worth re-telling because, though he tells it only as an excellent joke upon himself, it illustrates how ready the Spanish officer ever is to take upon himself the post of greatest danger.

"It was at Cadiz that it happened, señora, and we were anchored off the mole. A great fire broke

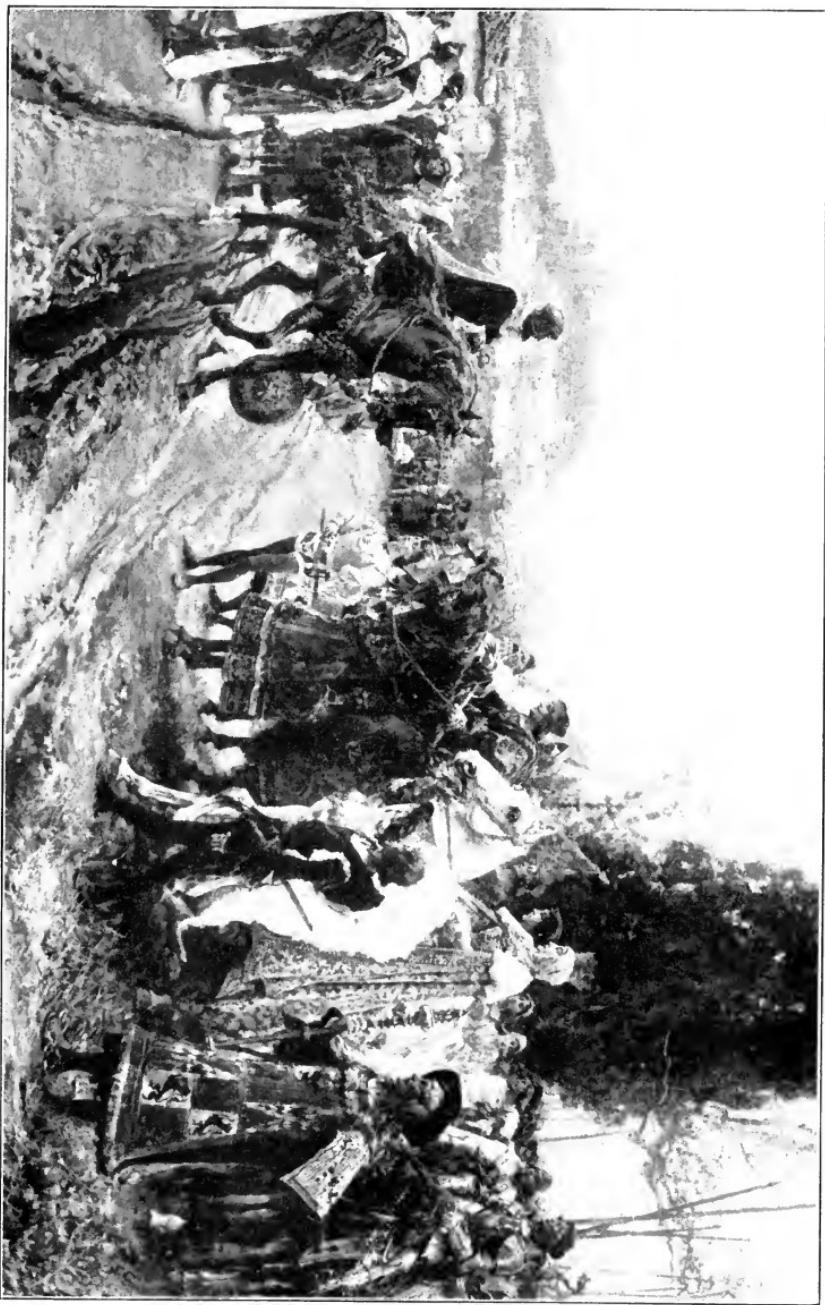
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out in one of the warehouses on the water front and I was sent with a squad of sailors to aid the firemen. We had a hard fight with the flames but were beginning to make headway against them, when some one peering up a runway into a warehouse filled with naval stores, saw a dozen or more barrels. The flames were creeping nearer and nearer to them and instantly the cry was raised ‘ Powder! ’

“ What was there for me to do, señora? That powder would explode in another five minutes, many brave men would be killed, and of course I could not send any of my men into a danger I would not face myself.

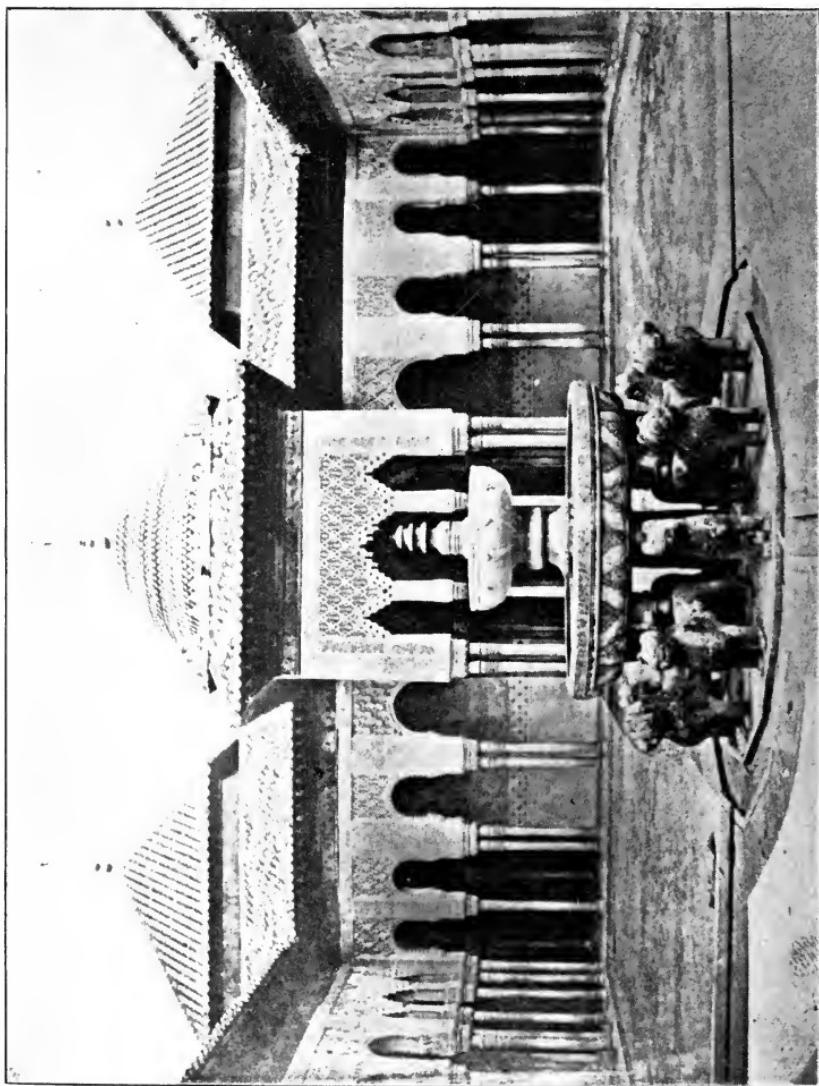
“ ‘ Flood the runway and play the hose on the barrels while I roll them out,’ I cried and ran up the runway.

“ The smoke was blinding, señora, and those wretched barrels were heavy as lead. The first barrel I rolled down scorched my hands, the second was smoking and the next had its hoops nearly burned through as it went plunk into the water. When I myself rolled down after the last barrel and followed it into the water of the bay, it was a pleasant bath because I was quite warm. My hair and eyebrows were singed off, and my beautiful mustache, señora, the growth of which I had patiently cultivated for years, was a cinder. My arms and shoulders were, well, somewhat uncomfortable, and my uniform, alas, was ruined. You do not comprehend what a mis-



Surrender of the Moors at Granada (Francisco Pradilla)

Court of Lions, Alhambra



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fortune that was, señora. No, how should you? But one's pay is not always of a great magnificence, and each new uniform means so many less *cigaritos*, so much less Amontillado, so many fewer bull-fights, and, worst of all, so many, many, fewer sweets and favors for the little Rosita who waits in Sevilla until I shall have my promotion.

"It was of her that I thought as I rolled down those barrels. I was doing nothing but my duty, any man would have done the same, but still it was not in the regular line — perhaps it would be noticed — and I saw myself receiving His Majesty's cross for bravery, amidst the cheers of a crowd of admiring friends. I felt the Cross upon my breast. I heard the frantic shouts of my men! Promotion was certain! Rosita was mine! But alas! señora, affairs marched not thus. You see, the barrels were filled only with rivets!"

To-day service in the navy is less popular than in the army, since the fearful disaster of Santiago de Cuba, which left to Spain only two battleships, the *Pelayo* and the *Carlos Quintus*.

Had the good pesetas which should have equipped the navy not gone into the pockets of the politicians, the Spanish-American war might have had a different issue. The men of Cervera's fleet were brave enough through all their terrible odds. This they showed by the manner in which they responded to the

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fatal order to sail out of the harbor, when, to a man, they knew that to obey meant death or capture.

Admiral Cervera himself was as calm as though leading a peaceful naval parade as he stood upon the forward tower of his flagship during that memorable sally. The men, their comrades dropping all about them on the deck, dead or dying from the deadly American fire, were equally undisturbed. This strange calm shows itself in the official report of the old Admiral, which begins, "In obedience to your orders,* in the face of that which would have happened and of which you were informed, I left the Bay of Santiago for sea on the third day of July—" He might well have used the famous words of a great Frenchman in defeat, "all is lost save honor," and the heroism of his defeat will add one more glory to the history of Spain.

To-day it would seem as if the sea-faring instincts of the Spaniard lay dormant. Surely, however, the descendants of sailors who followed Columbus and Magellan across unknown seas must have even yet the music of the sea-song within their breasts; for the sea-passion never dies, and one day Spain's navy will arise again, brave and strong as in the days when silver-winged fleets sailed down the rippling Guadaluquivir to the bounding seas.

* This refers to the order of the Spanish Minister of Marine to Cervera to leave the harbor and engage the enemy.

CHAPTER XIV

LITERATURE AND THE FINE ARTS

WHEN asked about the profession of literature In Spain, Doña Emilia Pardo Bazan replied succinctly, "There is no profession of literature in Spain," and her word should be accepted as authoritative, since she herself has been for years the feminine exponent of the craft.

Poetry is never a lucrative profession in any land. In Spain it is read in the provinces still, but society people read Campoamor, who amuses and philosophizes, makes men laugh and women think. Modern literature in Spain however, is rich in dramatists and novelists.

The classic drama at the Teatro Espagñol, Madrid, always puts on some bright curtain-raisers before the play, and these are full of clever catches and dialogue. The modern vaudeville is said to have emanated from Spain, and the vaudevilles are generally good, the programme, always including some wonderful dancing, sword play, and good music.

Among the modern dramatists Echegaray is ap-

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parently the most popular; his plays work upon the feelings of his audience, "El loco Dios" causing a veritable furore in Madrid when first presented. Galdos's "Electra" did likewise; and the plays of Azula and Estebañez are also popular, though, to the credit of Spanish taste be it said, to-day houses are even more crowded to hear one of Calderon's or Lope de Vega's plays than for the modern dramas.

It is, however, in her modern novelists that Spain's literature is particularly brilliant. Few countries can boast of writers so pure in language and in tone, brilliant in execution, faithful in the pictures of the life which they portray, and every Spanish province has its portrayer.

Valera's work has grace and delicacy of style; Fernán Caballero writes charming romances of Andalucian peasant life. Becquer's scenes are placed in Toledo or Seville. Pereda's * velvet touch is laid upon Santander, and Doña Emilia Pardo Bazan makes alive on paper the people of Leon and Galicia. Perez-Galdos reminds one of Erckmann-Chatrian in his spirited war stories; and Valdés,—who that has ever read can forget his portrayals of Valencian women? There is about the work of Valdés something which reveals freely the author's tone of mind, with its gentle humor, its sunshiny serenity, its wholesome cleanliness of atmosphere, its magnanimity of tone

* Pereda died in 1906.

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and a certain lofty spirituality. Mr. Howells has felt this charm, for he writes in a critique of Valdés's books, "Americans are apt to think, because we banged the Spanish warships to pieces, that we are superior to the Spaniards, but in the field in which there is always peace they shine our masters.

'*La Alegria del Capitan Ribot*' is, as all the stories of Valdés are, a modern novel of the manners and customs of provincial Spain, a tender idyl, but on the other hand it is an exquisite comedy with some fine tragic implications."

In the realms of history, Pasquel de Gayangos is known all over the world as scholar, philologist, and historian, and his history of the Arabs in Spain is one of the most subtle studies of Orientals ever penned. Señor Menendez y Pelayo's marvellous "*History of Æsthetic Ideas in Spain*" is a classic, and he has completed thirteen volumes of his edition of the works of Lope de Vega.

Studies of history and folk lore are very popular in Spain, and excellent work is done in that line by Señor Don Francesco de Cardeñas, Father Fida the Jesuit, and many others. The folk tales, many of them in verse, enter largely into the modern Spanish music, and this field is one of the most interesting in Spain to-day. The history of church music tells of famous names such as Morales and Victoria, with dignified motifs and wonderful harmonizations. In

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operatic music, the *zarzuelas* given during the summer months in the Madrid theatres, three or four in an evening, are charmingly rendered and full of Spanish vigor and vivacity. Oudrid, Gastambide, Barbiere, and Arrieta are four composers who gave their attention to the *zarzuelas*, so called because the first operettas of the kind were performed in the seventeenth century at the Castle of Zarzuela. It is, however, in the folk music, the songs of the common people that one finds true Spanish melody. That the individuality of the race has stamped itself upon this form of music is shown by the fact that no one hears this music without being filled with a desire to hum in *bolero* time, to click the castanets or finger a guitar.

There is about these folk songs a certain rhythmic movement or swaying lilt suggestive of the movements of the Spanish dance, in fact most of the folk music was written as accompaniments to the dances. Of the oldest folk songs, the *cancioneros* of troubadour days, the words only have been preserved, but there date from the fifteenth century both the music and words of many quaint melodies, the music having been transcribed from the singing of blind minstrels, who even yet wander from town to town.

Andalucian melodies show the Moorish strain, with intervals not used in the European scale, and peculiar rhythmic combinations. This quality is shown even in

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the sereno's call, and it reminds one of the Muezzin's call to prayer heard in the stillness of the night, when the moon rises over the desert, bathing with light its rippling sands and turning them to gold and silver in her shimmering rays.

The Basque music has the wonderful quality of the Celt with often a wild, heroic strain, as in the *cantique national*, " Ay, ay, ay, mutila chapelli-gorriya!"

The Basque political songs are always accompanied by the two typical Basque instruments, the *dulsinya* and the *tamboril*, a variety of the flageolet, and the drum. They are peculiarly inspiring, though they have not the passion and poetry of the Andalucian airs, which combine pathos and gayety with all the intensity of the Andalucians themselves.

One of the Southern folk songs takes for its theme the quaint *alcarrazas*, or curious water jars hung from the balconies of all Andalucian houses in the olden days, and which are even yet seen in country places.

"Alcaraza de tu casa
Chiquilla, quisiera ser,
Para besarte los labios
Cuando fueras a beber." *

carols the lover at his sweetheart's window, — a dainty conceit, of which this folk music is filled.

Among the more modern songs those of Yradier

* "Dearest, your *alcaraza* I would be;
Then would I kiss your lips when e'er you drank of me!"

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are noted for their liquid melody like nothing so much as the bird notes of the Alhambra forest, a dainty charm, *gracia y sal*, which reminds one of some of the modern Spanish paintings which show the same delicacy of treatment.

In Spain it is to-day somewhat difficult to distinguish the fine arts from the crafts, so artistic are the latter. Porcelain, wrought iron, and bronze work, gold and silver inlays and filigrees are no less works of art than are the wood carvings, stone work, sculpture, and painting which show that the genius of Berreguete, Silvela, Chivruquera, and Velasquez still lives in Spain.

Modern art is said by some not to reach the heights attained by the great masters in any country, and to those who take this pessimistic view of Spanish art, the twentieth century shows fair promise.

There are art schools in Spain in all the museums and at the residences of the great painters and sculptors. In the capitals of the provinces are academies of design with free instruction to all, the masters being paid by the Government. Here are taught crayon, sepia, water color and oil painting, and the most promising pupils, the ones who show signs of genius, receive pensions at the close of their course, which enables them to study at the School of Arts in Seville, Valencia, Barcelona, or Madrid; and after finishing their course in one of these cities, to go to



A Spanish Woman (Goya)



A Modern Carmen

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Rome, all the expense of their art education being paid by the Government.

The fashion of wealthy men acting as patrons to clever students has by no means passed in Spain. This agreeable relic of the Middle Ages still remains, as when Pecheco helped Murillo to fame. Philanthropic patrons of the arts take under their protection to-day, impoverished geniuses and “frank them to Parnassus” to use the irreverent expression of one of them.

Pride is deep-seated in the Spanish breast, and these students are as proud as they are poor. To avoid hurting their feelings they are never spoken of as dependents but are most aristocratically styled, Secretary to His Excellency the Duke of this or that.

After Velasquez — the deluge — one would almost say of Spanish painting, yet Goya’s genius proved an Ark of the Covenant sufficient to preserve art to the eighteenth century. Goya’s historical canvases weep tears of blood, but his Spanish women are so charming in type, so full of beauty and so distinctively Spanish that one forgives him anything.

Following Goya, Madrazo, the court painter, has some claims to fame, though the inimitable Count Vessili says Madrazo’s chief works of art were his son and grandson. The latter, Raimundo Madrazo, brother-in-law of Fortuny, lived in Paris and identified himself with the French school of painting. Fortuny’s

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style was *genre*. His fame was made by "The Spanish Marriage," a picture especially interesting since it contained portraits of noted people of the day, Mme. Fortuny, the painter Regnault, and others. His work has long been a dominating influence in modern Spanish art; it is individual, skilful, and vivacious. Many of his most famous pictures were sketched during the Spanish war in Morocco, when he was on the staff of General Prim.

One of the modern Spanish painters little known to the outside world is Francisco Pradilla, history and genre painter, wearer of the Grand Cross of Isabella la Catolica, and all manner of decorations for excellent work. Pradilla was born at Villanova de Gallego, Saragossa, in 1847, graduated at San Fernando, Madrid, and then went to study in Rome. He has long been considered the foremost of modern Spanish painters, though now Villegas shares with him this distinction. Pradillo paints in the Spanish manner. His canvases fairly glow with color, the types are all Spanish and are portrayed with careful attention to detail. His "Surrender of Granada"/* is one of the finest of historical paintings. Many competent critics compare it favorably with Valesquez' "Surrender of Breda," and describe it as the most perfect portrayal of any event in Spanish history. The artist has seized the most dramatic moment of the scene, the moment

* The original in the Layton Art Gallery, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

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when, "within sight of the royal group, Boabdil halted, composed his aspect, but never in mien and majesty more a king, the son of Abdallah met his haughty conqueror."

Every detail of the magnificent canvas is carefully studied; armor, dress, the trappings of the horses, the short swords of the squires, all are historically correct; but the marvellous expressions upon the faces, the splendid glow of life over all, is Pradilla's own, for he has breathed upon it with the fire of his genius and made the picture appeal to both the imagination and the heart.

Other well-known artists of to-day are Ximenez, Aranda, Domingo, Sorolla, Zuloaga, Anglada, and Camaroso. In recent years Sorolla has painted many portraits of members of the royal family and other distinguished personages of contemporary Spain, but it is not as a portrait painter that he excels. He is above all a painter of the sunlight and the types that live and move in the sunlight. He revels in the sparkle of water, in the dash of the waves across the golden sands, in bronzed maidens and sturdy youths working in the vineyards and orange groves or loitering by the sea shore. Zuloaga, on the other hand, deals with a world of flaunting picturesqueness; gypsies, bull fighters, dancers, and beggars swarm upon his canvases. He is not the painter of the brightness and glory of nature, but

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rather, with the diabolism of Goya, he portrays the *habitués* of the bull ring and the painted women of the streets.

Sculpture in Spain was always architectural, generally churchly. From the marble walls of dimly lighted churches gleamed snowy angel forms, or from their carven niches saints smiled down upon the worshippers below. Everything combined to make perfect these mediæval sculptures, enshrined in traceries as delicate as ice fern or fairy gossamer. The genius which wrought these sculptured dreams and architectural phantasies is not dead in Spain; her modern sculpture shows names great in the world's art history.

One of the first things which strike a traveller in Spain is the terra cotta tilings on the pretty white houses. How exquisitely soft-hued they are against the blue of the Spanish sky! There must be some peculiar properties in the clay, for nowhere in the world does one see in this work such perfection of color. These tiles have been used for generations in Spain, being remarkably well adapted to the Spanish climate. Their manufacture was a Spanish art long before the Moors first sought the Iberian coast, but the glazed tiles used in the southern part of the Peninsula are of Moorish origin.

Of these *azulejos* of enamelled earthenware, the marvellous tiles in the Alhambra are the best examples. The secret of their manufacture has never

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been lost and they are still made in the great factories of Seville, Madrid, and Valencia, in hues as soft and restful to the eye as when the Moorish Fatima of the Alhambra copied the embroideries bordering her clinging robes from the walls of her husband's palace.

The tiles are used in courts, passages, *patios*, gardens, bathrooms, in butcher shops and fish stalls, and could their utility be comprehended as readily as their beauty is appreciated, they would be introduced everywhere. There are many places where they could with advantage be substituted for stone, they are far more durable than frescoes, and much more desirable than bricks for exterior decoration.

The history of Spanish pottery is interesting to lovers of ceramics. Phoenicians made wonderful cups and bowls, and Carthaginian pottery from Saguntum was much fancied by the Romans. Pliny tells us that over twelve hundred workmen were employed in the manufacture of the "jasper red" ware alone. This ware was exceedingly beautiful both in color and texture, if one may judge from the few specimens now existing. During the Middle Ages the Spanish kings were generous patrons of the ceramic arts, and did much to introduce French methods and French models. The factories at La Granja, Buen Retiro, and La Moncloa, under royal patronage, made porcelains after the fashion of the French Sèvres and Italian Capo di

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Monte. Spain antedated the Italians in the manufacture of the wonderful Majolica, so long thought to be a purely Italian ware. The Spanish pottery of this style was introduced from Valencia to Majorca, thence to Pisa and Pisaro. All the Bourbon influence could not obliterate the Moorish touch so apparent in this field.

The finest Spanish potteries to-day still retain traces of the Moor in shape and coloring, and it is strange how, conquered in the field of war, the Moors should have left their mark forever upon this art as they did upon no other. To this day the earthenware pots and water jars of Spain preserve the Moorish shapes. They are made of a peculiarly scented clay which old Spanish chronicles tell us Spanish women loved to nibble at and bite, "which custom being displeasing to their stomachs, their confessors had much ado to check them from its pursuit."

In the Middle Ages the water jars were highly valued. The water was supposed to acquire from the jar a strange property of curing illness, and a cup of this ware was said to betray the presence of any poison in its contents.

All over Spain, especially in La Mancha and Murcia, one sees these quaint, round-bellied water jars, as in the days when Don Quixote had his memorable encounter with the knights; and the *criada* who fills her jar at the well looks the true Oriental

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with her dark eyes and hair and the soft toned browns of her skin.

Ximena, her tiny sister playing beside the rippling waters of the Darro, instead of the mud pies of our childhood's days, out of bits of moistened clay fashions pots and cups like these same water jars, baking them in the sun until they are quite ready for her diminutive housekeeping. She is an entrancing *niña*, this small, black-eyed elf! Conversation with her, though at first a trifle one-sided, proves interesting as her shyness wears off.

"What do you here all day, little one?" you ask. Stupid query! the answer is obvious.

"I play, señora."

"With what. I see no toys."

"Toys, señora? What are they?"

"You do not know what toys are? Why, they are dolls and blocks and stuffed puppy dogs." The straight little black brows met in a puzzled frown. "Dogs, señora, there are many below, where dwell the gypsies. They bark all day and howl all night and eat all the time. I think them stuffed. Dolls and blocks I do not know. I think they are not Spanish." (Oh, what a fine scorn for things outside the charmed circle of All Spain!) "But I have good Spanish things. I play with the sun, and the water talks to me, and the earth minds my fingers, and thus I have my play with the blessing of all three."

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Happy philosopher, learning early the lesson of content! What more could one desire — sun, earth, and water, all taught to obey human behest. Yet one more question, for the tiny point of view is interesting.

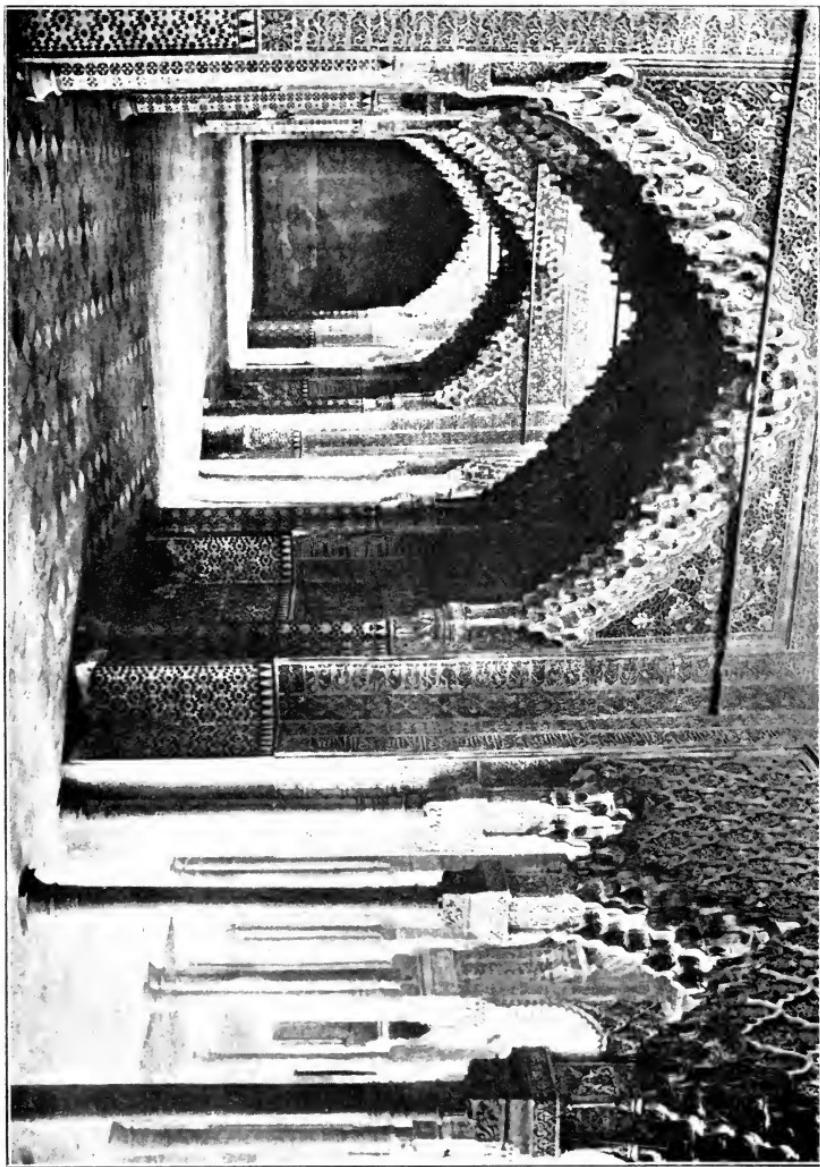
“ You make the Moorish water jars, *niña*. Do you know about the Moors? ”

“ The Moors, *señora*? Were they some of the saints? ”

“ Perhaps, little one, God knows! ” How could one tell her they were heretic? *Espagñolita*, Catholic above all else — she could never have played happily with her dainty little water jars again!

The pottery industry to-day is steadily on the increase. The porcelain manufactories of Seville, Barcelona, Segovia, and Talavera are turning out beautiful work, and new factories are springing up all over the country. So, too, are glass works, fit progeny of those pre-Roman works of Celtic-Iberia, for glass-making was established in Spain long before the Roman invasion. The glass ovens of those primitive times consisted of three compartments, one above another. One held the fire, the second was made with a dome to retain the heat, the third held the glass when cooling. These ovens were about nine feet high and six feet around, and were built of *argil*, a material unaffected by the intense heat.

The specimens of Spanish glass of the Moorish



Azulejos of the Alhambra



The Cathedral of Zaragoza

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period which still remain show jars, flasks, bowls, and cups of exquisite ornamentation, with raised trellis-work in white, often on a green ground, of great delicacy of tone and perfection of execution.

The embroideries of Spain are wellnigh as artistic as her paintings and potteries, and they are still as finely executed as in the thirteenth century, when "the needle of the embroiderer was like a painter's brush, describing facile outlines on luxurious fabrics, and filling in the spaces, sometimes with brilliant hues, sometimes with softly graduated, harmonious tones, which imitated the entire color scheme of nature." By the sixteenth century the art was at its highest perfection, and many church vestments belonging to this period are marvels of workmanship, one of the most celebrated examples being the superb *manga* or case for the processional cross, presented by Cardinal Cisneros to the Cathedral of Toledo. The figures in this pattern are outlined in gold thread, something after the fashion of *cloisonné*. There are four scenes: the Ascension of the Virgin, the Adoration of the Magi, San Ildefonso cutting off the veil of Santa Leocadia, and the Martyrdom of San Eugenio.

One of the most remarkable forms of Spanish embroidery is that where precious stones are interwoven with the silken threads. The mantles and dresses of the many statues of the Blessed Virgin are sometimes

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completely covered with jewels, and the effect is one of rare splendor.

This is one of the arts of Spain which have never declined. In the Middle Ages the almost harem-like seclusion of the castles was enlivened for the señoras and their attendant damsels, by the gentle art of needlework. For them life had little of change, whether their lords and masters were frisking across the country on Rosinantes or Babiecas harrying the Moors, or sailing the high seas in stately galleons, seeking American gold, and the fair ladies of Castile and Leon stitched their hearts, weary with waiting, into their embroideries.

In the realm of ivory, brass, wrought iron, gold and silver work, and the wood carving for which Spain has ever been famous, and, indeed, in every field of Spanish art we see marvellous development since the Spanish-American War. It is a strange sequence of things that the arts which declined with the discovery of America and the gaining of the colonies should revive with the loss of them, yet the pursuit of riches and that of the fine arts seldom go hand in hand, and the lust for American gold in the sixteenth century was the beginning of the blunting of the fine sensibilities which express themselves in the arts.

CHAPTER XV

INDUSTRIES

THE mountain fastnesses of the Pyrenees are full of ores, and Spain's wealth in mines can hardly be overrated. The Phoenician "Tarshish" was Andalucia, and Strabo, Ovid, and Pliny wrote of the wonders of Spanish mines. King Solomon, who enjoyed all the good things of the earth "had at sea a navy of Tarshish: . . . once in three years came the navy of Tarshish bringing gold and silver."

While lead, zinc, silver, sulphur, and pyrites (used in the manufacture of sulphuric acid) abound, the quicksilver mines are of the greatest interest, and of this product immense quantities are exported every year.

In the mines huge vaulted passages diverge in every direction, lighted only by the pale light of the miner's lamps. In these galleries a crowd of laborers toil incessantly, their gigantic shadows dancing in the dim light, their shouts echoing to the accompaniment of creaking trolley wheels. From the sides of the galleries comes the sound of dull, regular blows, and on

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going to the openings which are scattered irregularly along the galleries, small groups of men can be seen in their illuminated caverns, tearing out the ore, or cinnabar, with their picks. When one of these men stops to rest he trembles with the palsy characteristic of mercurial poisoning. A miner cannot work in these mines for any length of time without grave danger to health, as the air is vitiated with mercurial vapors and dust, and the various forms of mercurial poisoning soon appear, to shorten his life, or render him incapable of labor after a few years spent underground.

The reduction of the ore and the handling of the metal are no less dangerous than its production. The cinnabar is placed in immense retorts, and there subjected to intense heat to drive off the mercury in the form of vapor. From these retorts earthenware condensers arise, branching off into pipes which communicate with each other. Here the mercury is condensed and flows as a silvery liquid from small holes in the under surface of the pipes into suitable receptacles. In the pipes, however, is left a thick deposit of sooty matter which must from time to time be cleaned out, this work being done, as a rule, by boys of from twelve to fifteen years old.

Mining schools have been established in Spain, the best being those of Almaden and Madrid, and much money has been invested by private enterprise to

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develop the mining industry, as the government monopoly of mines ceased in 1820. To-day Spain supplies England with practically all the mercury used in the British Isles.

The Spanish miners are a hardy, reckless crew, and brave all dangers with a fortitude really remarkable. They climb like cats, scaling almost perpendicular walls of rough granite, with bare hands and feet, and utterly regardless of the ladders. A rather characteristic story is told of two miners who quarrelled while in the mine and decided to seek daylight and fight it out. The first skipped up the ladder, but the second called, "*Pero, señor, I am too weak to climb; do you wind me up in the bucket,*" with perfect confidence in the other's honor. Nor was this misplaced, for Pitman Number One hauled him up with extra care. "*Muy gracias, señor, now let us fight,*" said Number Two politely as he stepped from the bucket. They fought, knives being the accepted weapon for the duello in that part of Spain. One man's fine Toledo knife was engraved, "*Do not draw me without cause, nor sheathe me without honor!*" The other, a short, thick knife, keen as a razor, said, "*Bigger knife, bigger coward.*"

An interested ring of bystanders was formed, and the two fought to a finish, for the Spaniard scorns the modern duelling code, where honor is satisfied with a single drop of blood. The miner

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who had so carefully pulled up his antagonist as deftly slit him in the ribs, and he fell, apparently mortally wounded. Some of his friends carried him to the hospital, and others concealed the victor; for the authorities discourage these combats as much as possible, though their attempts to bring the combatants to justice are usually futile on account of the hindrances put in their way by the friends of both the victor and the vanquished. In this particular instance the wounded man positively refused to tell the name of his assailant, and the latter easily escaped.

Agriculture has been given considerable attention by the Government of late, and it may have more effect when the unhappy “powers that be,” of this somewhat difficult land to manage, succeed in convincing the farmer classes that the ghosts of their ancestors could not possibly object to their exchanging for a modern plough the forked sticks with which they now scratch up the ground.

Too much attention cannot be given to the subject, for great fortunes can be made in the raising of palms alone. There are near Elche palm groves than which it is impossible to think of anything finer. Great forests of the mighty trees rise, sometimes sixty feet in height, their splendid serrated leaves like gigantic fans, forming a dense shade. From the trees hang huge bunches of the fruit, golden upon the brilliant

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orange-hued stems, against the vivid sapphire of the skies.

Besides the dates, which are of the finest quality, and of which every year this one orchard supplies over seventy-five thousand dollars' worth, the leaves are bleached and sold for use in the Holy Week services. Millions of them are used on Palm Sunday, and many are used to put over the balconies of Spanish houses to ward off lightning, over ten thousand dollars' worth being sold each year for this purpose in Elche alone. The defective leaves are chopped up and sold to adulterate the tobacco used in making cigarettes.

The gathering of the date harvest is most interesting. The dates are in perfection during the month of January, and the impish little *hortelanos* who gather them climb like monkeys up the trunks, no easy job, since these rise into the air straight as ship masts and without a branch to aid the climber. At the top the pickers pass a rope about their waists and the tree, and resting upon that, fill their baskets swiftly and deftly, lowering them to the ground when filled, and drawing them up again when empty.

The dates are so plentiful in Elche that baskets of them are set out before every peasant's door, and the passer-by may eat his fill, leaving in the basket a penny in payment. It is a commentary upon Spanish honesty that the penny is always forthcoming.

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This province of the eastern coast of Spain is rich in palms, in the beautiful pomegranate, orange, flowers, and fruit, and so fertile that the old proverb says: "Rain or no rain, corn grows in Orihuela."

The *huerta* about Valencia is quite the most fertile district in all Europe, and cultivated to such an extent that one sees what the arid portions of Spain could become under irrigation. The Moorish system of irrigation still prevails all over the province. The course of the river is diverted into channels, and while miasma from the stagnant waters is said to be very unhealthy, the soil is as fertile as the alluvial lands along the course of the Nile. Crops of alfalfa may be mown fifteen times in one year, and peas, beans, and other vegetables grow most luxuriantly, while the flowers would make the fortune of a New York florist, were there the Magic Carpet of the "Arabian Nights" to transport them in a single night.

The peasants of the *huerta* in their sandals, linen knee-breeches, velvet jackets, and knotted kerchiefs around their heads, have been termed "*hombres de la mañana*," but why hurry, when seeds will spring up in a single night and ripe fruit falls into the open mouth? In reality, they are sober and industrious, though rather inclined to disputing about the water supply. One man opens his sluice before his proper time, and takes water belonging to his neighbor whose

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turn comes first; or he may keep it open too long and rob his neighbor whose turn is next. To decide such disputes there is at Valencia a tribunal "El Tribunal de Acequieros de la Vega de Valencia," established about 970 by Alhaken Almonstansir Billar, and is composed of the eight syndicos of the eight canals of the Vega.*

In Valencia it is claimed that the sun does not rise in blood as in the North, nor scorch as in Andalusia, but that its light and warmth are gently diffused through the tranquil and balmy air. Along the Valencian coasts even the sea is a reformed character; it is blue and its foam white, and it does not terrify. The birds sing with dulcet notes and varied, while the breeze caresses by day as by night. Delicious fruits which in other parts of the world are in season but a few weeks, in Valencia are enjoyed the year around. Not only are the flowers and herbs deliciously scented, but even the earth exhales a delicate aroma. Life is not sad and dreary, but everything is calm, serene, and pleasant!

Rice fields thrive in the moist atmosphere of Valencia. Mulberry trees are cultivated, their peculiar tints coloring the clouds at sunset, while waving grain makes golden the fields and plains; melons prosper, melons which melt in your mouth and are so juicy that the peasants are said to use them for three things:

* See Chapter "Andalucia."

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“pan, el vino, y lavar” (to eat, to drink, and to wash the face).

The orange groves are very extensive, the value of an orchard being about two hundred and ten dollars per *hanegada* or space for twenty-three trees. The orange groves are among the most beautiful sights in Spanish horticulture, with their shining green leaves, their fragrant, white blooms, their golden globes of delicious fruit, and one who has seen an orange grove in flower never loses the memory of the sight.

After the sixth year the trees begin to bear, flowering in March, though one usually sees flowers and ripe fruit on the same tree. The oranges are picked between October and March. An orchard from fifteen to twenty years old may be leased for about twenty-five dollars per acre.

The picking season is considered by the pickers much more in the light of a series of festivities than of a period of hard work. In the groves many young girls are employed as pickers, and in this work they are particularly skilful, in swiftness surpassing the men. The trees are low, and ladders placed against the branches enable the pickers to reach the fruit without difficulty. This work is done entirely by hand, the picker with his basket swung about his neck by a cord, deftly and carefully plucks the oranges, one at a time, and without bruising or otherwise injuring them, drops them into his basket. Many of the pickers

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are so expert that it seems as if they had scarce mounted the ladder before their baskets are filled.

The full baskets are carried to sheds where the oranges are left over night for the skins to harden a little, after which each one is wrapped in soft tissue paper. Young boys and girls are employed for this purpose, and they soon become very expert, an orange being wrapped with but a twist of the hand, and packed directly in a wooden box for shipment. These boxes contain from seven hundred to ten hundred oranges, and are worth about six dollars to the importer.

Spain has been called "Land of the Olive and the Vine," and her olives are no less valuable than her oranges and grapes. How beautiful are those low growing trees, clustered upon the hillsides, looking like round, gray-green balls! Guide books and pessimistic travellers tell us that the Spaniards do not understand the cultivation of the olive, but one scarcely agrees with this when munching the delicious ripe olives some thoughtful innkeeper has put into one's lunch basket, a requisite of Spanish travel. Modern methods might — no doubt would — make the cultivation of the olive easier, they could never make the product finer. One queries also whether the modern appliances for lightening labor would be altogether beneficial or would provide such healthful employment to so many laborers as those who pick, sort,

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and pickle the olives or press them in the oil presses. The Spanish processes are simple in the extreme. For the market both green and ripe olives are used, the green being picked just before they begin to turn soft. For pickling, the green olives are soaked for a short time in a very weak solution of caustic potash to soften the skin and extract the bitterness; the potash is then removed by frequent washings and prolonged soaking in clear water. After this the olives are placed in brine, at first very weak, but rapidly increased in strength by the addition of salt. When the olives have acquired the desired salty taste they are packed in barrels and sent to the jobbers, who repack some of the best in bottles and dispose of the remainder in bulk.

For oil the olives are carefully picked, dried a little, and then crushed in an old-fashioned stone mill, and the pulp compressed to extract the oil, which is more or less mixed with watery juices and pulp. This oil is allowed to stand for one month, by the end of which time most of the refuse has gone to the bottom. The clear oil is carefully poured off, and allowed to settle for another month, when the process is repeated for a third time, and the oil is considered fit for use. The best grades of oil are obtained in this manner, the oil cleared by filtration not having nearly so fine a flavor, nor holding its color so well. An inferior grade of oil is obtained by boiling the compressed pulp and



At the Well



In the Pyrenees

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the sludge from the settling tanks, and skimming off the oil as it rises to the surface of the water.

Spanish wines are light, dry, and fine. All the world knows Amontillado, that peculiarly dry and perfect sherry of Jerez, with its almond-like scent and depajizo hue. The red Val de Penas is scarcely less famous. Spanish sherry, or "sack," was most highly recommended by that lusty connoisseur, Sir John Falstaff, who said of it, "A good sherris-sack hath a two-fold operation in it. It ascends me into the brain. . . . The second property of your excellent sherries is the warming of the blood." "Rare Ben Jonson," Beaumont and Fletcher, and many others of the old English writers wrote glowingly of sack, for its charms were known and appreciated in England as early as the days of Henry VII. In the last twenty years the exportation has been more than doubled. The wine varies little in flavor, probably because it is brought up as are Spanish children, by hand. The grapes are gathered carefully, sorted and spread out upon reed mats to dry in the sun, according to the method described in Hesiod. The grapes are then pressed, and every particle of juice is extracted, and the must, or liquor, obtained, is run into huge vats to ferment. After this fermentation is completed, the must is racked from the lees and settled, then left to stand for four or five years. It is then clarified, and has added to it a very small quantity of

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madre vino, very old wine which imparts its rich flavor to the new. For export, two per cent of brandy is also added and the sherry is ready for the market.

In Madrid and Jerez there are excellent schools for wine-makers, but in many Spanish towns the simplest methods are still in use. In Lerida the methods are especially primitive. In one of the streets one finds a wine press turned by men. They heap up the grapes until the press is full, then they turn the press with one or more long poles, and the juice pours out into a huge tub. How strong is the scent in the air! And the most delicious muscatel is made in this manner.

In many places are small vineyards which produce enough wine for the local trade, after such primitive methods as these; and in these places a pretty custom is that any one may help himself to the bunches left hanging on the vines after the wine-making.

Raisins from Spain go into every well regulated mince pie or plum pudding at Christmas time in America, the finest being the splendid plump Malagas of which statisticians tell us the thrilling fact that over thirty million boxes of twenty-two pounds each are exported from Spain each year. Yet when one stands in a vineyard of Malaga grapes, holding a great luscious bunch and devouring the juicy grapes one by one, one wonders how a Spaniard could make of such

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delicious morsels anything so commonplace as raisins or wine!

It is something of a commentary upon the Spanish character and its mighty patience, to look into the cork industry as carried on in the various portions of the kingdom, notable forests being at Almoraima.*

To the average American it would seem monstrous to engage in an industry which took thirty years to perfect; yet the Spaniard cultivates the cork tree, with his customary serenity, sure that in about that length of time stripplings from the bark will be really fit to use.

When a tree is fifteen years old the first stripping occurs. This operation takes place in the spring, and must be skilfully done, as the sap is rising, and the amount and quality of the cork the tree will yield depends upon the care with which the *demasclage* is executed.

The outer layer of the bark removed is put back and fastened about the trunk with wires and left for several years, for the denuded trunks are likely to be injured in the hot winds. A forest fire starting in a demasclaged grove is likely to sweep the entire forest, leaving only the bare and blackened stumps.

The cork obtained at the first stripping is used only for tanning; the second growth is still too coarse to use for anything except floats for fish nets, in life pre-

* The American Government is trying to introduce the Spanish cork oak into this country, many trees having been planted in the experiment stations in California and Florida.

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servers, and so on, but the quality of the cork produced improves with each demasclage until the tree, having reached the tender age of one hundred years, begins to be a rather good investment. The cork may then be removed every eight or ten years, and an acre of cork in full production will net a yearly income of about two dollars! The income from one tree is approximately five cents a year, after all expenses have been paid. We are told not to despise the day of small things, but it would seem that this is small remuneration for the labor involved, although the work is not severe. When cut, the cork rolls up into tubes the size of the trunk of the tree which produced it. It is then pressed into sheets, boiled, a process which increases the bulk at least one fifth and makes the cork more elastic, and is finally scraped to remove the crust, when the product is ready for use.

The amassing of great fortunes in cork would be a slow proceeding, but a living is sure, the demand for the product being far greater than the supply; and the occupation is both healthful and pleasant, workers being in the open with plenty of fresh air and sunshine.

Perhaps twentieth century enterprise might combine with the cork industry the raising of swine. Pigs forage under the trees of the magnificent apple orchards of southern Missouri, and happy little porkers may yet frisk curly tails through the broad sylvan glades of Spain's beautiful cork forests.

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At the present time over two million hogs are raised yearly in Spain, and those of Estremadura are noted as producing the most wonderful hams in the world. Anyone who has ever tasted these toothsome morsels will feel that more should be produced, for as yet there are not enough raised for home consumption, and they would certainly make a valuable item for export.

Segovia was the centre of the world's woollen trade in 1550. Spanish wool was famous in the Middle Ages; and, despite all we hear about the Spaniards' hopeless indolence in matters of industry, Spain to-day raises more sheep in proportion to its population than any country in Europe. The woollen mills of Valencia, Murcia, and Andalucia employed at the last accounting six hundred and sixty-two thousand spindles and eighty-eight hundred looms.

Some of the manufactured woollens are exquisitely soft in texture, and the Palencian blankets are coveted by all travellers for their warmth and lightness, while there has scarcely been a visitor in Spain who did not wish to possess himself of one of the wonderful *capas* which every Spanish cavalier displays, made from the soft, fine wool of the famous long-haired merino sheep which graze upon the great plains of the dry table-lands.

It is a curious sight to see these flocks of sheep, the shepherd walking ahead, carrying in his hand his staff of office, shaped somewhat like an Arab's spear, sing-

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ing a melancholy lilt, a sort of crooning song, scarcely turning his head; and the sheep, as did those of Palestine so long ago, "hear his voice and follow him."

The silk industry is scarcely less interesting. In Moorish times the beauties of the harem were wrapped in silken tissues which were the envy of the feminine world. The silkworm was introduced into Spain hundreds of years ago, and has since fed upon the mulberry leaves with that good digestion which waits upon appetite. These trees were grown in the south and cared for by the women, and the spun silks of Spain are among her most beautiful products. Striped skirts, velvet jackets, fringed *mantas*, these are within the reach of even the down-trodden peasant; and the wonderful silk laces of Barcelona and other Spanish cities have been the cause of raptures in all feminine travellers in Spain. The trade in silk and lace is steadily increasing.

Cotton, though of good quality, is not yet produced in quantity sufficient to meet the demand for home consumption. Conditions are favorable for its cultivation were there sufficient interest to capitalize companies for its manufacture.

The raising of *garbanzos*, those delicious beans which form the staple of Spanish diet, might form an excellent industry if carried on systematically. They are easily grown, yield enormous crops, and can be cooked in countless ways, forming delicious and nutri-

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tious foods. Spain has been called “la tierra de los garbanzos,” and the Spanish housewife succeeds in making out of these beans soups, and the *puchero* which is served at the royal table every day as it is in the hut of the poorest laborer.

Within the last few years the exporting of fresh fruits has been made profitable; and besides those oranges and lemons for which rang “the bells of St. Clemens” in our childhood days, there are yearly exported plums, grapes, tomatoes, melons, asparagus, and early vegetables. In the famous Covent Garden Market in London one sees often the sign “The Best Fruit and Vegetables, Spanish Melons, and Tomatoes,” and these products are much sought after by the wealthy and aristocratic Londoners.

Rather interesting are numerous smaller industries which could be wonderfully developed with a little capital. Donkey’s milk is now regarded as very wholesome, and in Spain the local donkey dairyman brings a fresh milch ass to your door, and then and there milks the thin, sweet draught for the invalid’s breakfast. An asses’ dairy in Hyde Park, London, does a thriving trade, and in those Spanish cities like Cartagena, Malaga, and Seville the climate of which is so perfect as to lure invalids, the same industry opens rich possibilities.

Sugar cane is a recent experiment, the late Marquis del Duero having planted fields of cane on his

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Malaga estates, and the industry is steadily progressing. So also is the cultivation of tobacco, which commodity formerly was entirely imported as raw material for the manufacture of cigars and cigarettes.

“Tobacco’s but an Indian weed,” and since it was first imported from the Indies, the Spaniards have been its slaves. They smoke everywhere. For the rich the *cigarito* is the dessert of the dinner, for the poor it may be the dinner itself. A Spanish writer says that real progress in Spain will not begin until a decree is promulgated against the cloak, the knife, and the cigarette, but the result of such a decree would be another revolution. Even the children smoke, though the current notion that Spanish ladies smoke is erroneous.

In the days of the colonies the raising of tobacco was prohibited in Spain in order to encourage the Cuban planters, but now planters are beginning to grow it, though not in sufficient quantities for the manufacturers.

The largest of these tobacco factories are at Seville, and are counted among the sights which the traveller must see, and of them every traveller has a different opinion. One tells us that these factories are stifling places where the workers, women, go about half clad; another regards them as in every way model hives of industry. In reality, the Seville Tobacco Factory is a large building with twenty-eight *patios* and many

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galleries. Its sanitary conditions are better than those prevailing in most factories. The workrooms are light and airy, cool, and not overcrowded. Each gallery has a little altar, upon which is the statue of some favorite saint. Many of the women have brought their babies with them, and pause in their work to nurse the little ones or rock the tiny cradles with their feet, while their deft hands are manipulating the fragrant leaves.

The *cigarreras* are a class by themselves. Thousands of them are employed in the large factories of Seville alone, and they form a somewhat turbulent portion of the population. They have their opinions and are strong in prejudice. The marriage of the Infanta being unpopular with them a few years ago, they refused to use the theatre tickets sent them by the authorities in honor of the event. They have not the slightest hesitation in expressing their opinions upon every subject, and when these opinions are shouted at the top of thousands of shrill feminine voices, it is not surprising that they receive some attention, and lawmakers have not infrequently found it expedient to humor them to the extent of withdrawing unpopular measures.

The "Carmen" of Madame Calve is a work of art of such peculiar charm that it has created the part of the cigarette girl to all eternity. She has idealized the type, minimizing its faults and its coarseness.

THE SPANIARD AT HOME

The real Carmen is an ordinary working-girl, undisciplined and passionate, but a deft, skilful worker and a thrifty wage earner.

Many other Spanish industries are on the mend. Cutlery and the making of arms improve from year to year. Gunpowder struck a blow at the manufacture of swords and daggers, long a famous industry, a "Toledo blade" being the joy of every swash-buckler on the continent; but knives of wonderfully tempered steel are still made in large quantities. There is a revival also of that Cordovan leather-work which was the finest in Europe in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

Watches too are manufactured, and the inlays of gold and silver on copper or steel are regaining their mediæval reputation; indeed, there is scarcely a branch of industry which has not taken to itself an impetus since the close of the late war.

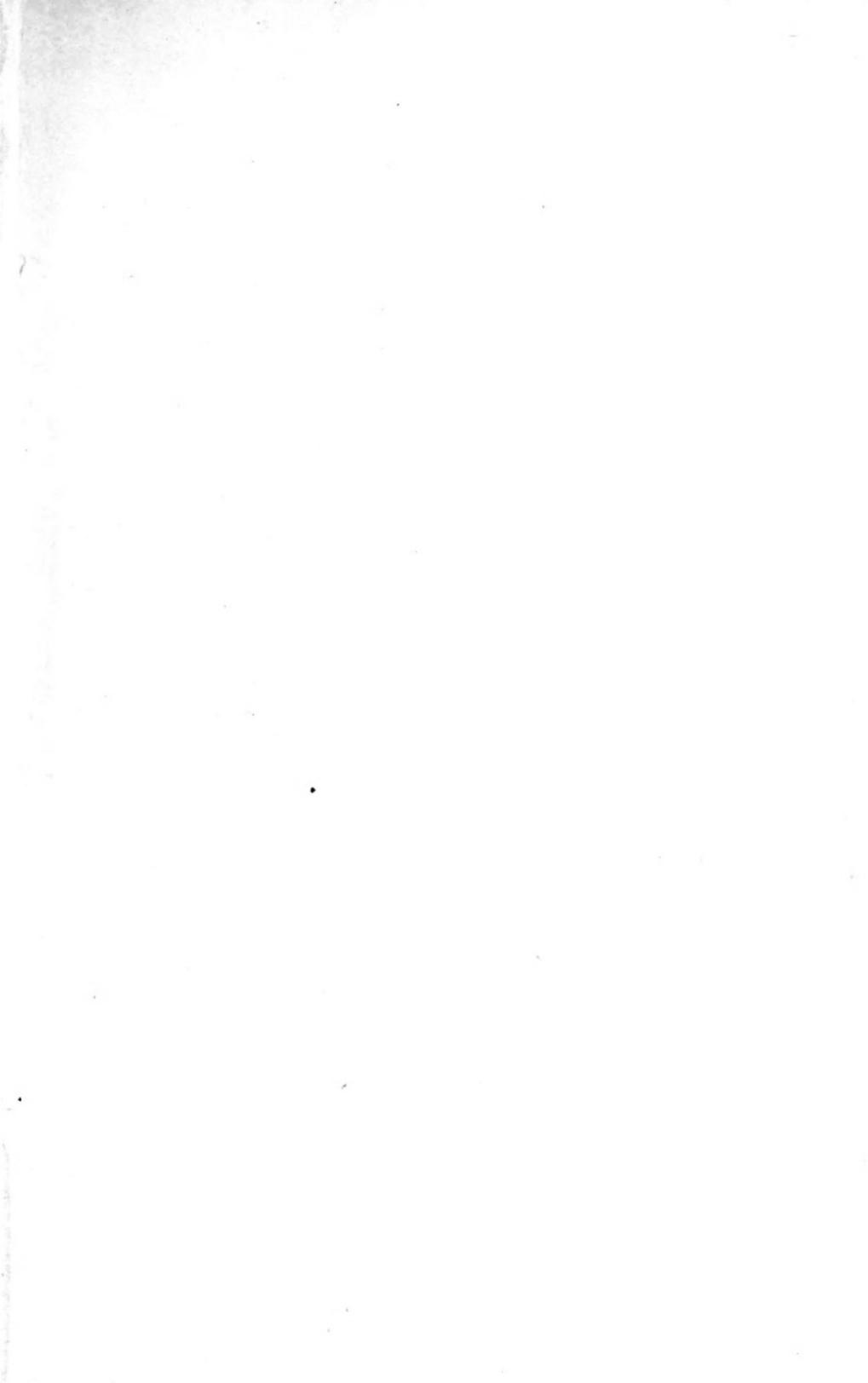
The future of Spain lies in her industrial arts. Decadent Spain is a thing of the past, and the remedy of all the country's woes lies within.

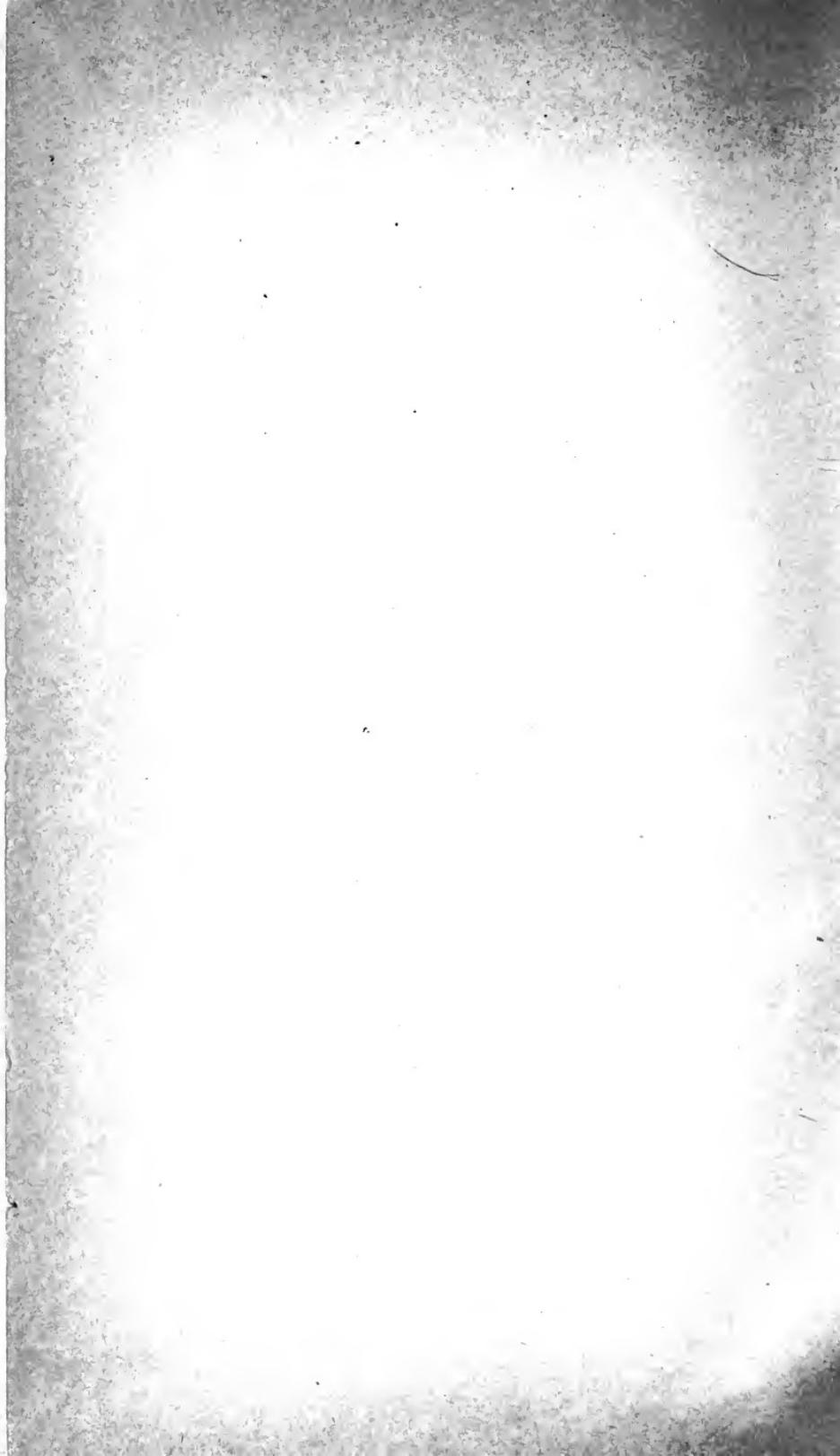
Whatever the causes of the decline in Spain since the period of her greatest power, the country now is taking her place in the march of time. The factors which will work together for her ultimate success are manifold. Spain has now no colonies to drain her homes of the best young blood. The Government has spent vast sums in harbor improvements and to in-

INDUSTRIES

crease transportation facilities all over the kingdom. With lowered taxes, giving increased capital for investment by the people themselves, the proposed changes in the law of inheritance, and greater facilities for irrigation, half the battle for prosperity would be over. The stability of the Government gives the remainder; and with revolution at an end, a king upon the throne who has the love and respect of all his people, an heir to the throne assured, industrial Spain takes courage and looks up. "Spain for the Spaniards," is her motto. She has learned the lesson that "home-keeping hearts are happiest," and henceforth will work for the welfare and happiness of the Spaniard at home.









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